

# SCOOP

## COMICS

NOV  
NO. 1  
**10¢**

WE MUST-A  
TOOK THE  
WRONG ROAD—  
THIS CAN'T BE  
CAMP DIX!

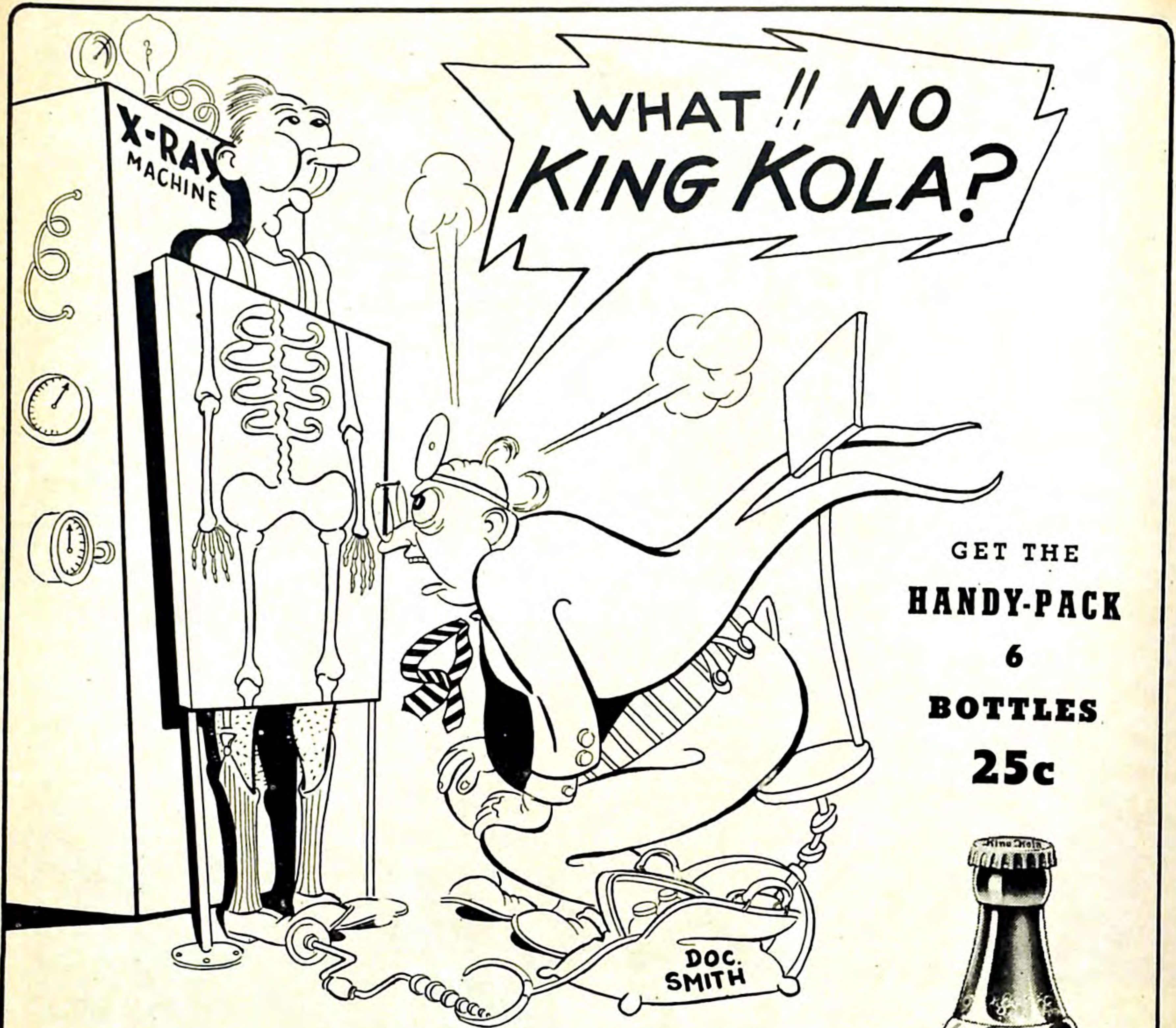
A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION  
**WORLD'S  
FAMOUS  
COMICS**

WHILE IN CUBA  
NATURED SYNDICATE, N. Y.



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





GET THE  
**HANDY-PACK**  
6  
**BOTTLES**  
**25c**

**IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢**  
**2 FULL GLASSES . . . . .**  
**AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS**



HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

**FIRST for THIRST**  
**King Kola**  
**SODA-LICIOUS**



# MASTER KEY



CHRIS



GALE







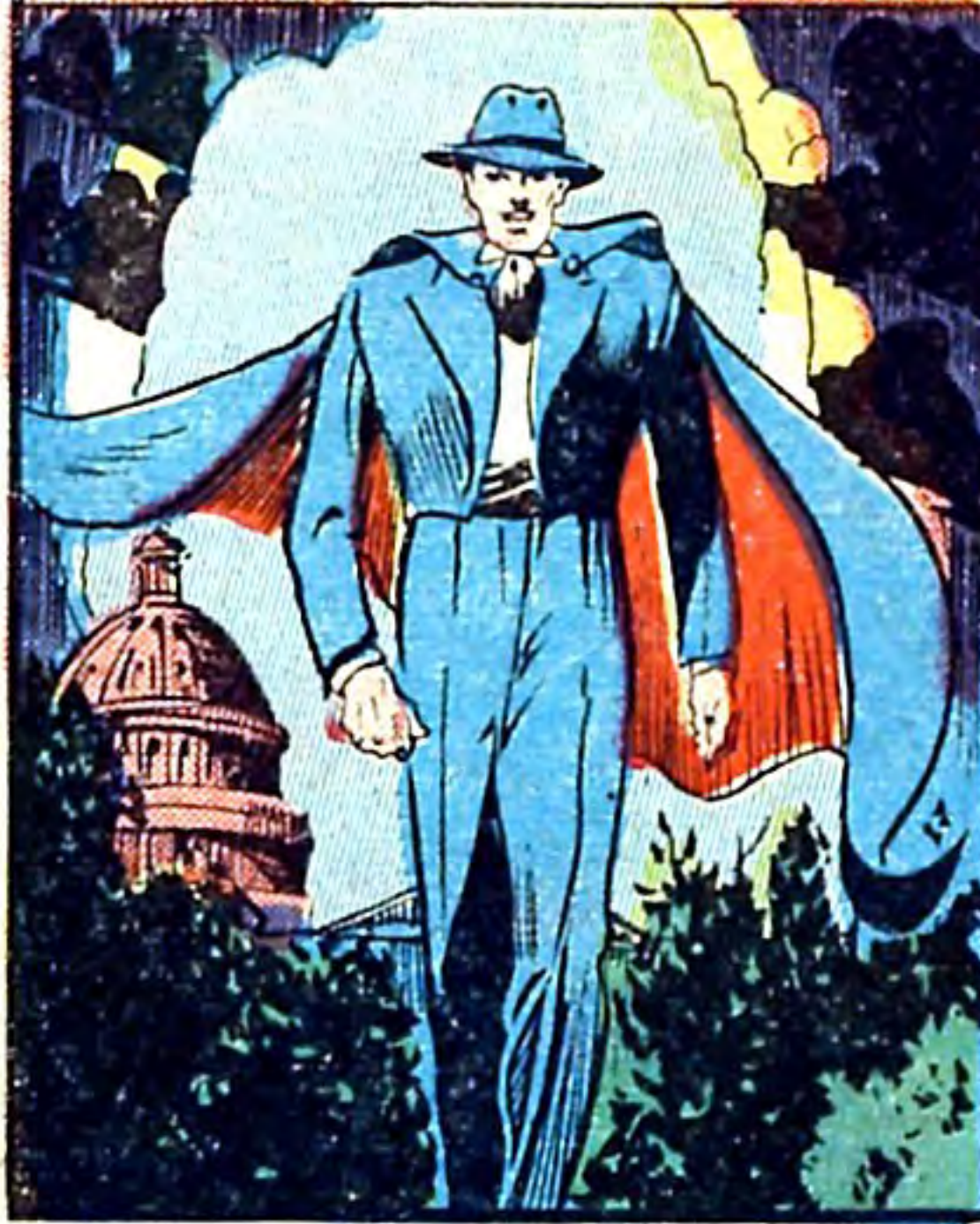


THUS, OUT OF A LABORATORY ACCIDENT RISES THE ONE AND ONLY- MASTER KEY-A FEARLESS CHALLENGE TO THE UNDERWORLD!

TO MY FRIENDS AND SOCIETY I'LL BE RAY CARDELL, BUT- TO THE UNDERWORLD I'LL BE "THE MASTER KEY!"

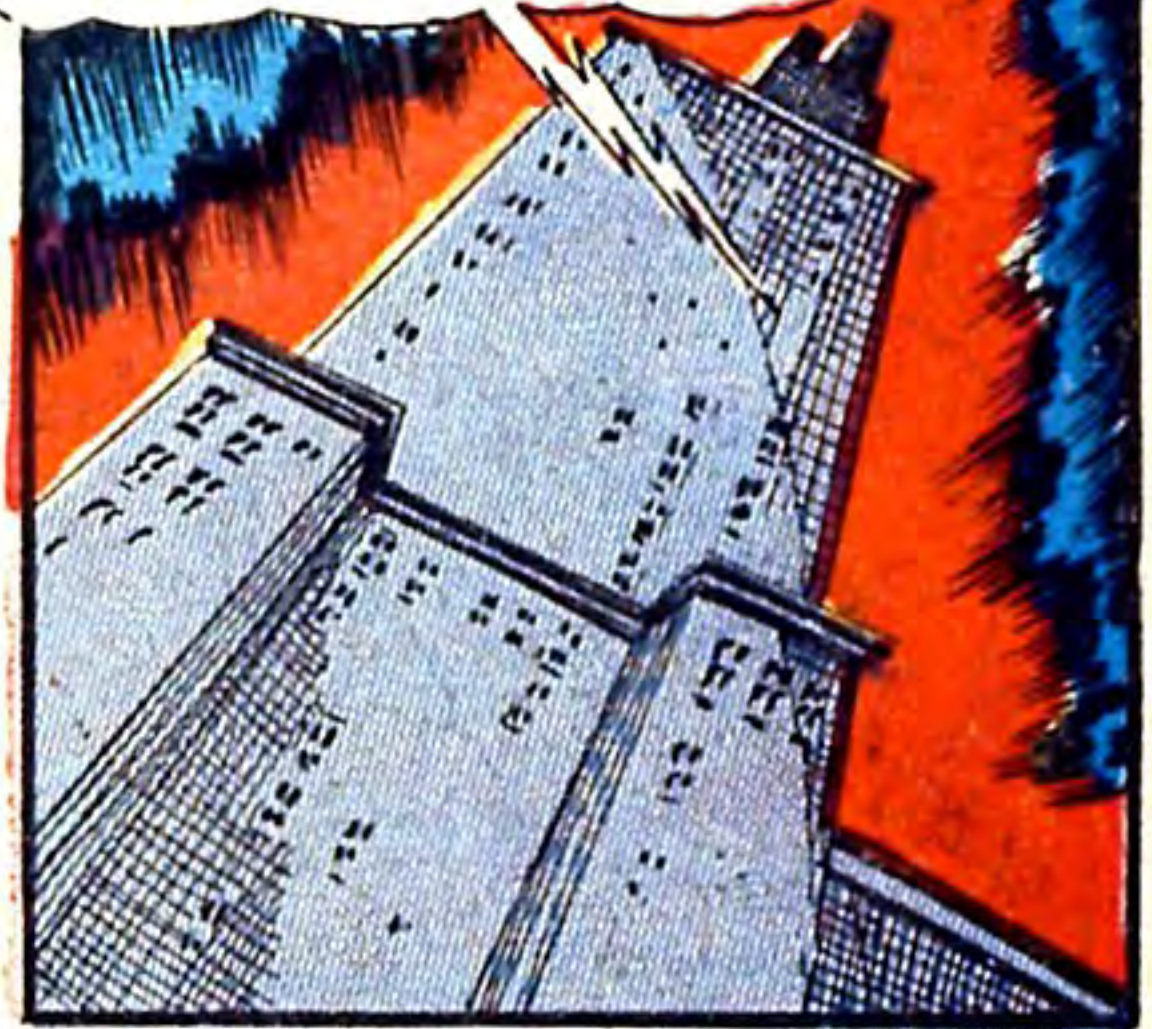


THAT NIGHT, RAY TAKES A LONG WALK ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, HEART OF WASHINGTON, D.C.



SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF THE EVENING IS SHATTERED BY A LARGE MICROPHONE ATOP ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.

ATTENTION CITIZENS! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS VANISHED. ALL...ETC...ETC...



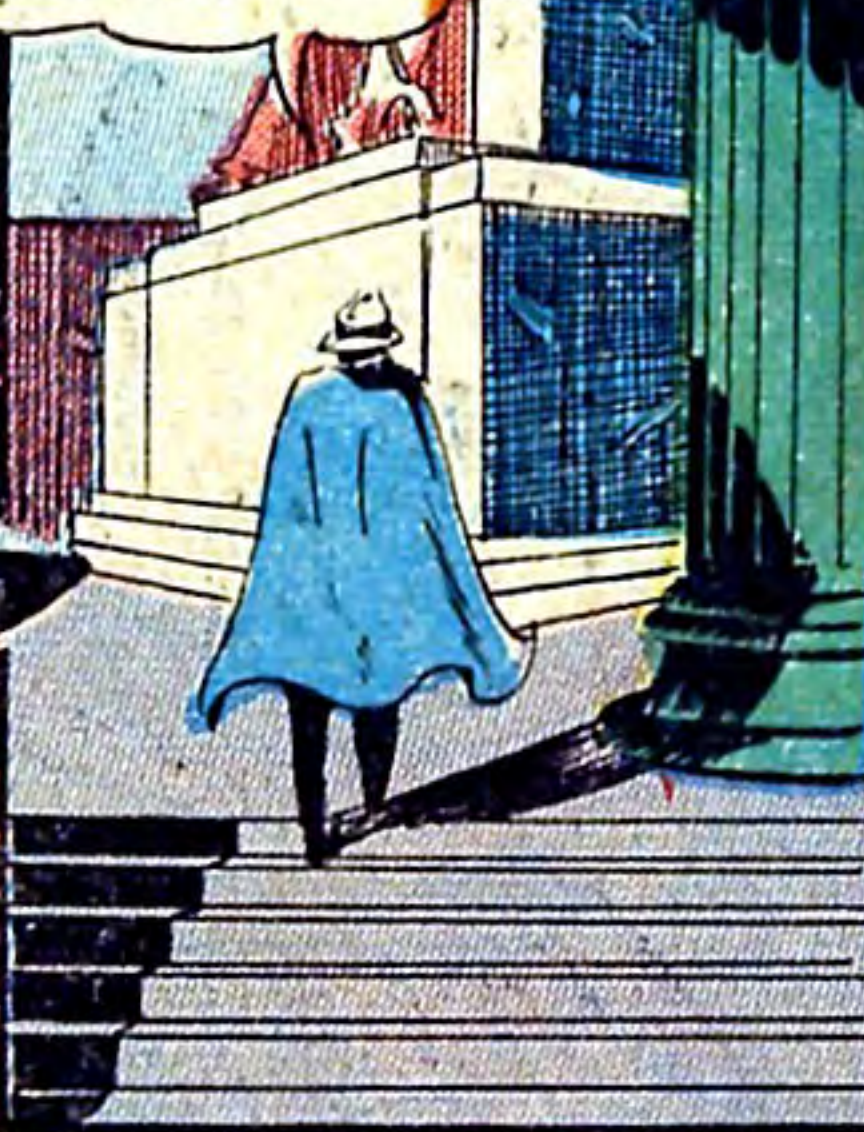
WHO COULD OF DONE IT?

GULP! WELL... WHAT DO YOU KNOW!

IT-IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!



PRESIDENT DISAPPEARS? IT SEEMS FANTASTIC... STILL WITH THE WAR GOING ON AND THE COUNTRY INFESTED WITH NAZI AGENTS....



I WONDER WHAT YOU WOULD DO AT SUCH A TIME, ABE?



MY EYE! IT'S BEGINNING TO CHANGE!



TRANSFORMING RAY CARDELL INTO THE MASTER KEY, THE PENETRATING RAY FROM HIS EYE, TRAVELS TO THE STATUE OF ABE LINCOLN...



WHAT TH!- WHY THERE'S A SECRET PANEL ENCASED IN THE FOOT OF THE STATUE!





WITH HIS PENETRATING RAY, THE MASTER KEY FORCES OPEN THE SECRET PANEL.



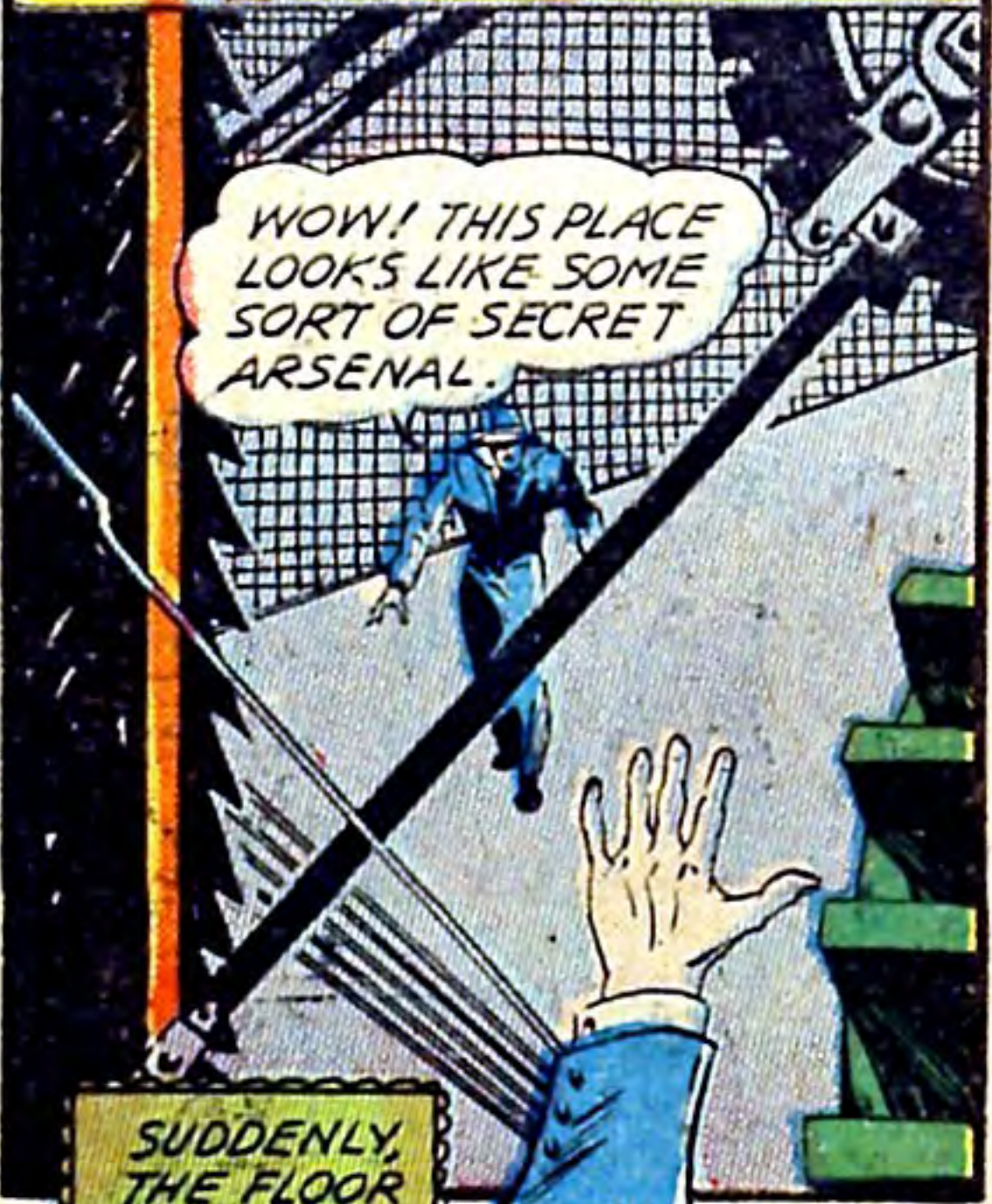
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE GOING ON DOWN HERE.



I WONDER WHERE THAT LOUD CLANGING SOUND IS COMING FROM?



THROUGH EERIE PASSAGEWAYS AND DOWN CREAKY STAIRCASES MOVES THE MASTER KEY.



WOW! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF SECRET ARSENAL.

SUDDENLY, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY.

THE HIGHLY SENSITIZED EYE FOCUSES ON A STRANGE SCENE.



MOVE FASTER, YOU STUPID FOOLS. WE MUST BE PREPARED TO STRIKE AT MID-NIGHT!



WITH THE WHOLE NATION'S ATTENTION ON THE PRESIDENT'S DISAPPEARANCE, THEY WILL BE UNPREPARED FOR OUR BLOW TO-NIGHT!

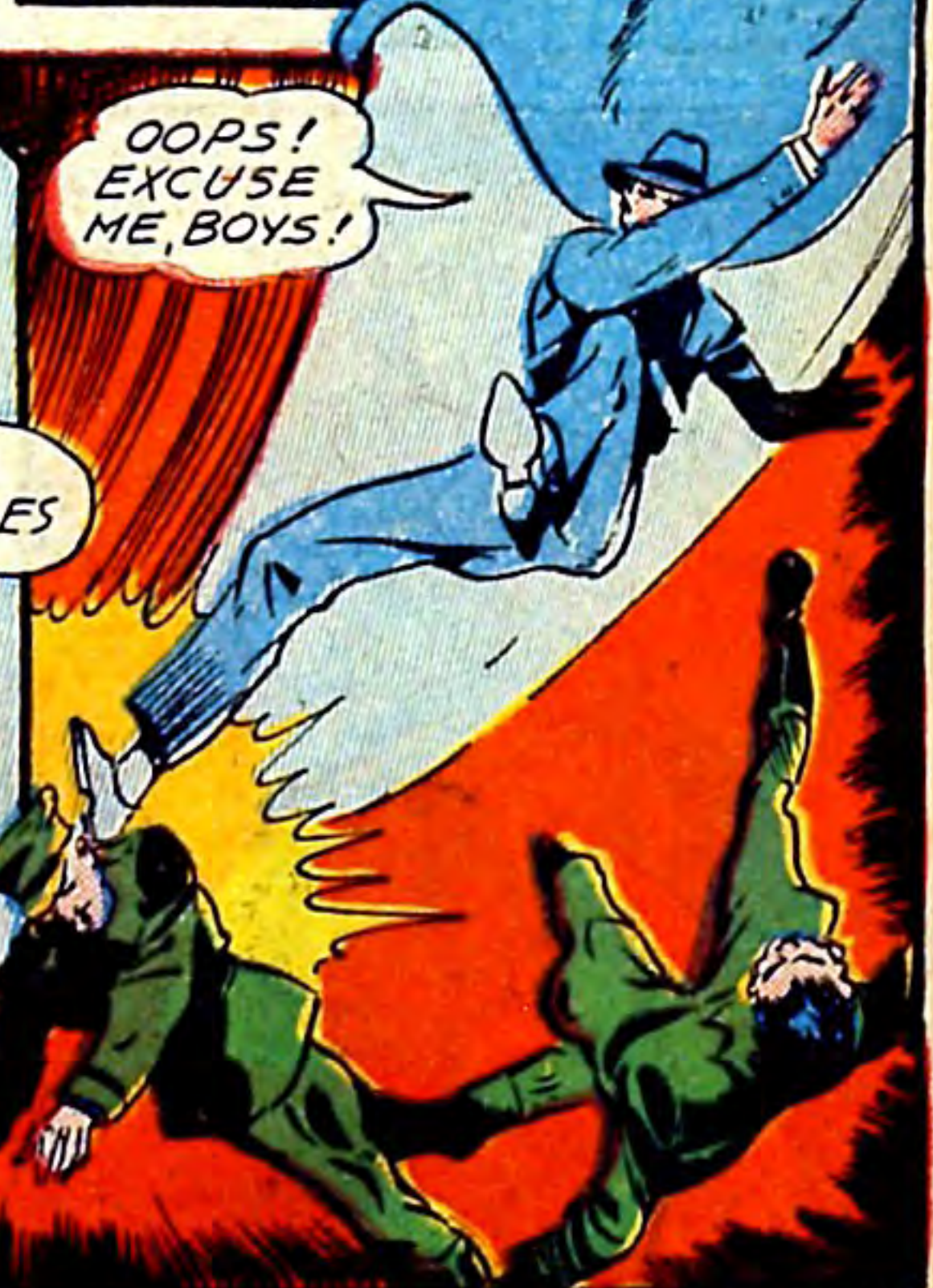


WHAT TH--!

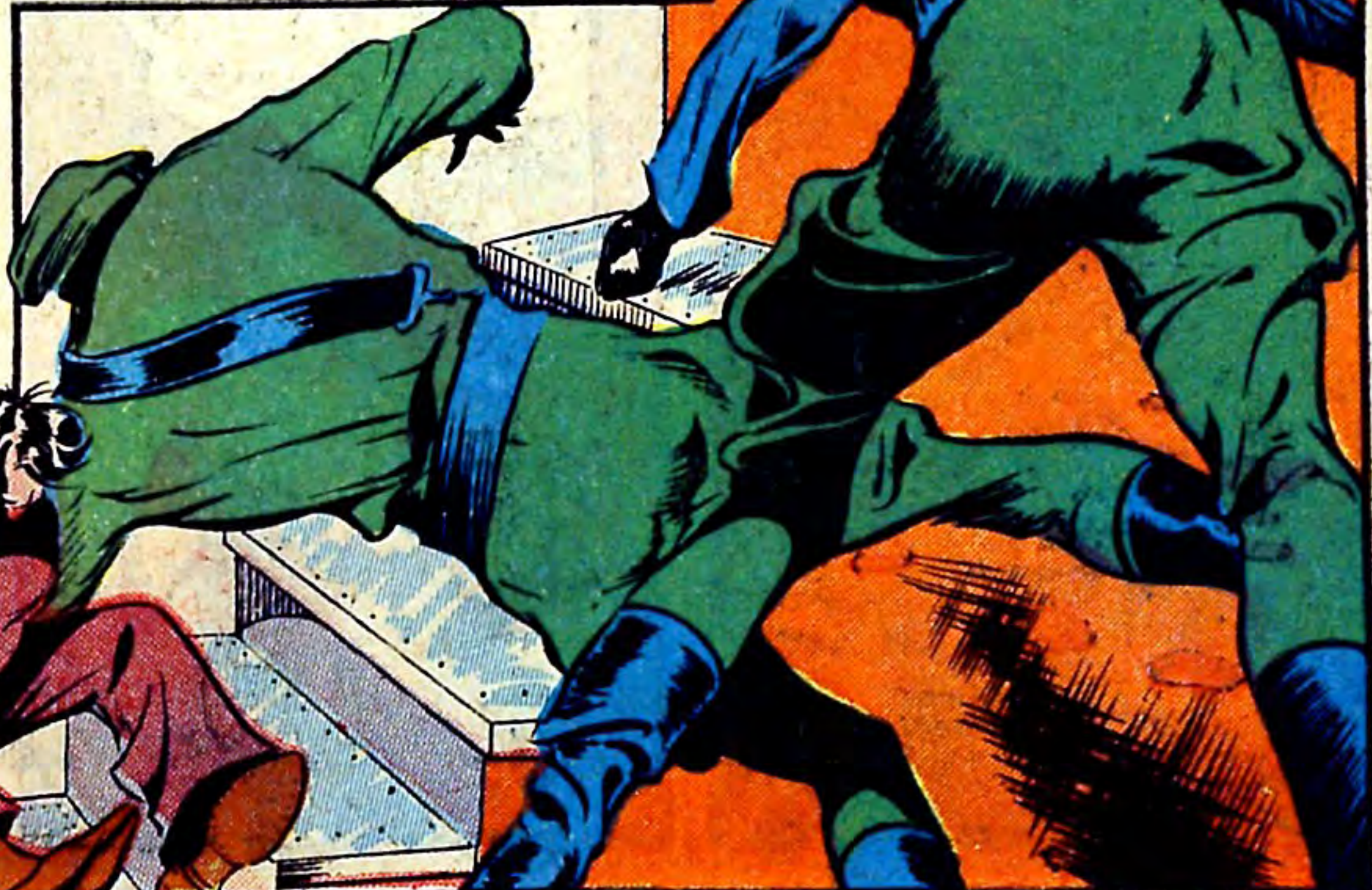
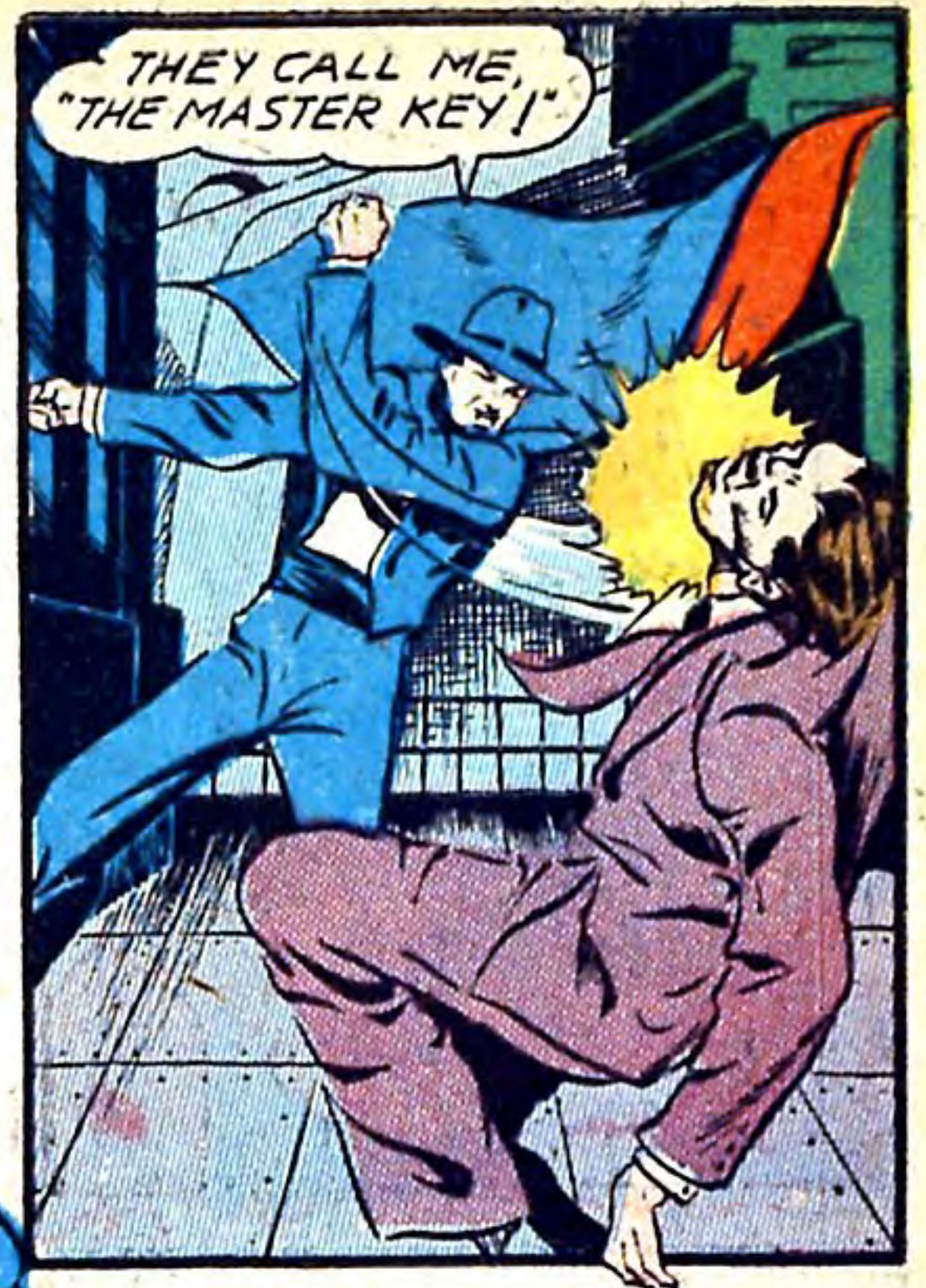
OUR PLANES ARE ONE HUNDRED MILES OUT AT SEA... LOOK OUT!



OOPS! EXCUSE ME, BOYS!









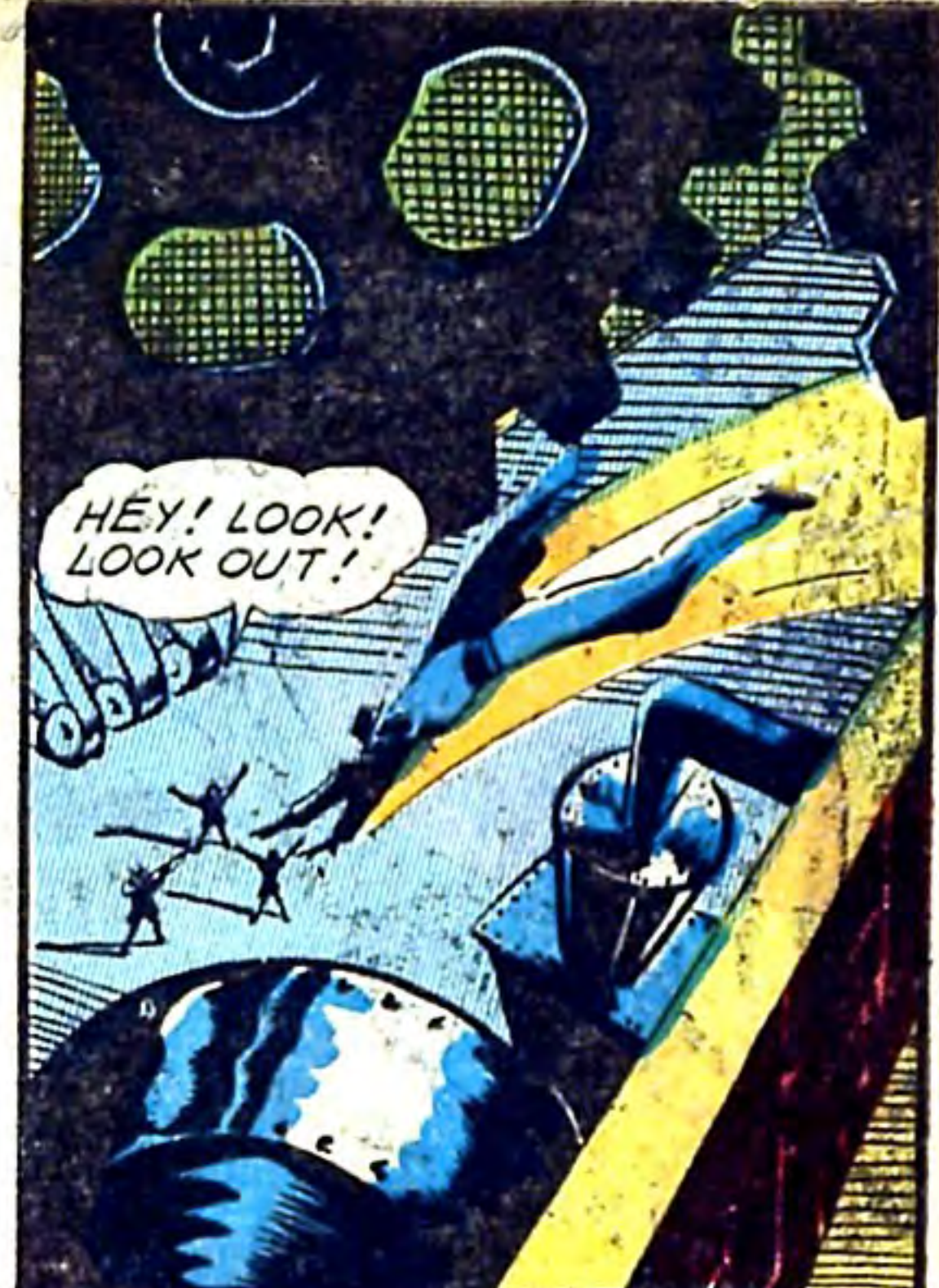




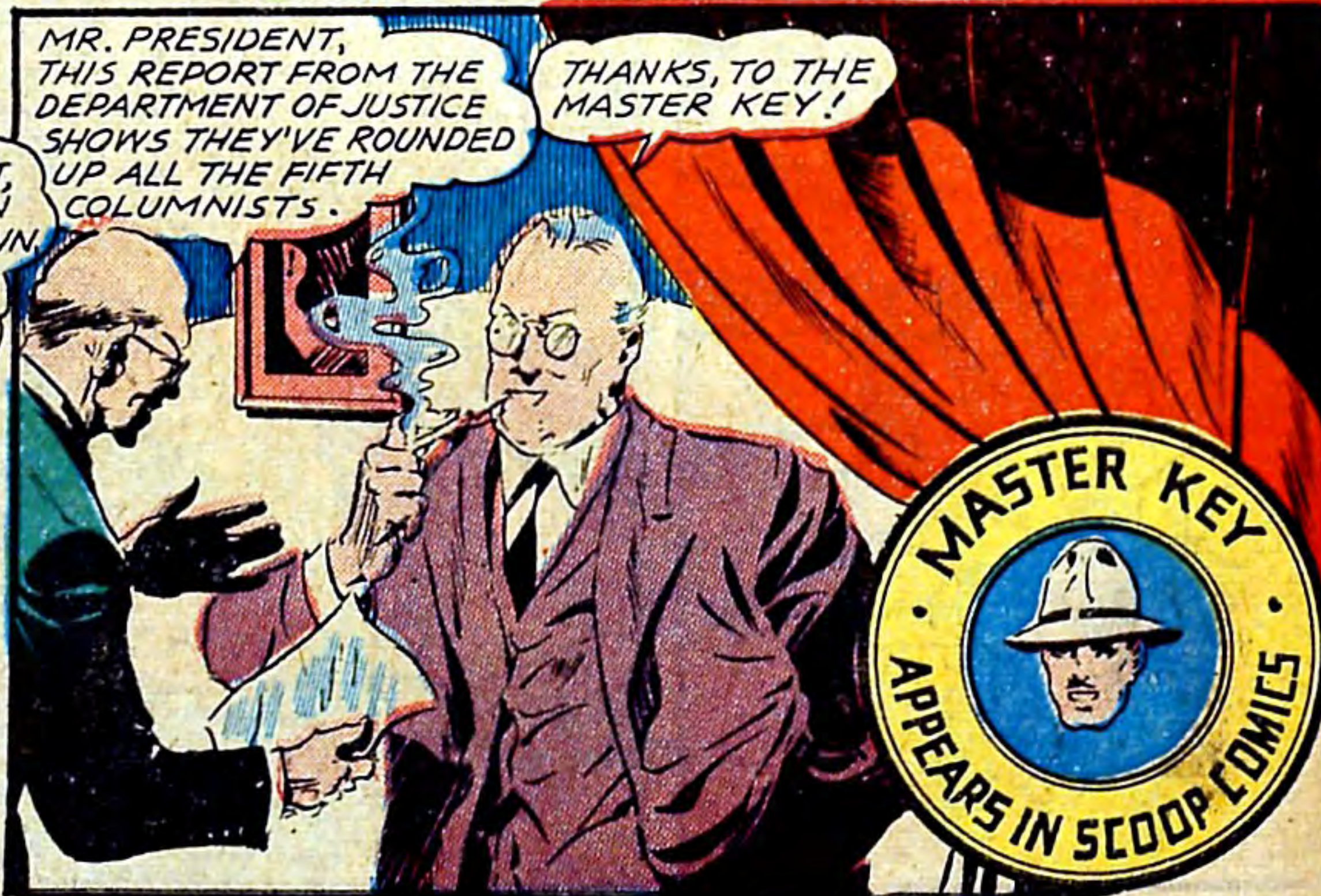
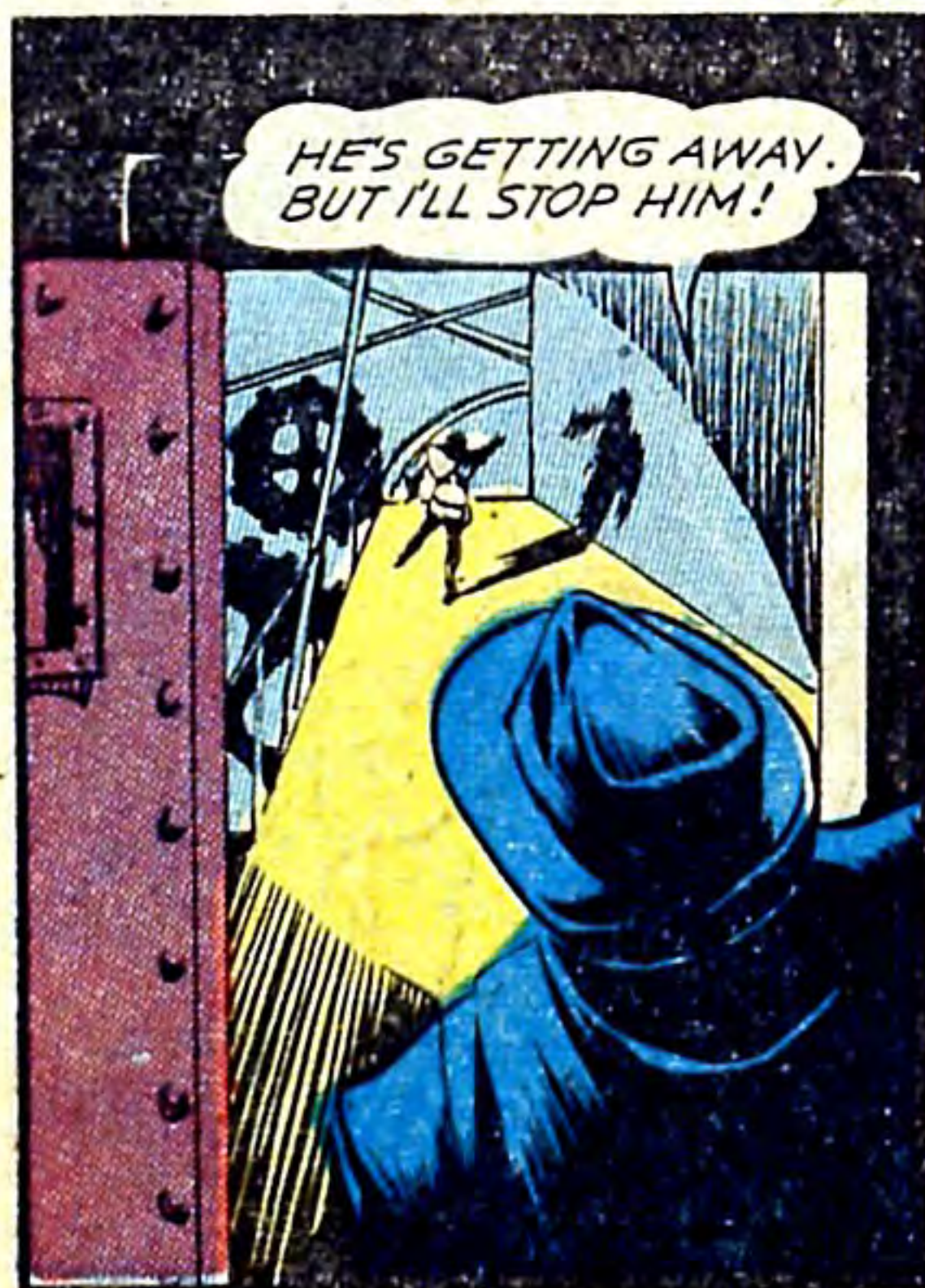
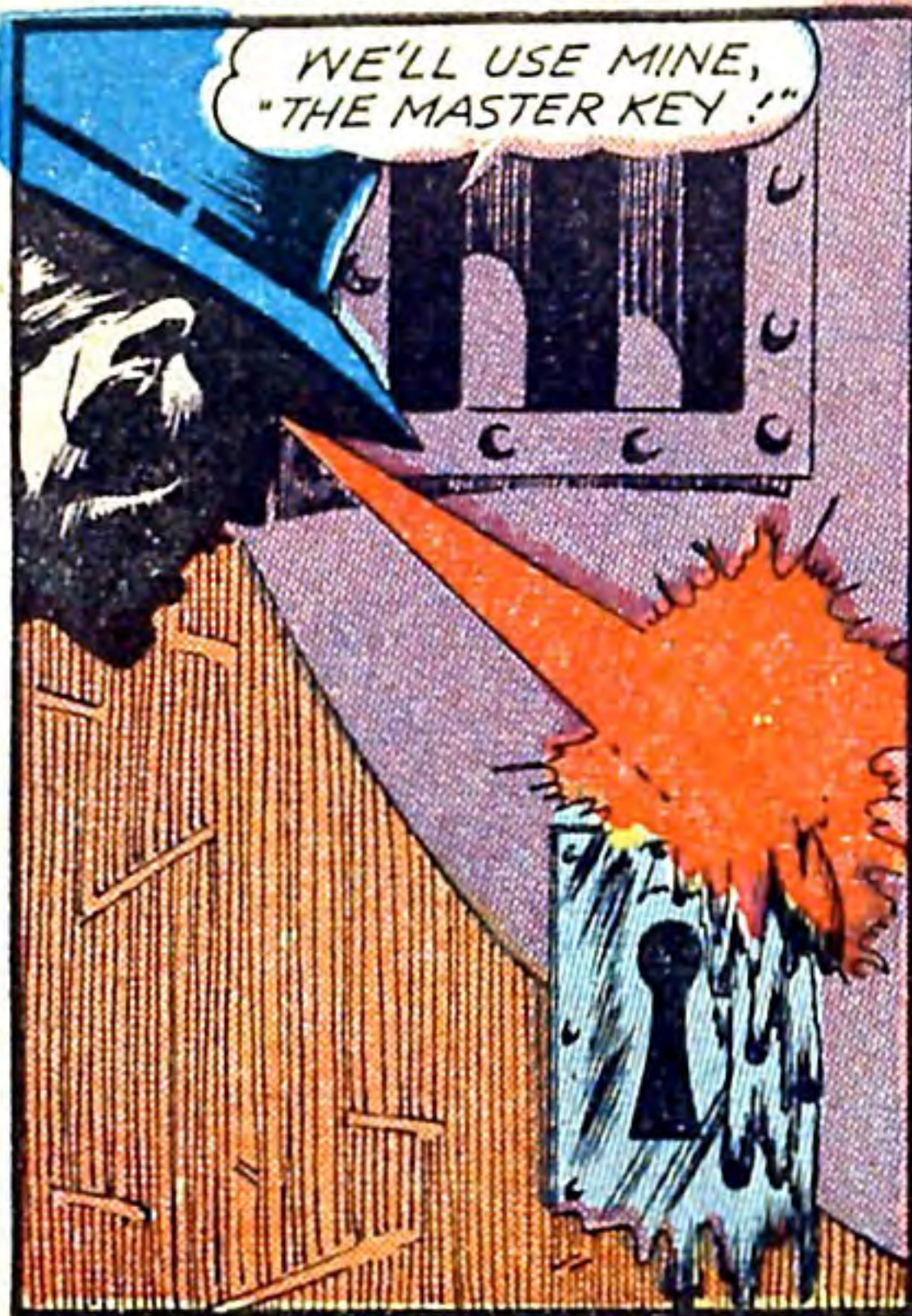
RAY CARDELL, ALIAS THE MASTER KEY, SHOOTS HIS RAY FORWARD SMASHING THE LOCK...



... AND AN INSTANT LATER, THE WEIRD FIGURE OF THE MASTER KEY STANDS FORTH.





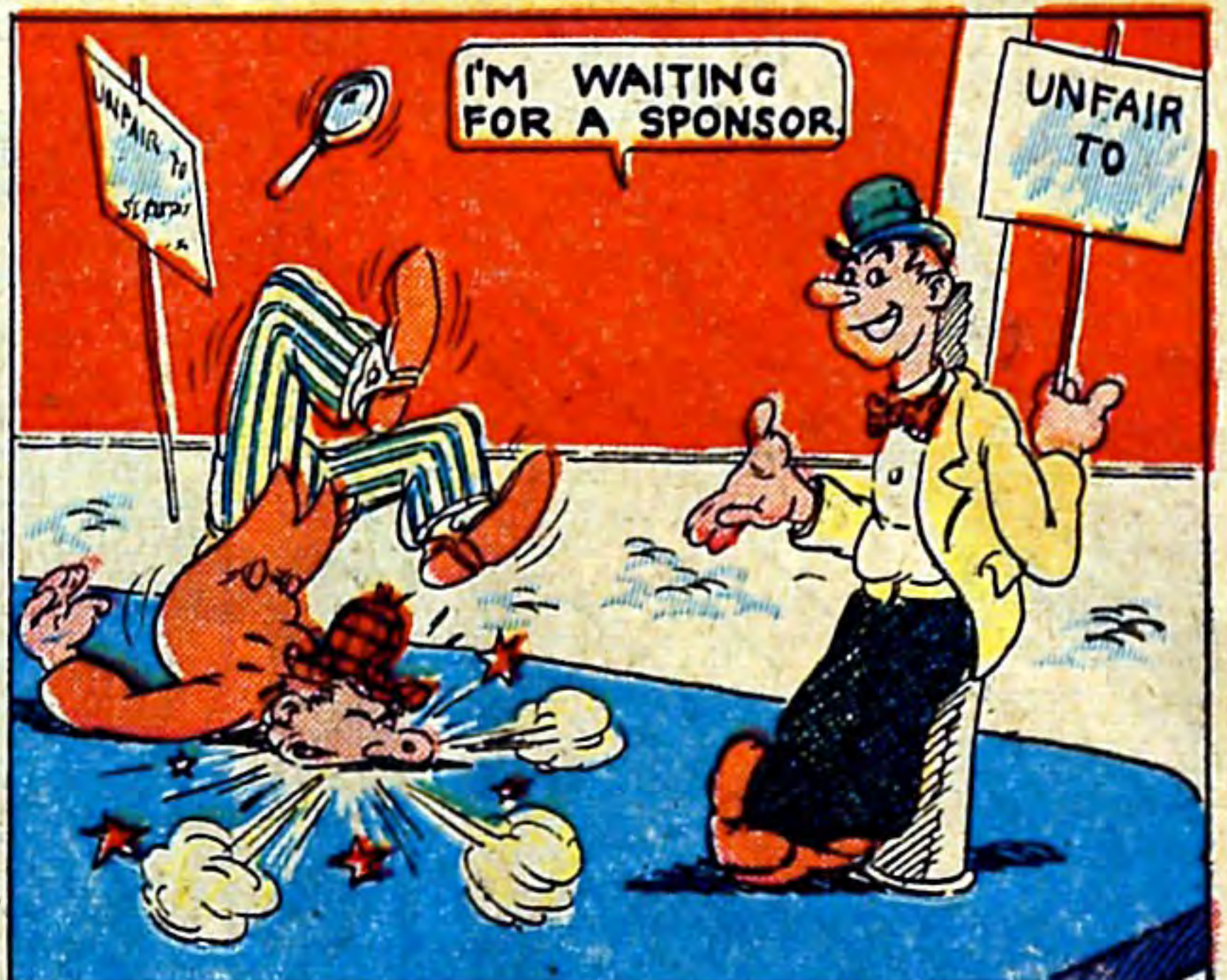
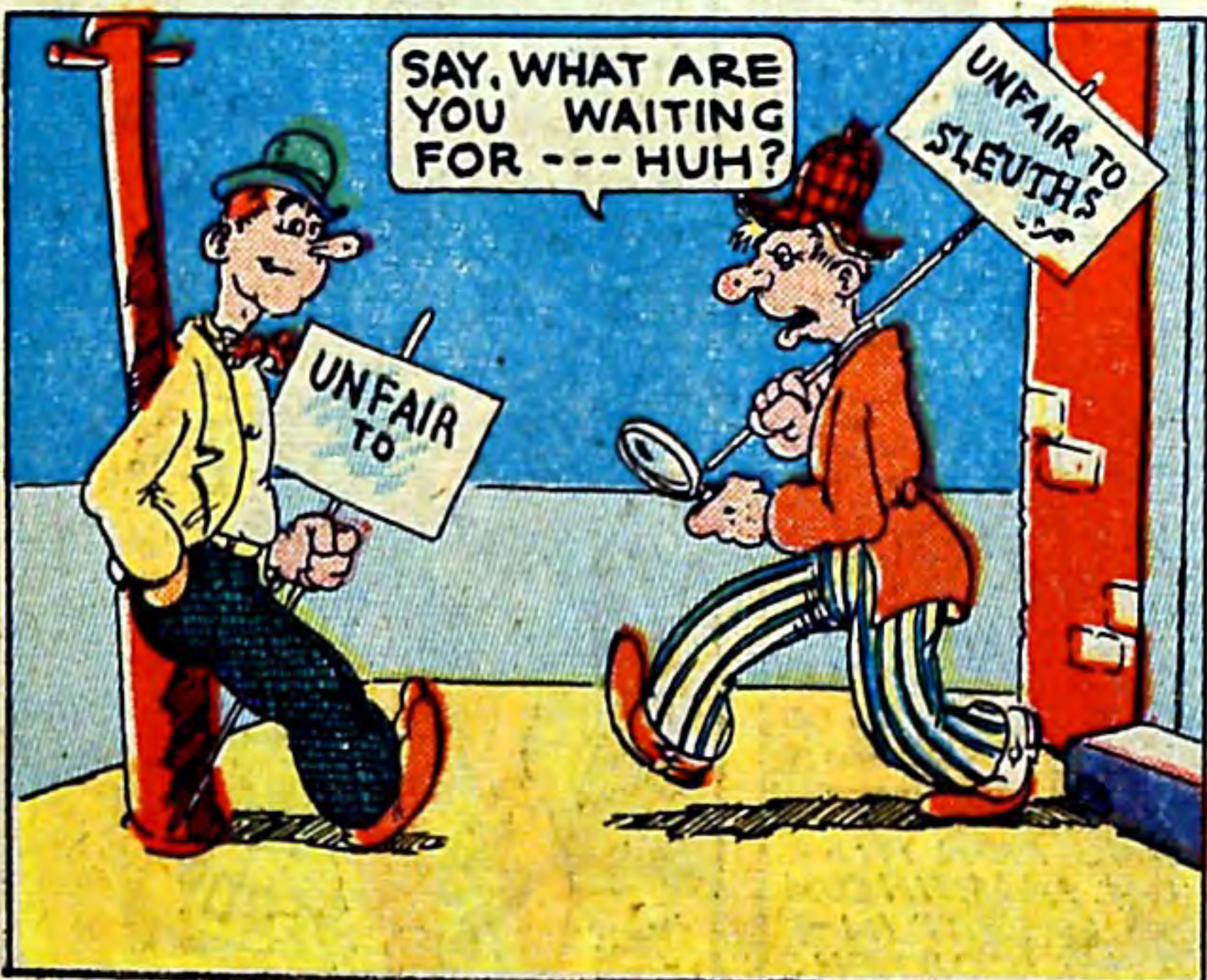
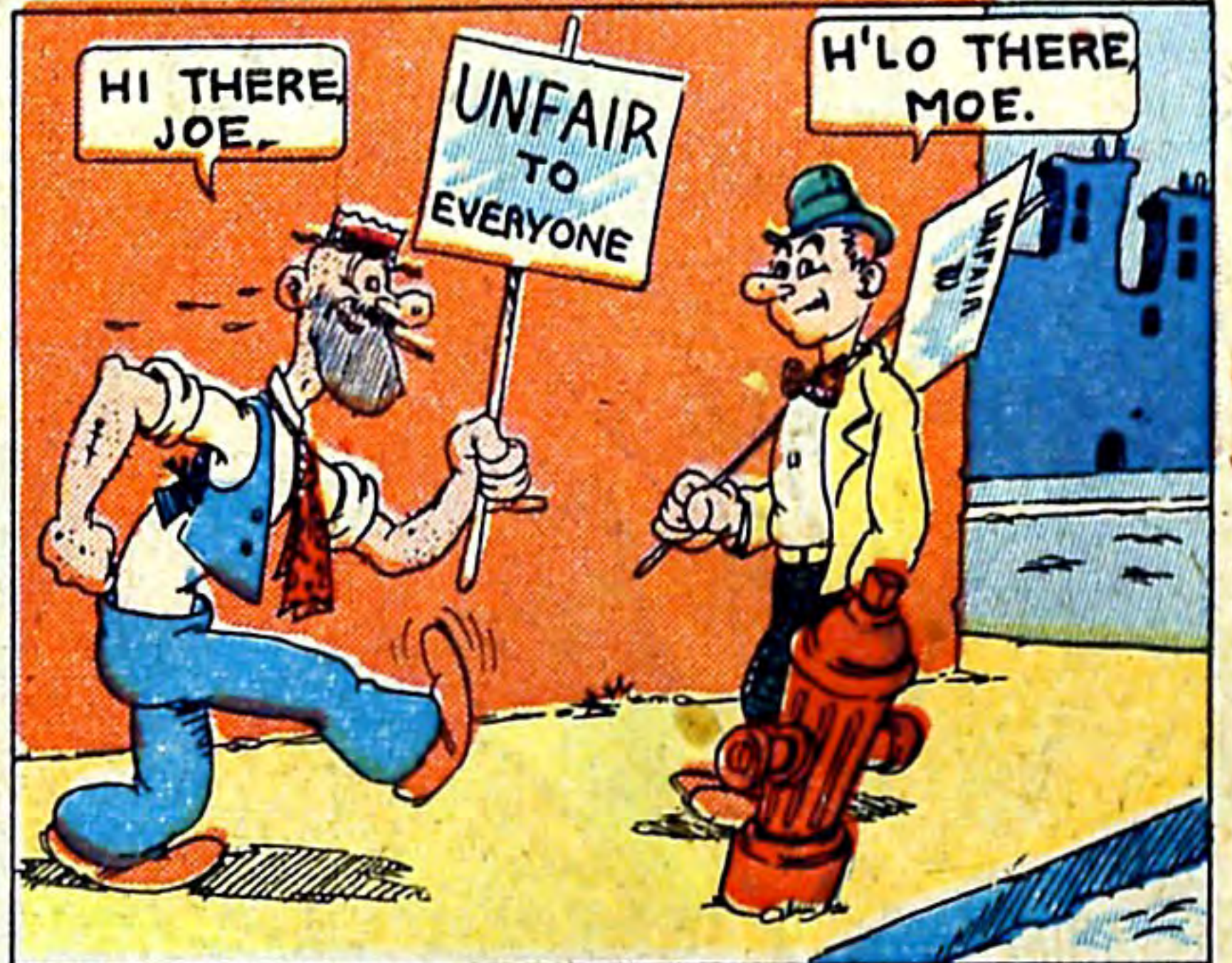
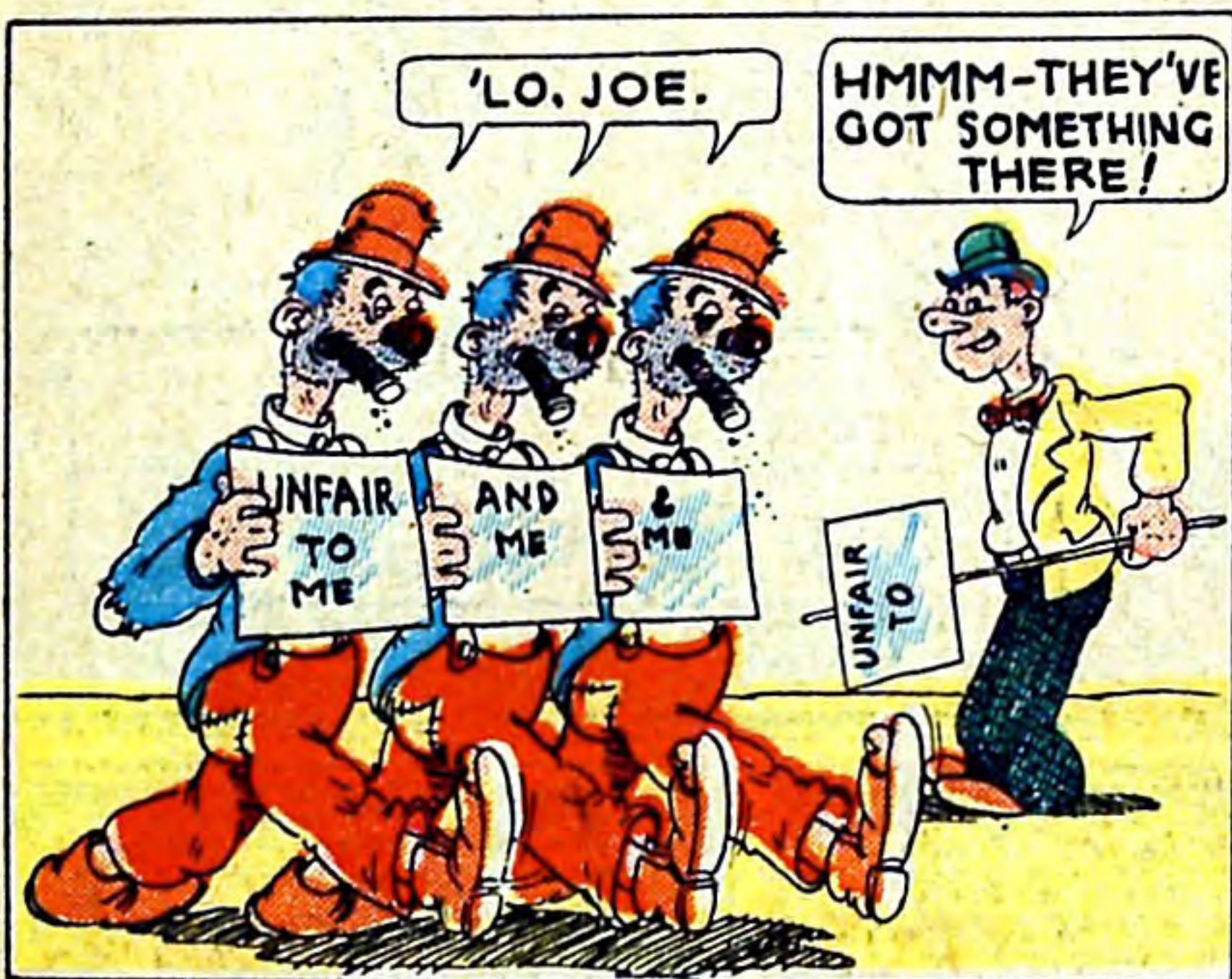
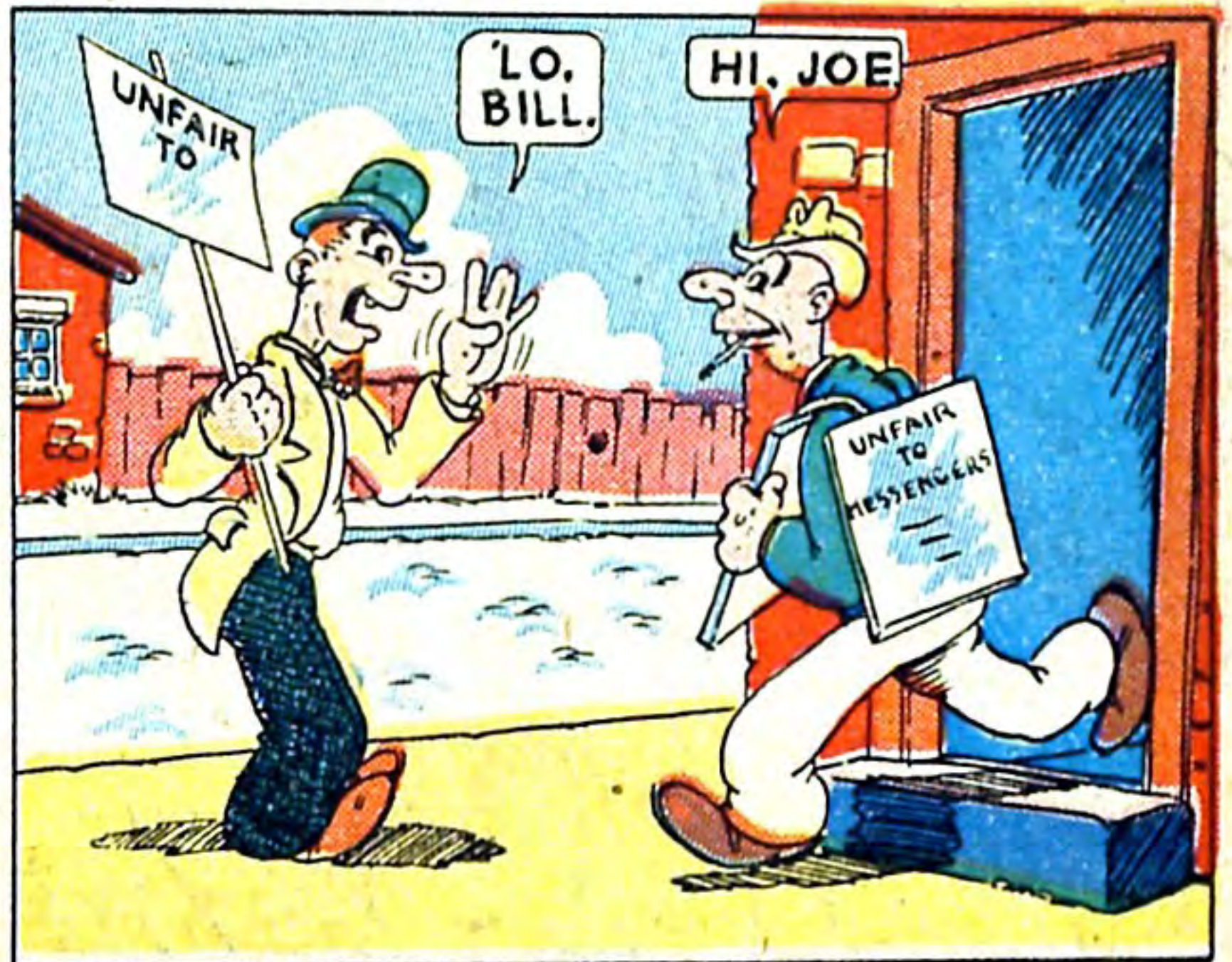
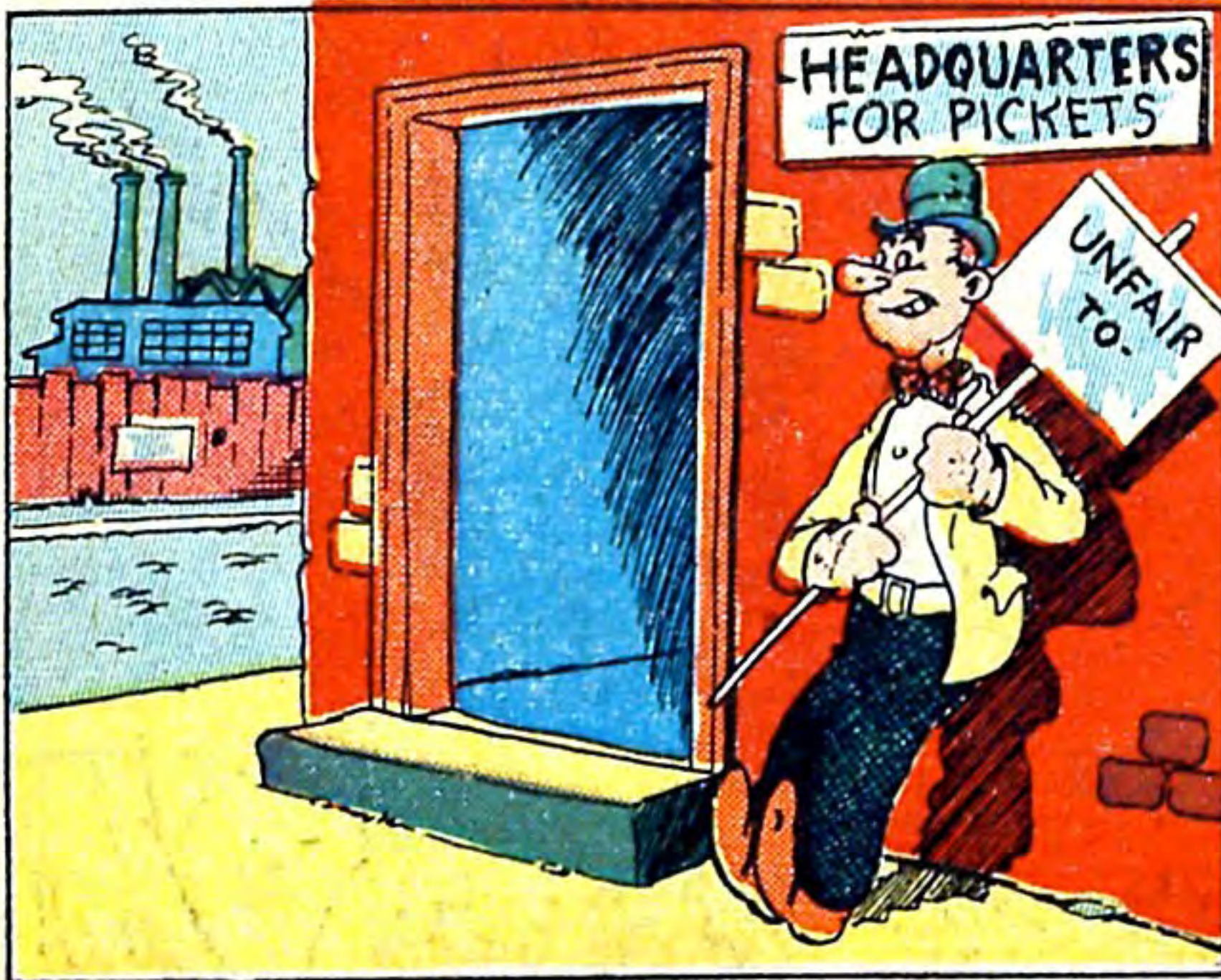




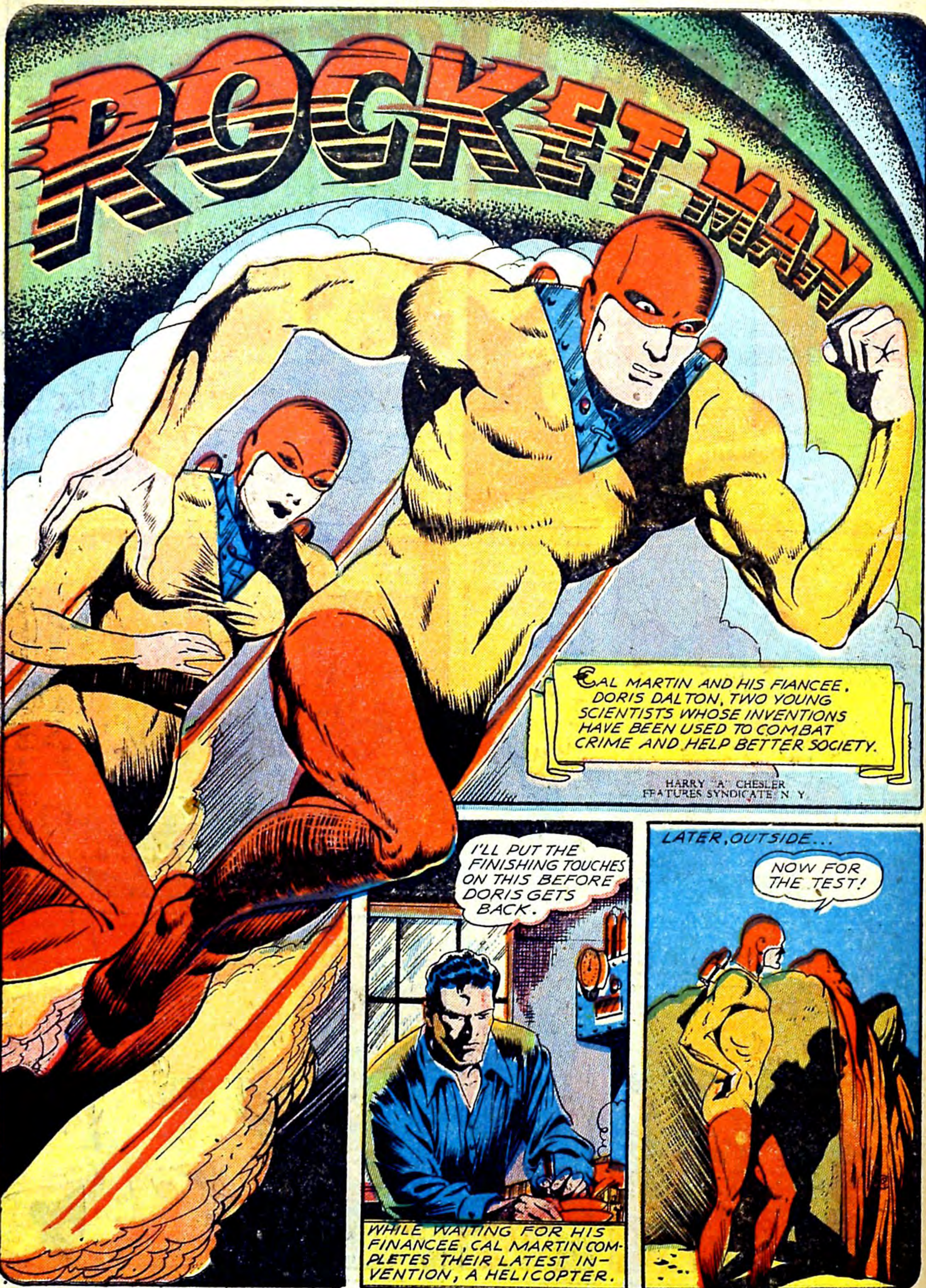


# JOE TICKET

## THE PICKET







# ROCKET MAN

CAL MARTIN AND HIS FIANCEE, DORIS DALTON, TWO YOUNG SCIENTISTS WHOSE INVENTIONS HAVE BEEN USED TO COMBAT CRIME AND HELP BETTER SOCIETY.

HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE N. Y.

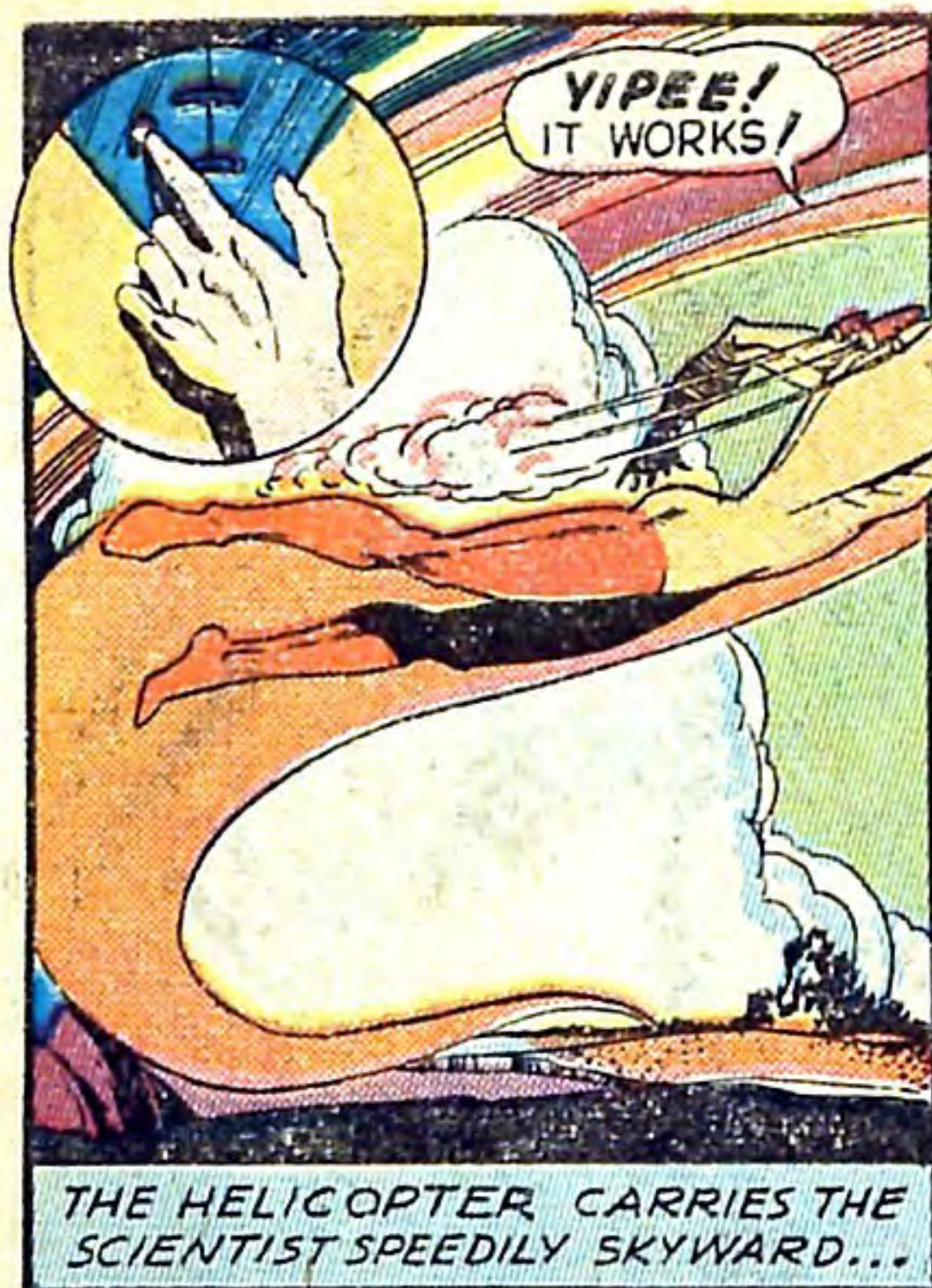
I'LL PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THIS BEFORE DORIS GETS BACK.

WHILE WAITING FOR HIS FINANCEE, CAL MARTIN COMPLETES THEIR LATEST INVENTION, A HELICOPTER.

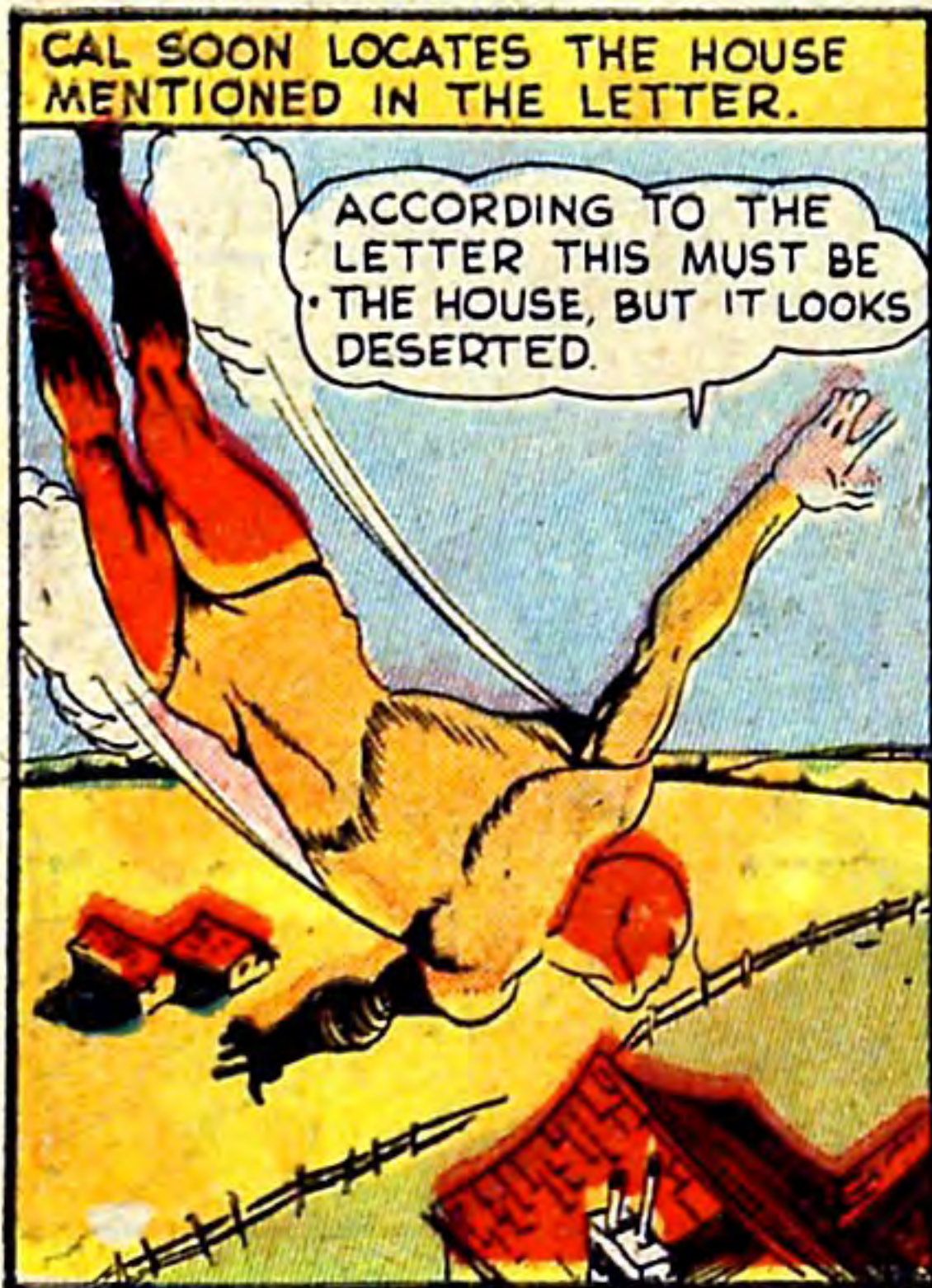
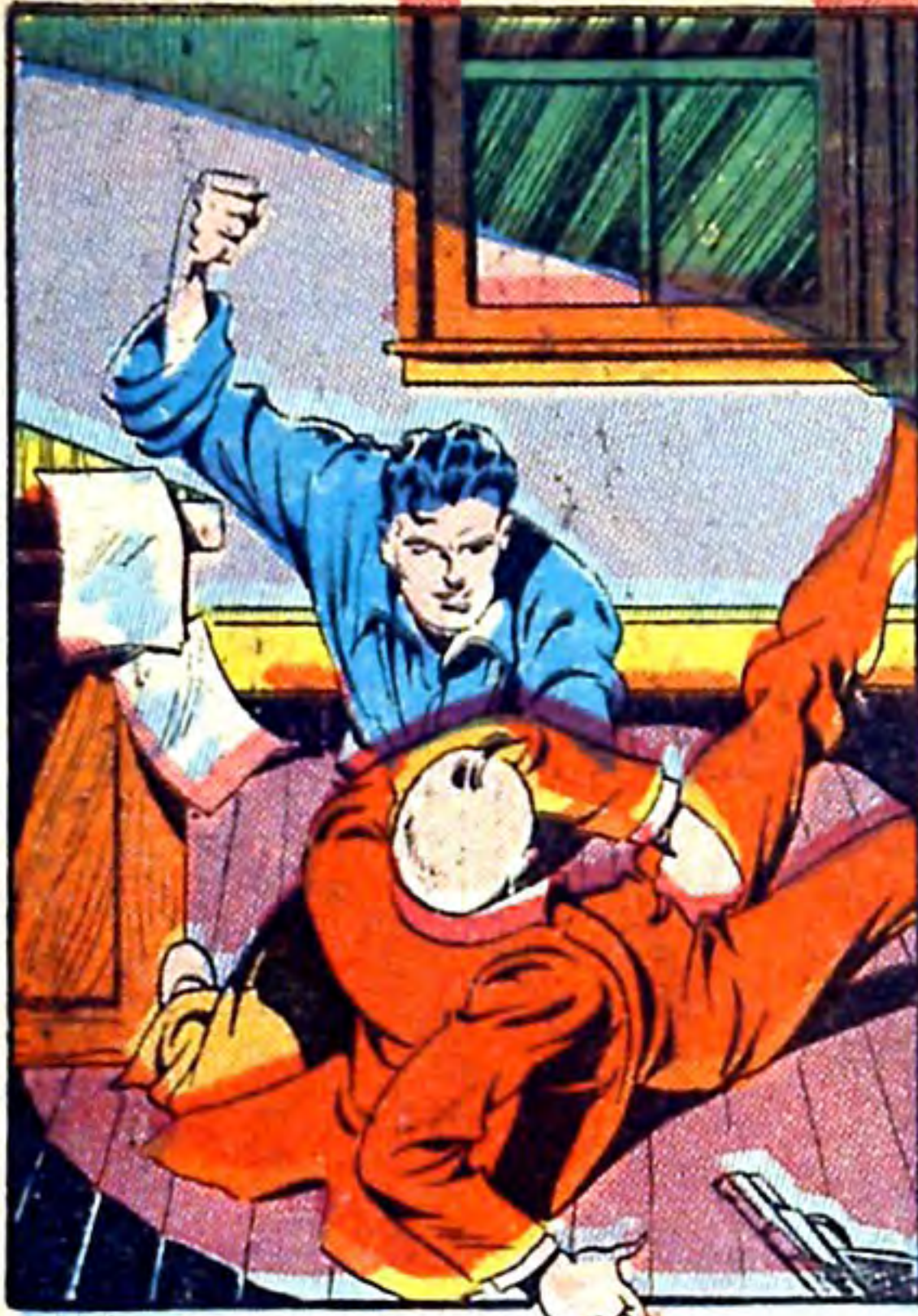
LATER, OUTSIDE...

NOW FOR THE TEST!

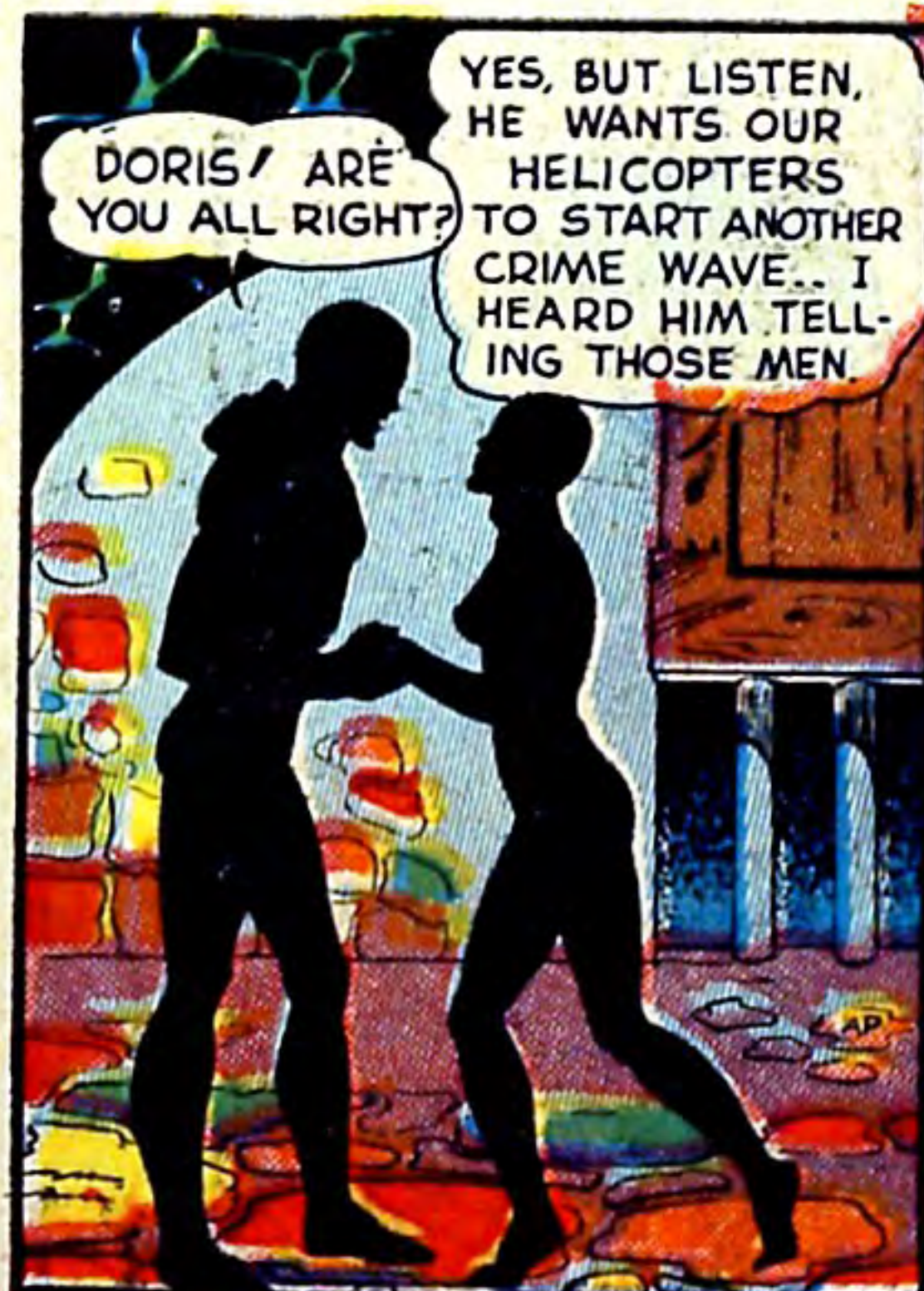




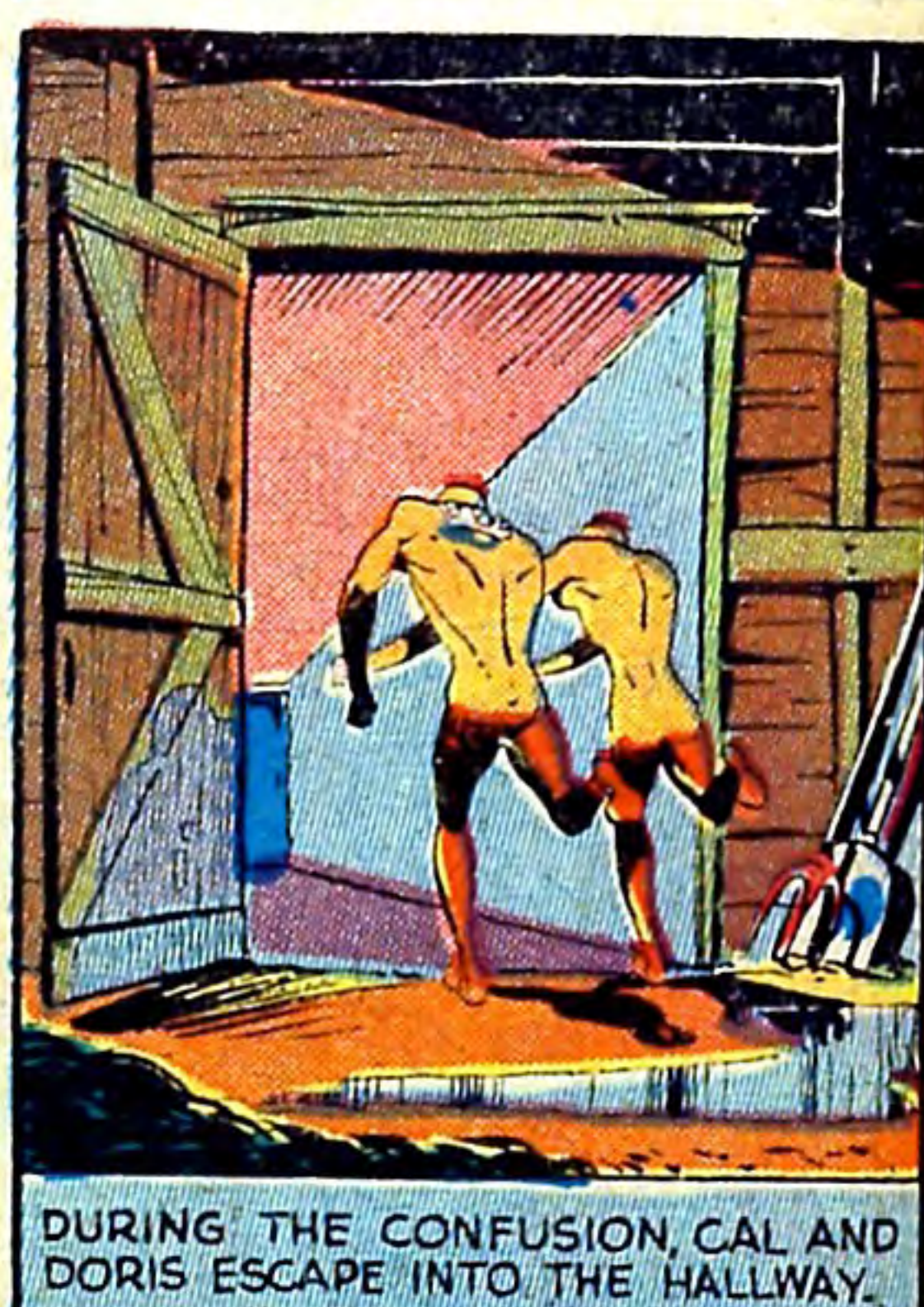




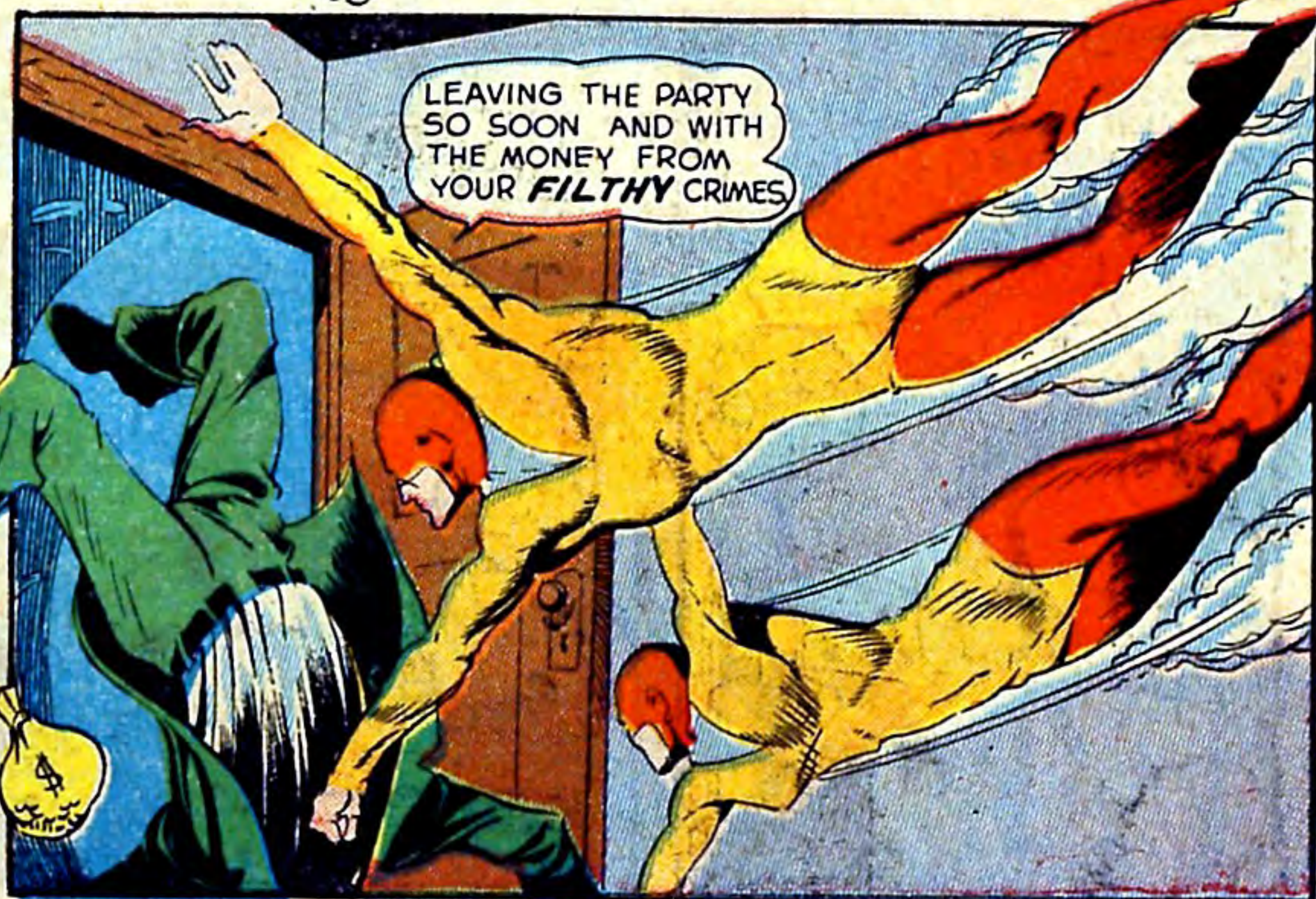
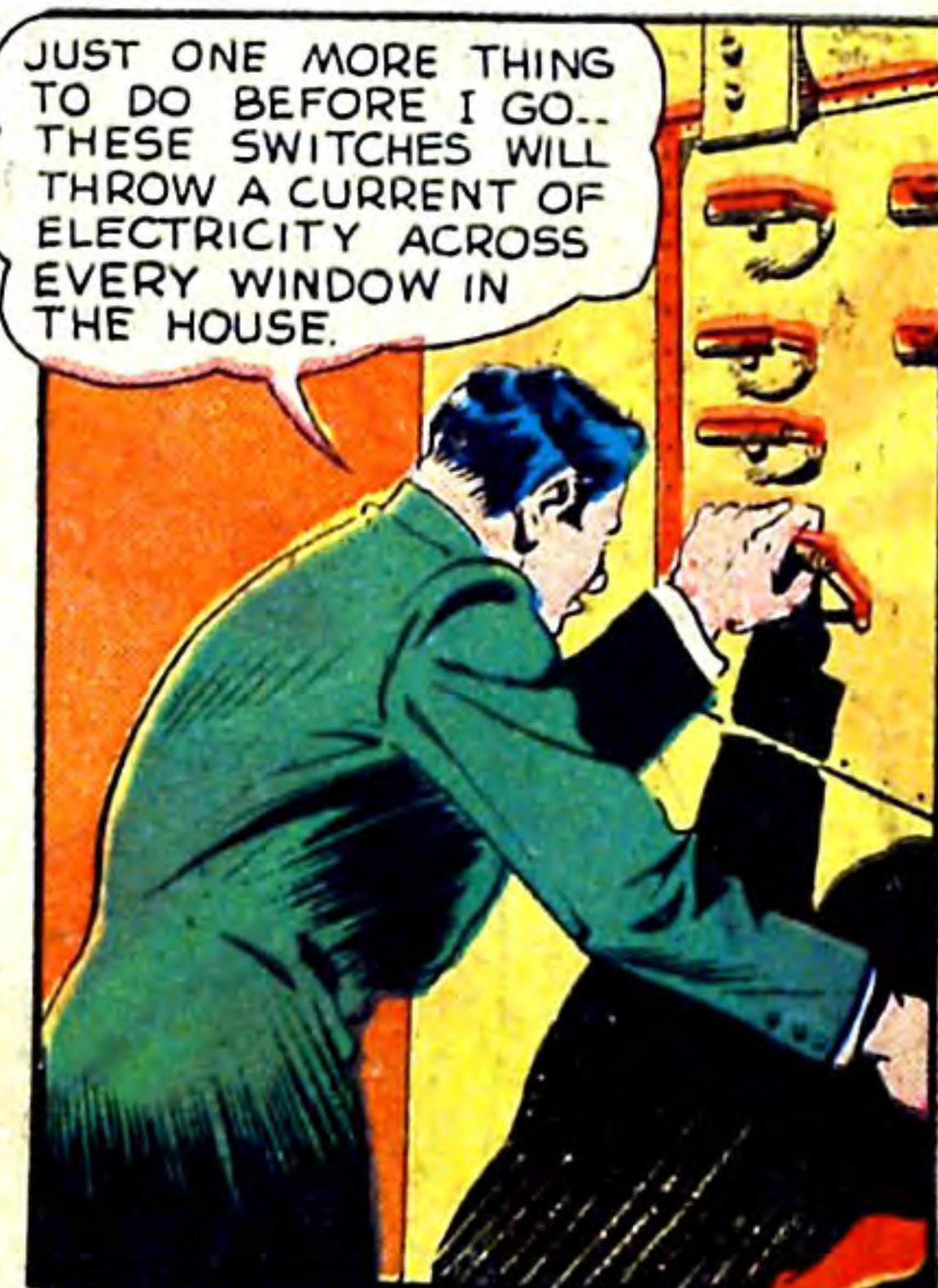
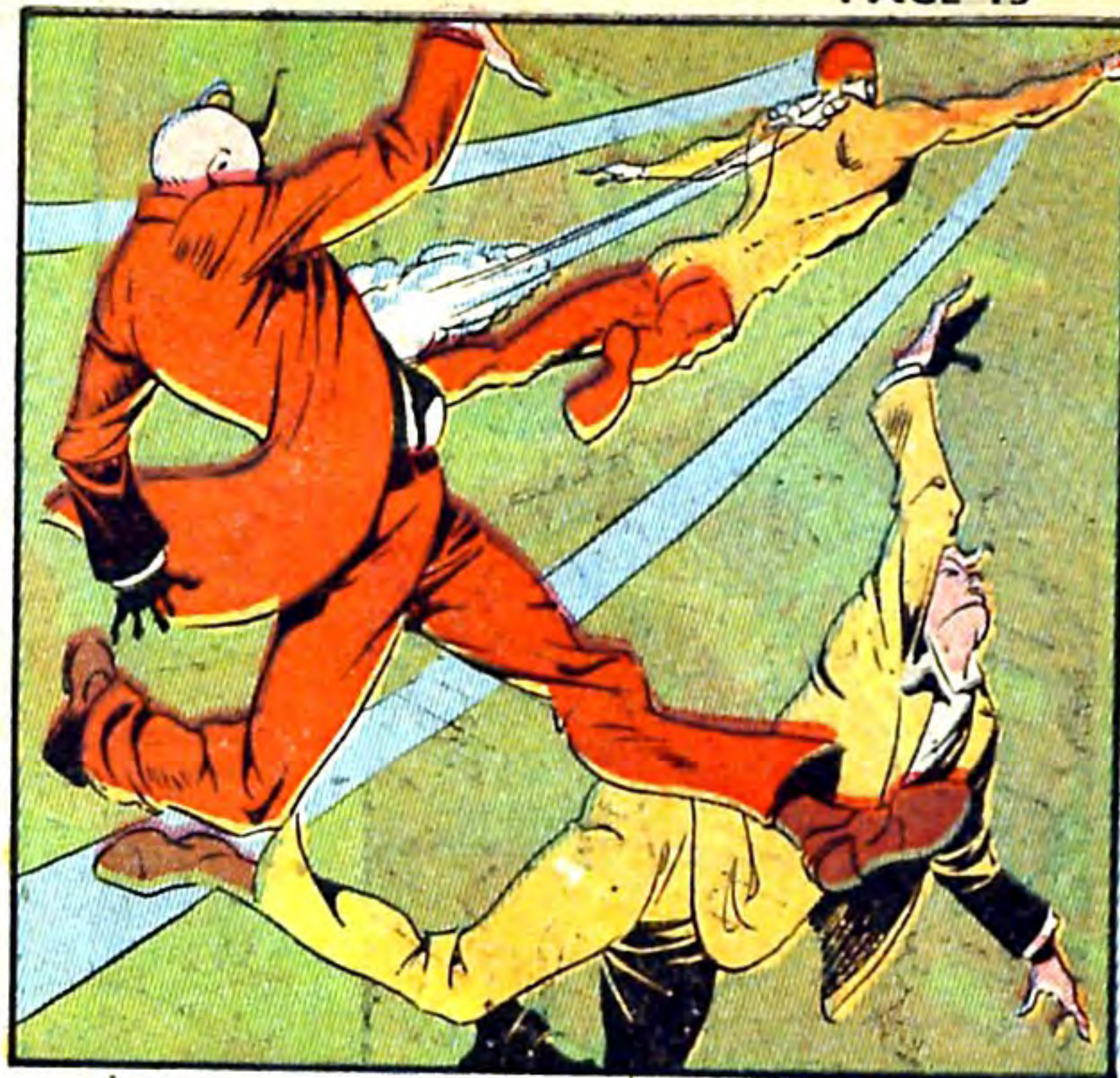




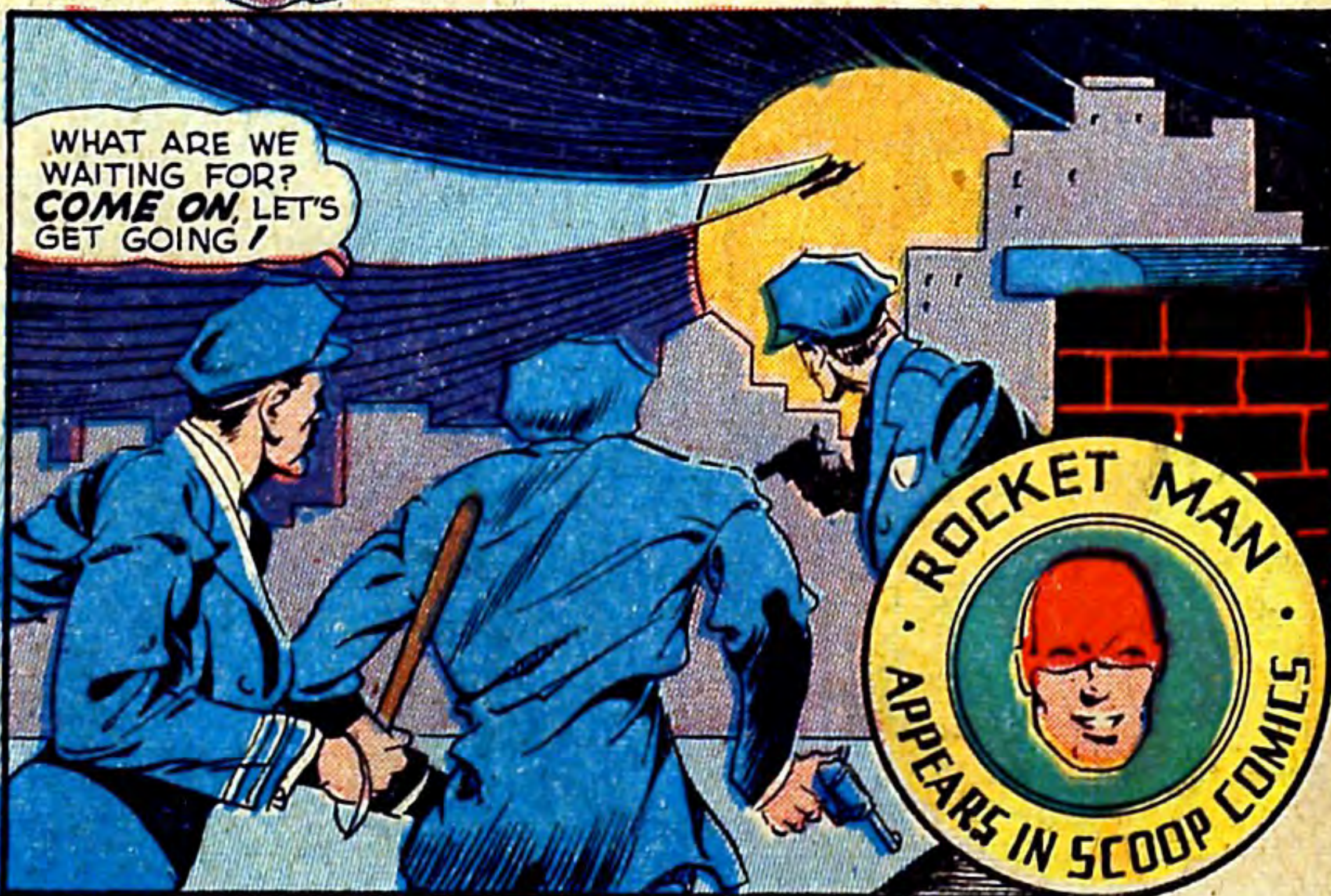
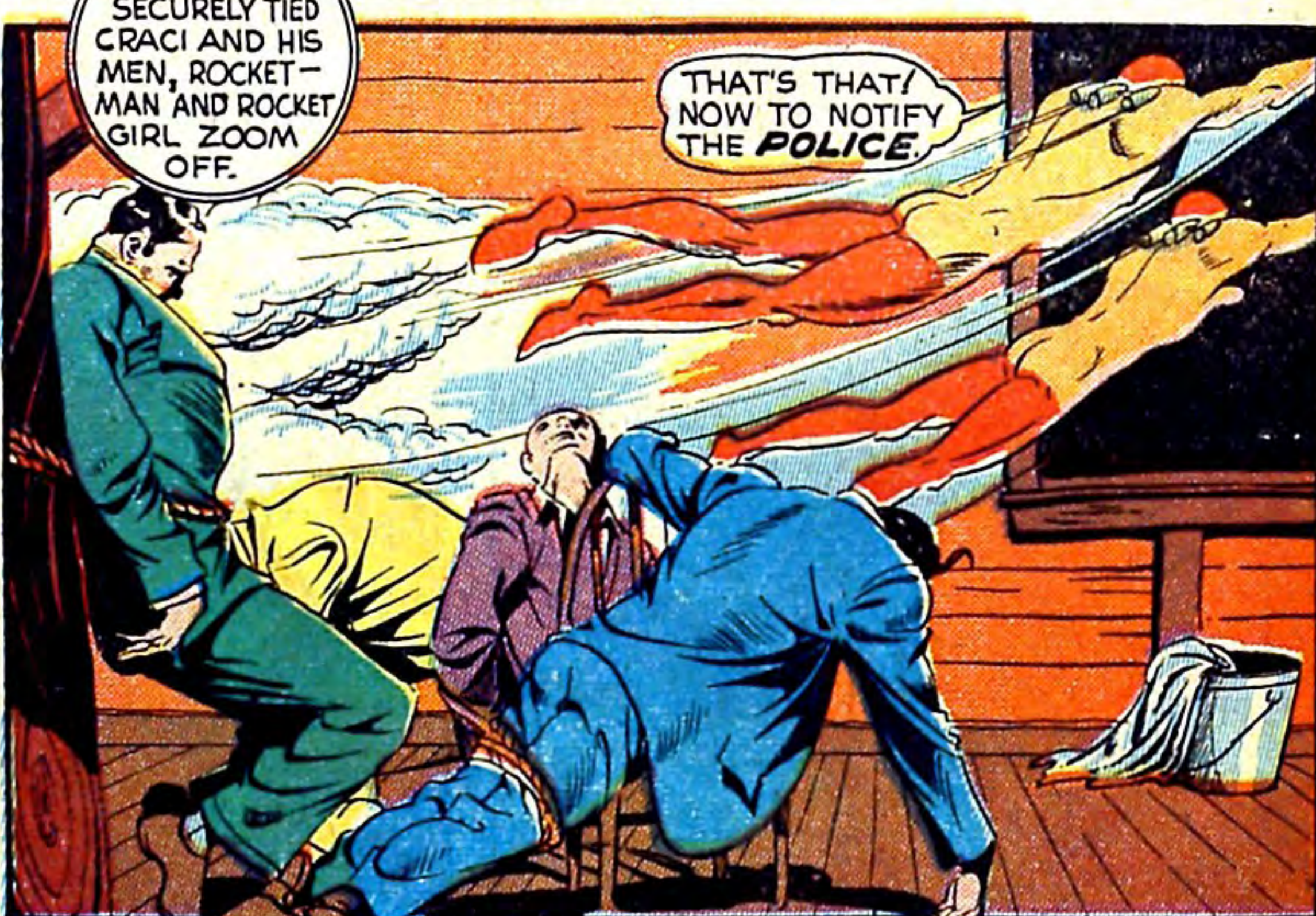
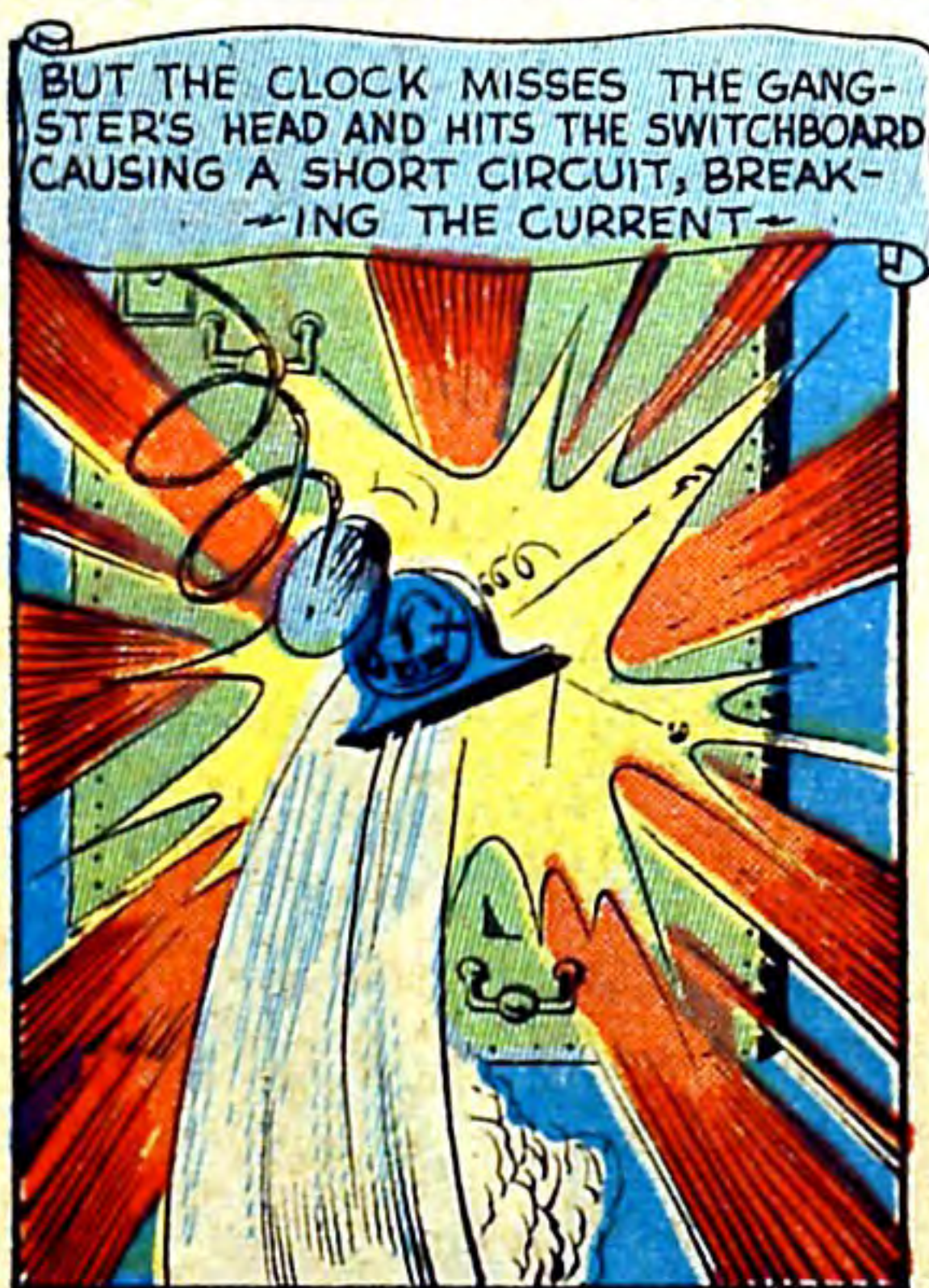
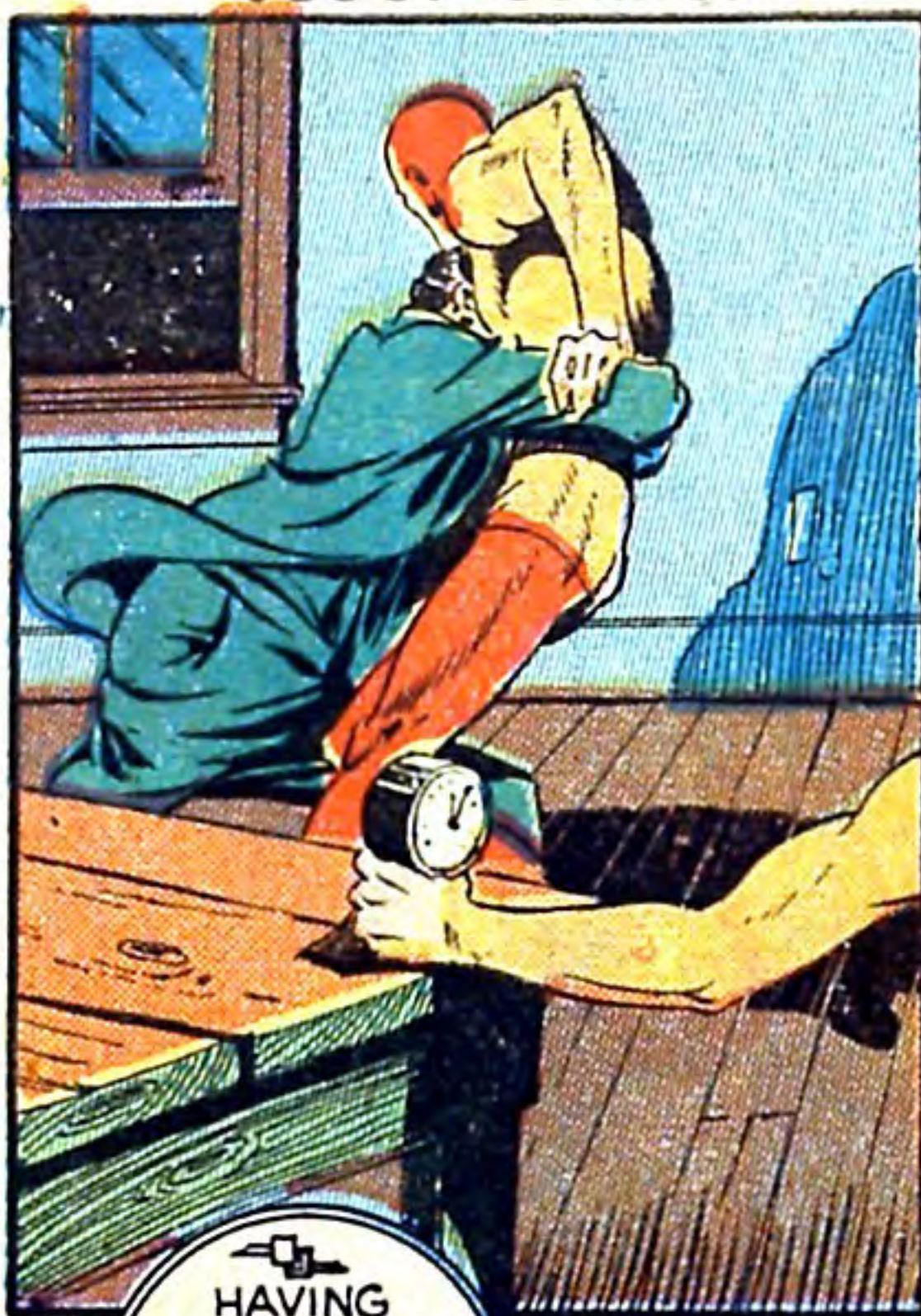












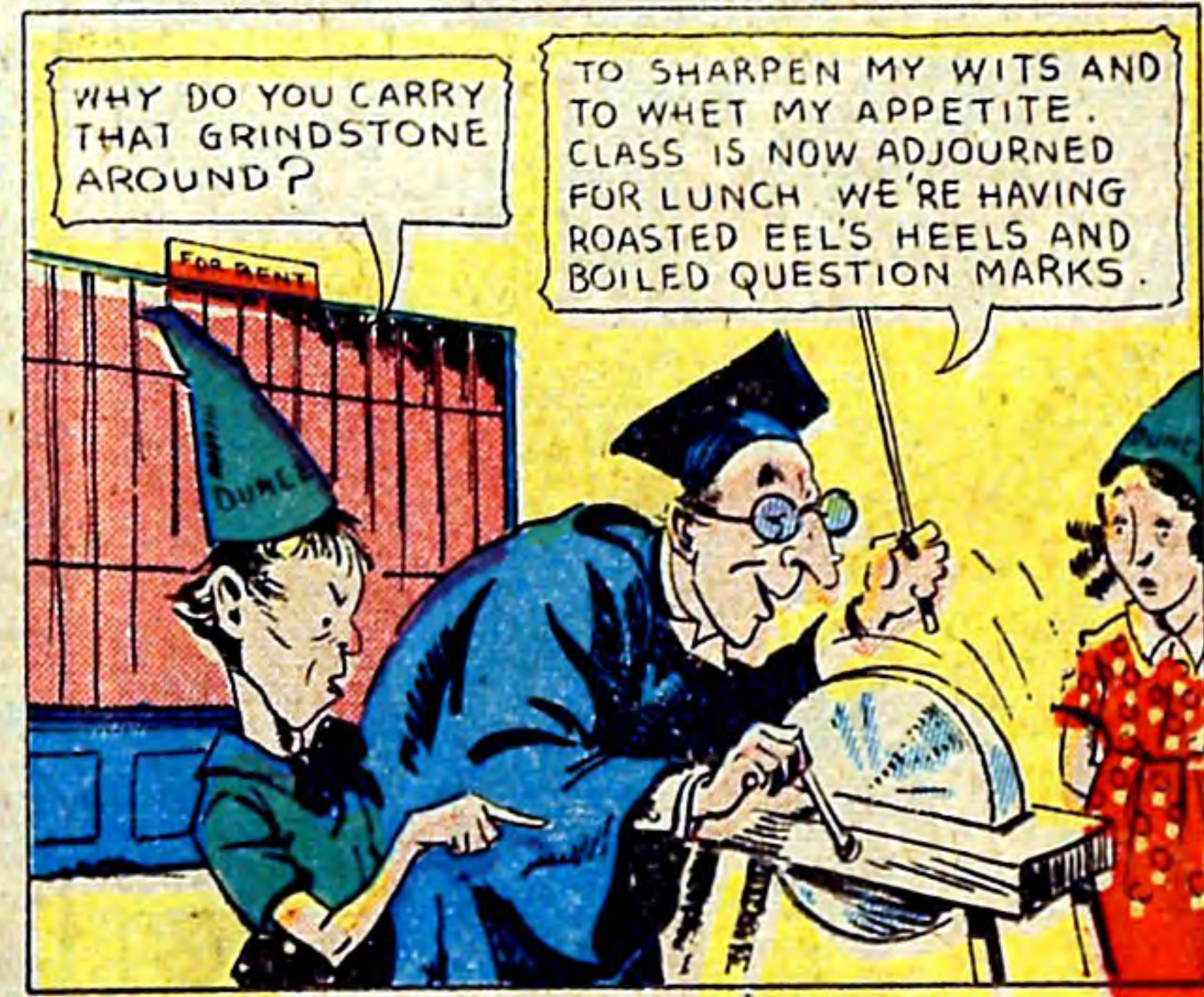
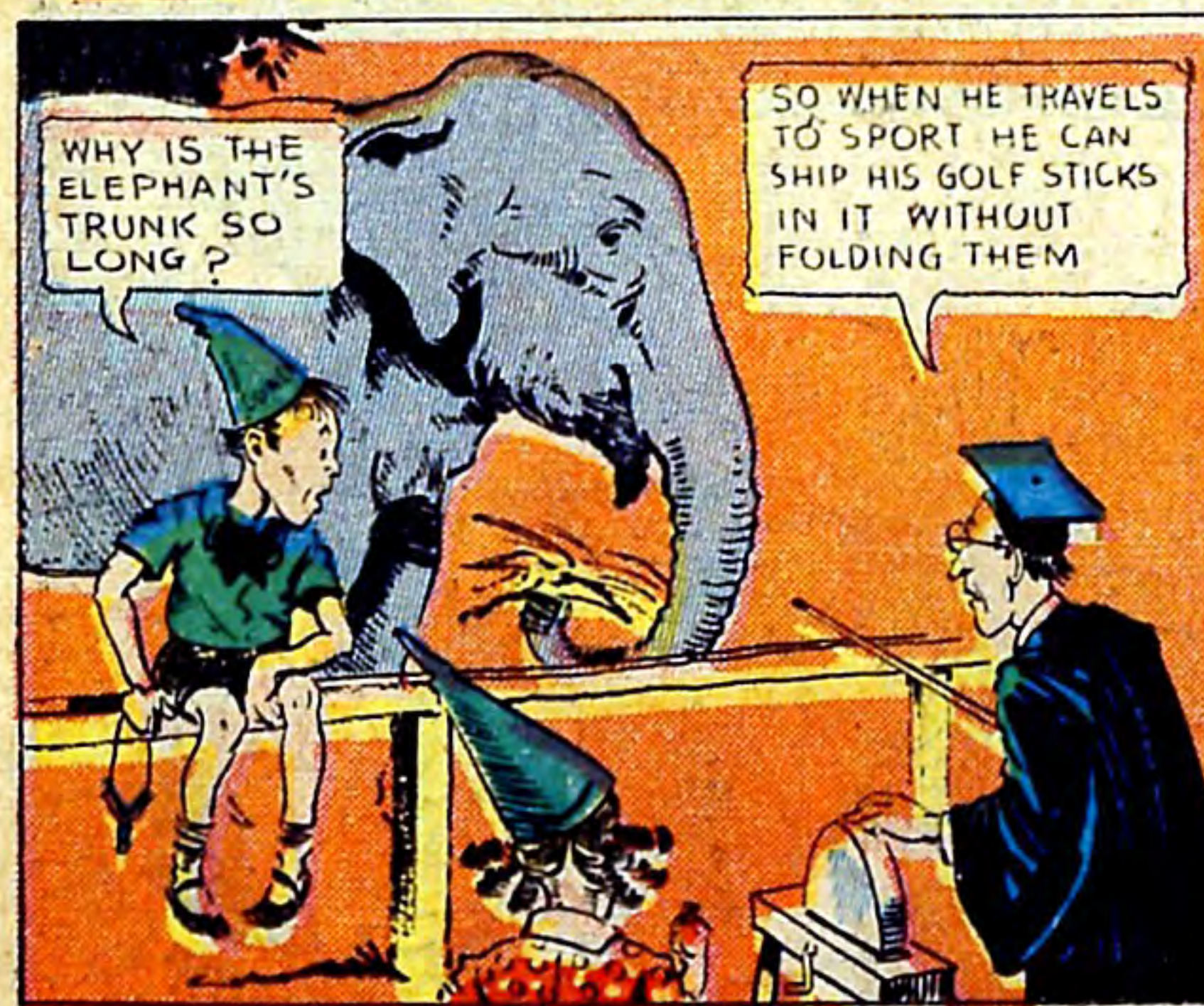
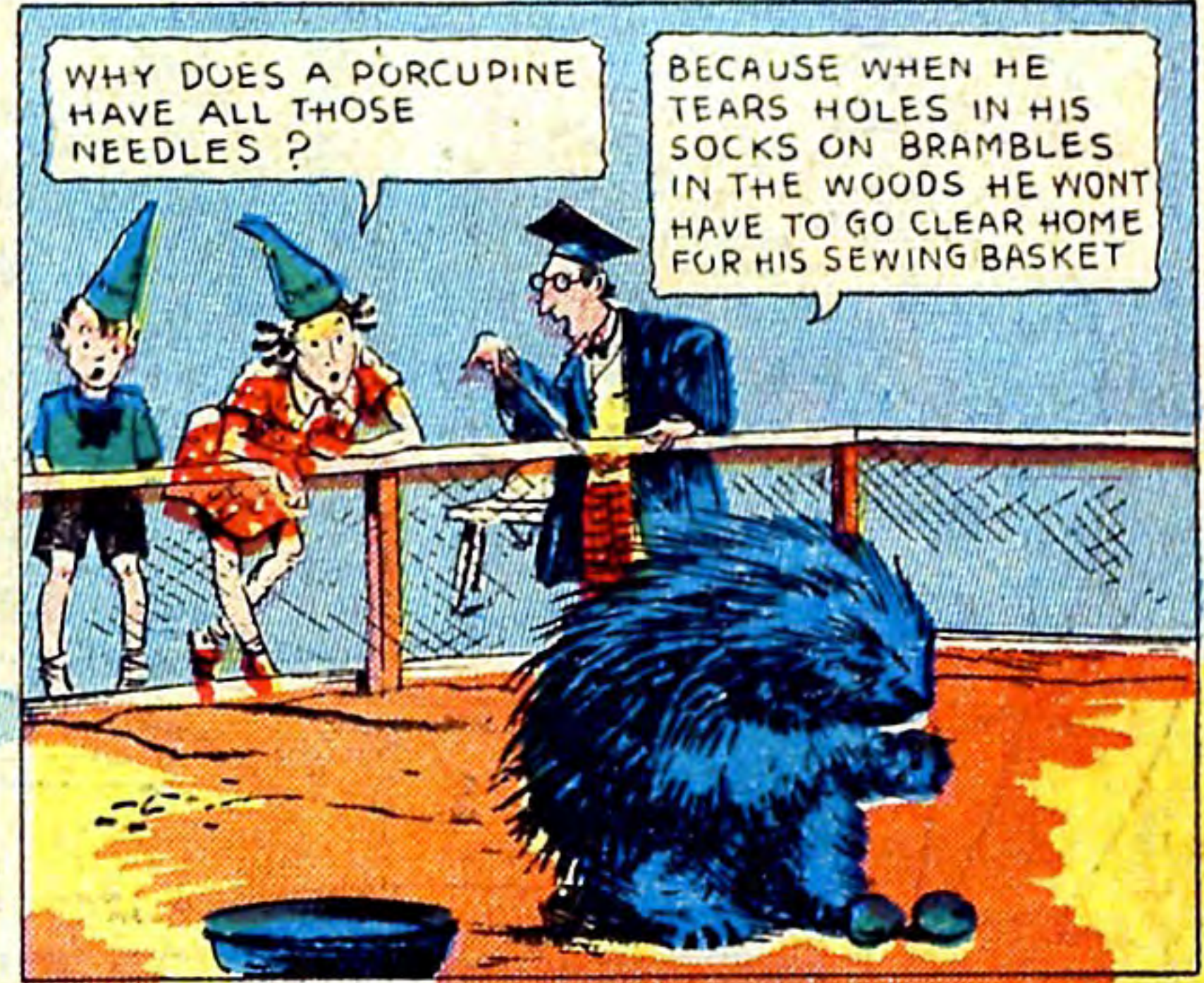
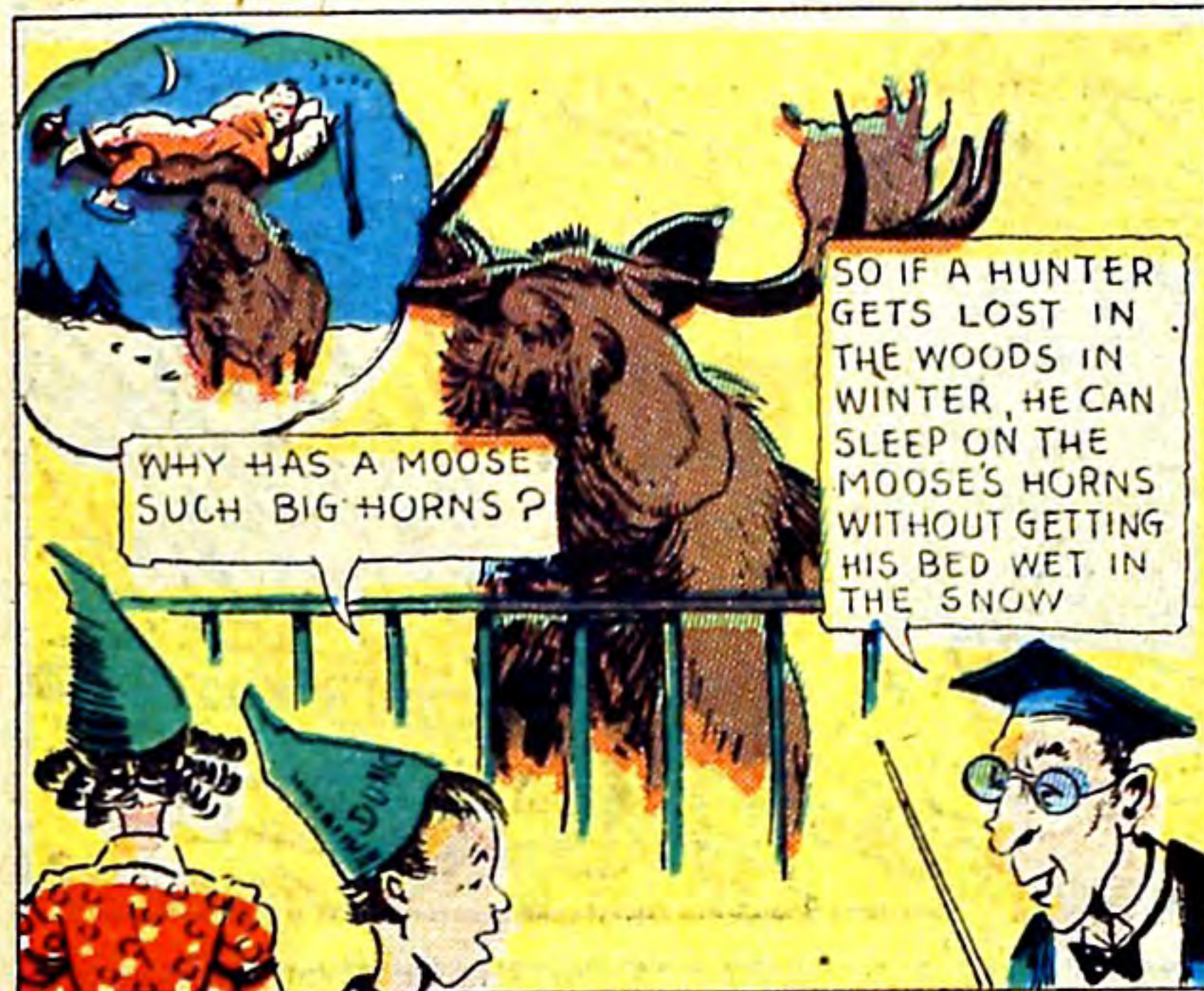
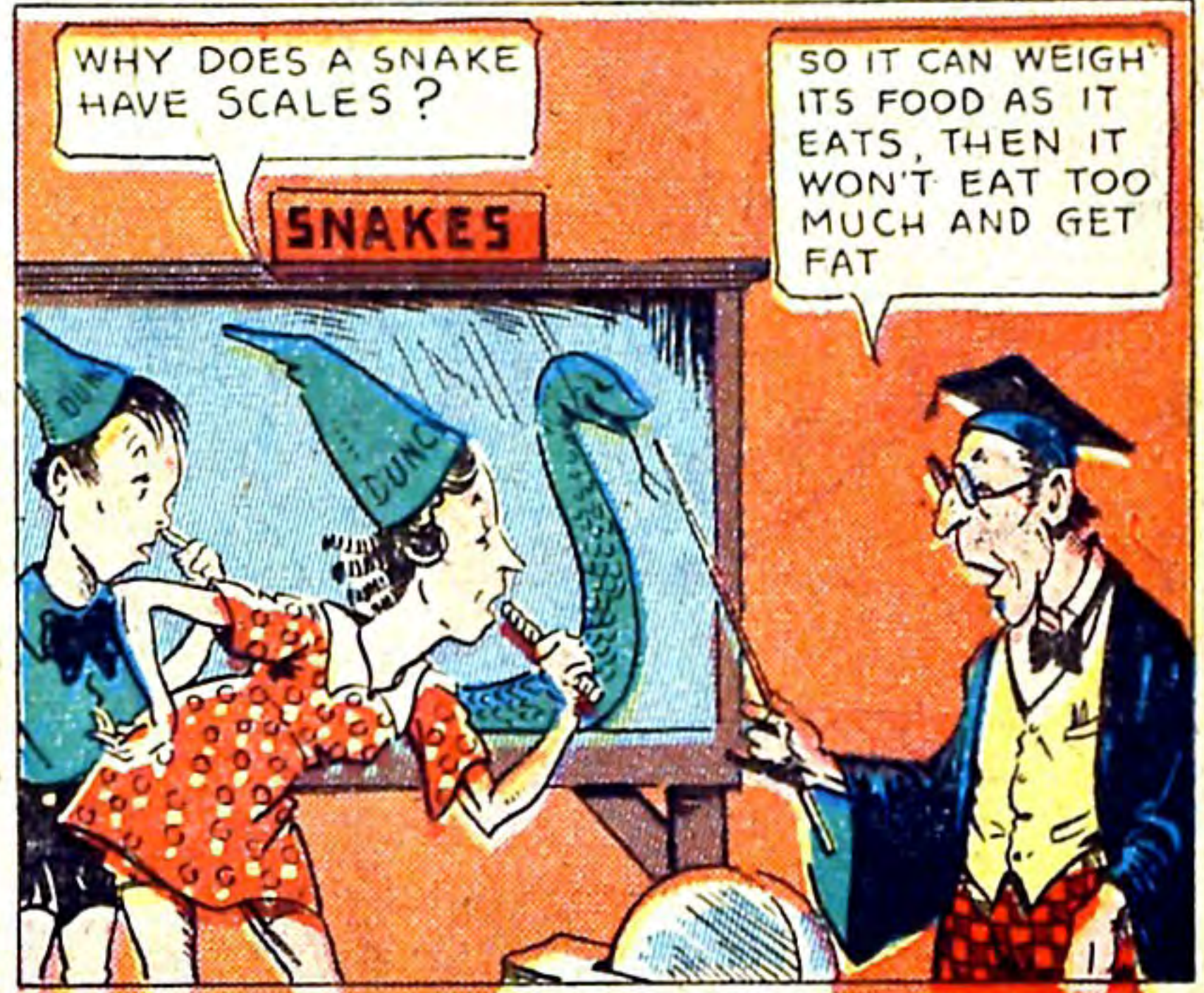
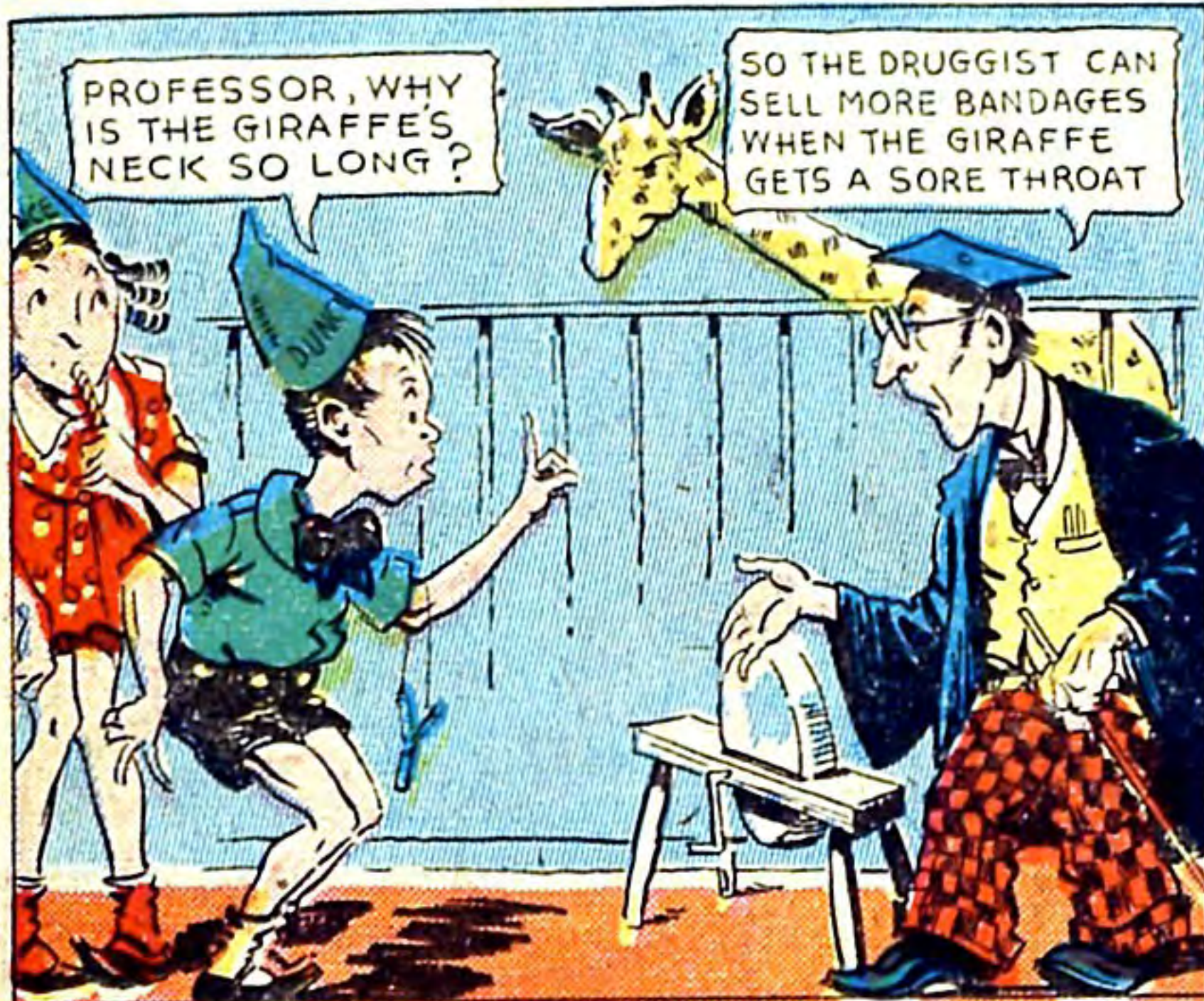


# Professor McScrewy

PRESENTING HIS EDUCATIONAL CLASS

## ZOO'S WHO?

HARRY A. CHILLER  
FEATURED INDICATE N.Y.





# MOTHER HUBBARD

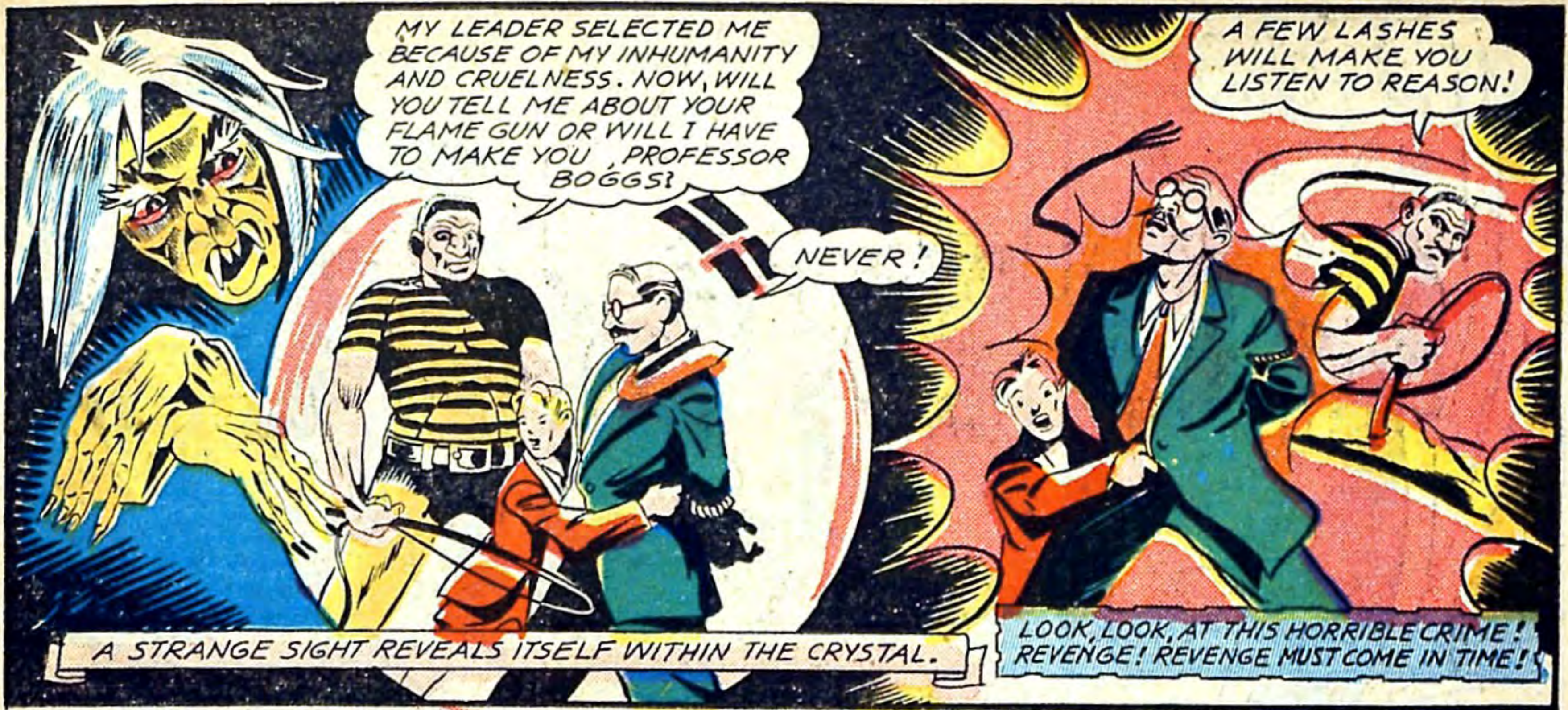
HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE N.Y.

REMNANT OF AN  
AGE LONG PAST,  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
MOTHER HUBBARD  
COMMANDS THE  
POWER  
OF ANCIENT  
WITCHCRAFT  
TO BATTLE THE  
EVILS  
OF THE  
PRESENT DAY.



IN AN EERIE, DESOLATE SURROUNDING, MYSTERIOUS  
MOTHER HUBBARD DWELLS IN SOLITUDE.









FOOL THAT I AM!  
TRAPPED BY THE  
IRON MAIDEN!



HAG, YOUR IDLE  
WITCHCRAFT CAN-  
NOT STOP ME. I  
SERVE THE FATHER-  
LAND AND DEAL DEATH  
WHEN NECESSARY!

MIGHTY POWERS  
WILL TORTURE THEE,  
IF YOUR PRISONERS  
AREN'T SET FREE!

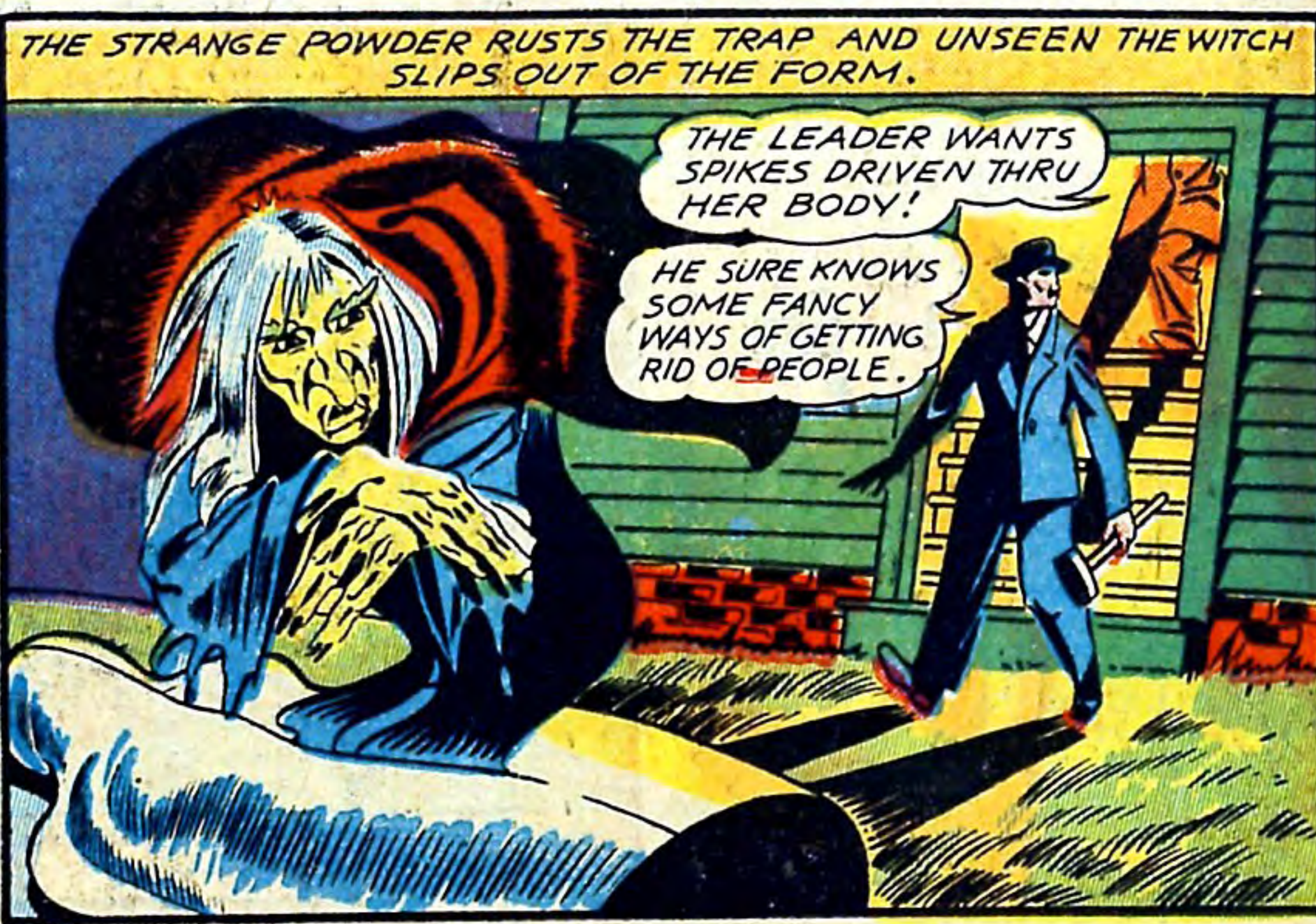
TAKE HER AWAY AND  
DRIVE A SPIKE DEEP  
INTO HER BODY. I'LL  
HEAR NO MORE OF  
SUCH FOOLISHNESS.

ENCASED IN THE STEEL FORM, THE  
CRAFTY MOTHER HUBBARD IS  
BROUGHT BEFORE THE LEADER.



DRAGON'S BLOOD  
AND EVIL EYE  
RUST THE STEEL,  
OR I WILL DIE!

BUT INSIDE  
THE TRAP, THE  
WITCH CALLS ON  
HER KNOWLEDGE  
OF MAGIC FOR  
ASSISTANCE.



THE STRANGE POWDER RUSTS THE TRAP AND UNSEEN THE WITCH  
SLIPS OUT OF THE FORM.

THE LEADER WANTS  
SPIKES DRIVEN THRU  
HER BODY!

HE SURE KNOWS  
SOME FANCY  
WAYS OF GETTING  
RID OF PEOPLE.



FOOLS, THEY DRIVE  
THE SPIKE HARD,  
THINKING I'M INSIDE.



HER BLOOD WILL  
SOON START TO  
FLOW, HEE, HEE.  
I WONDER WHY  
SHE IS NOT CRYING  
OUT?

STOP! THE  
MAIDEN IS  
BREAKING UP!



SHE'S BEWITCHED  
THE IRON MAIDEN!  
I'M GETTING OUT  
OF HERE!

THE LEADER  
CAN KEEP HIS  
JOB... I'M GOING  
STRAIGHT!



MEANWHILE... IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE.

AND NOW PROFESSOR, WILL YOU DIVULGE THE WORKINGS OF THE FLAME GUN, OR SHALL I BECOME MORE EMPHATIC?

NEVER! THAT SHALL BE THE PROPERTY OF MY COUNTRY, ONLY!



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, OUR LEADER HAS INSTRUCTED US TO BE COLD BLOODED AND RUTHLESS IN OUR DEALINGS. COME... TAKE HIM TO THE NEXT ROOM.



SUCH A TENDER SCENE, PROFESSOR, BUT NOT FOR LONG!

MY SON!



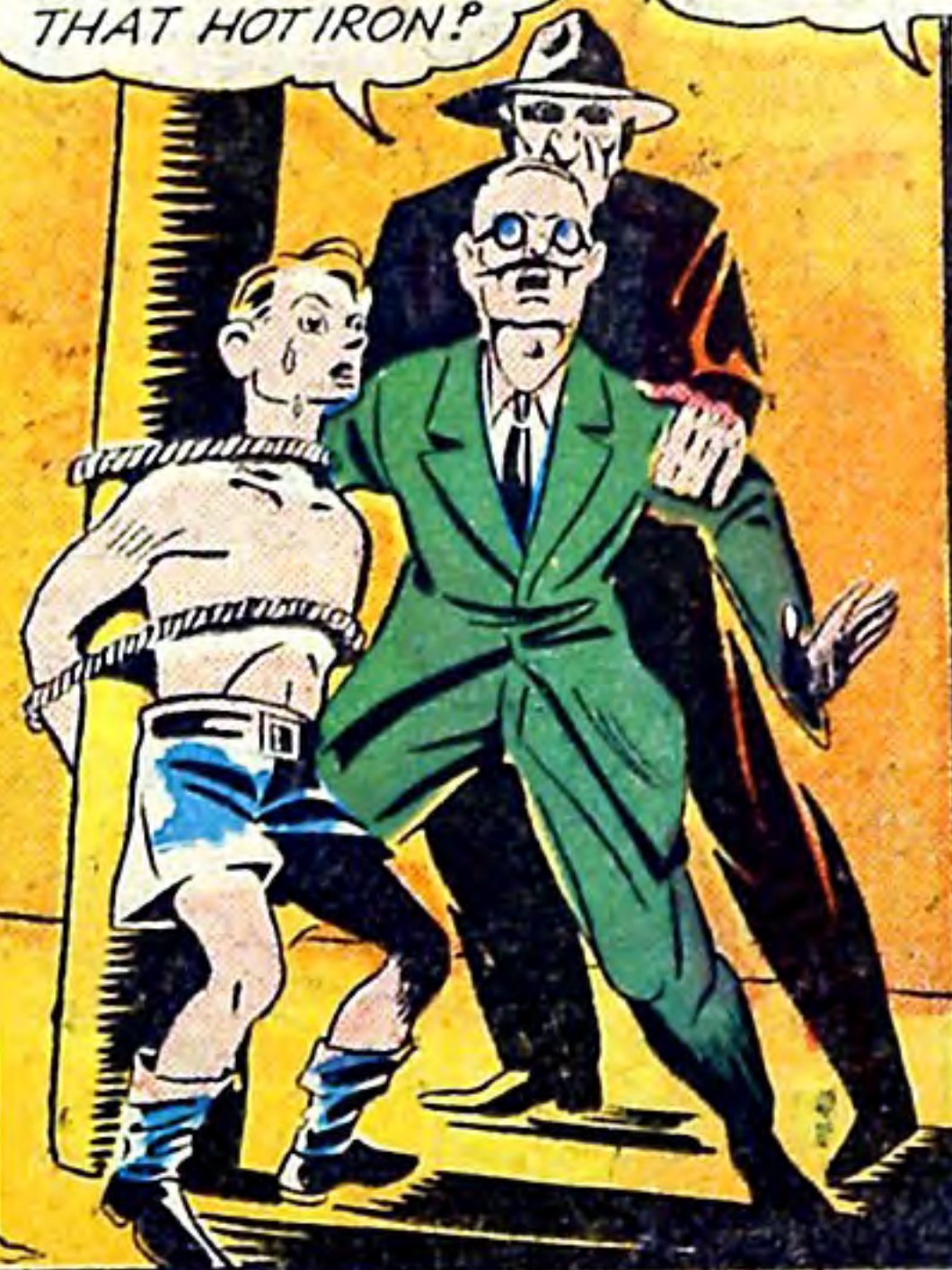
REFUSAL OF THE FEUHRER'S WISHES MEANS DEATH! DEATH FOR BOTH OF YOU! BUT FIRST, I MUST LEARN THE SECRET OF THE GUN... AND I'M GOING TO!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT HOT IRON?

YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!

NO, NO, HELP!



ONE TOUCH WITH THIS AND YOUR BOY WILL BEAR THE MARK OF THE 'FATHERLAND FOR LIFE!



STOP, STOP! I'LL EXPLAIN THE WORKINGS OF THE GUN!

I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS OUR WAY, PROFESSOR.

IT'S HER... IT'S THE WITCH!

FOR LONG, WITCHCRAFT HAS BEEN THE POWER OF EVIL... BUT I HAVE DETERMINED TO USE IT FOR GOOD... AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE!



SEIZE HER, FOOLS!

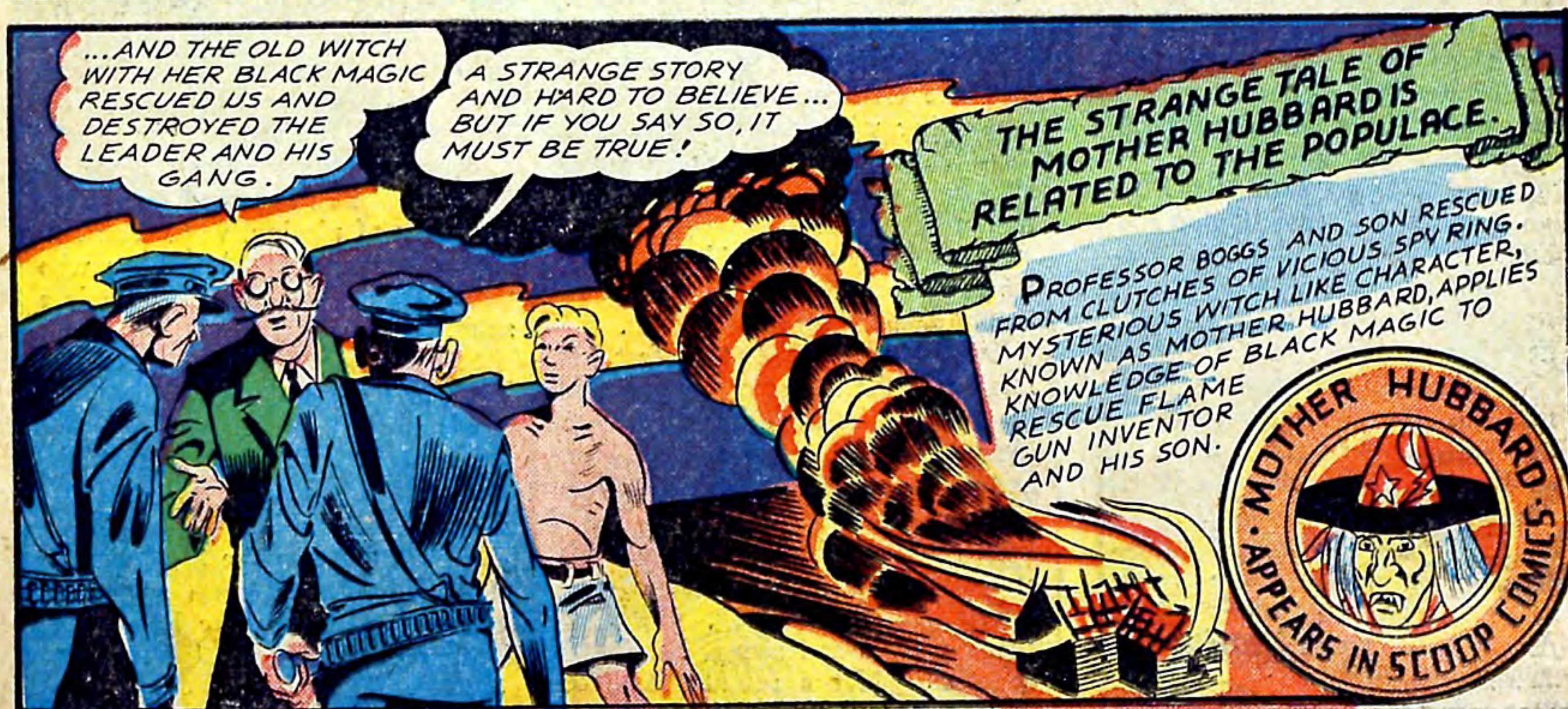
SUDDENLY, THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER HUBBARD FINDS HER WAY INTO THE TORTURE ROOM.













# MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE BEAST!



"Quit blowing that harmonica," Sergeant Quinn roared, pulling the tent flap aside. "I'm supposed to stall the chiefs of fifty thousand blood thirsty Arabs until the delegation from the home office arrives to find out how much gold it'll take to keep them loyal to the Empire." He wiped a sweat-streaked face. "It's hot enough to fry eggs in the shade," Quinn continued, "and all you do is play that harmonica." Quinn let the tent flap drop. "Those foreign correspondents, bah!" he raved as he walked off.

Scoop Daily grinned as he wiped the harmonica on his shirt sleeves. He grabbed a pencil and for a few minutes lost himself in the notes he scribbled on the pad. Then grabbing his hat, Scoop sallied out into the blazing sun. He slipped up to the white-robed group at the oasis and stretched out on the grass. Slowly his eyes closed.

... "Did you hear that?" the gruff voice of Sergeant Quinn roused him.

"It's too hot to listen to that stuff," Scoop replied. "I'm hunting news not orations!"

"Listen," Quinn barked. "He just said the German Government has offered the desert tribes much gold and guns to drive the British from the desert."

"So what?" Scoop growled. "When your delegation arrives they'll double the offer and the Arabs will swear allegiance to them."

"But our delegation won't be here for another six hours. It might be too late by..." Quinn's voice trailed off at the sight of a white robed figure leaping to its feet.

"I call for an immediate vote," the screaming Arab shouted. "We must side with the German Government," he continued. "They respect us by sending officials to parley with us, while the British stand by idly!"

Quinn leaped to his feet and rushed to the center of the circle. "I plead with you to wait six more hours," he bellowed.

Silence followed. Another white-robed chief sprang up. "For days we have been waiting," he roared, "and it has always been the same, 'they will come.' The tribes of the East will not wait. We vote to accept the German offer."

Another white-robed figure rose. "The tribes of the North," he said slowly, "vote with their Eastern brothers!"

Scoop Daily's eyes widened. The entire Arab nation was in danger of becoming hostile to the British.

Swiftly, he jumped to his feet. He raced into the center of the circle as the Western Chief was about to speak. Quickly, he shoved his little harmonica between his parched lips and began playing.

The Arab Chief slid back into his seat as Scoop danced round and round the circle. Jazz, old time songs, classics and swing, he played them all. Not a sound from the

Arabs as they sat motionless listening to the sweet melodies.

Scoop's clothes were soaking, streams of perspiration rolled from him—but he played on. He dared not stop. A glance toward Sergeant Quinn told him that the fate of the whole British Empire depended on his ability to keep them entertained. Quinn was silently pleading with him to keep going.

"Round and Round the Mulberry Bush," "Yankee Doodle," "Side-walks of New York," "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl..." etc. One after another. Hour after hour until he grew tired, weary, more weary and soon slumped to the ground.

Scoop opened his eyes to face the smiling Sergeant Quinn. "It's over," the Army man shouted, "you held them until our delegation arrived and now the Arabs are on the side of the British."

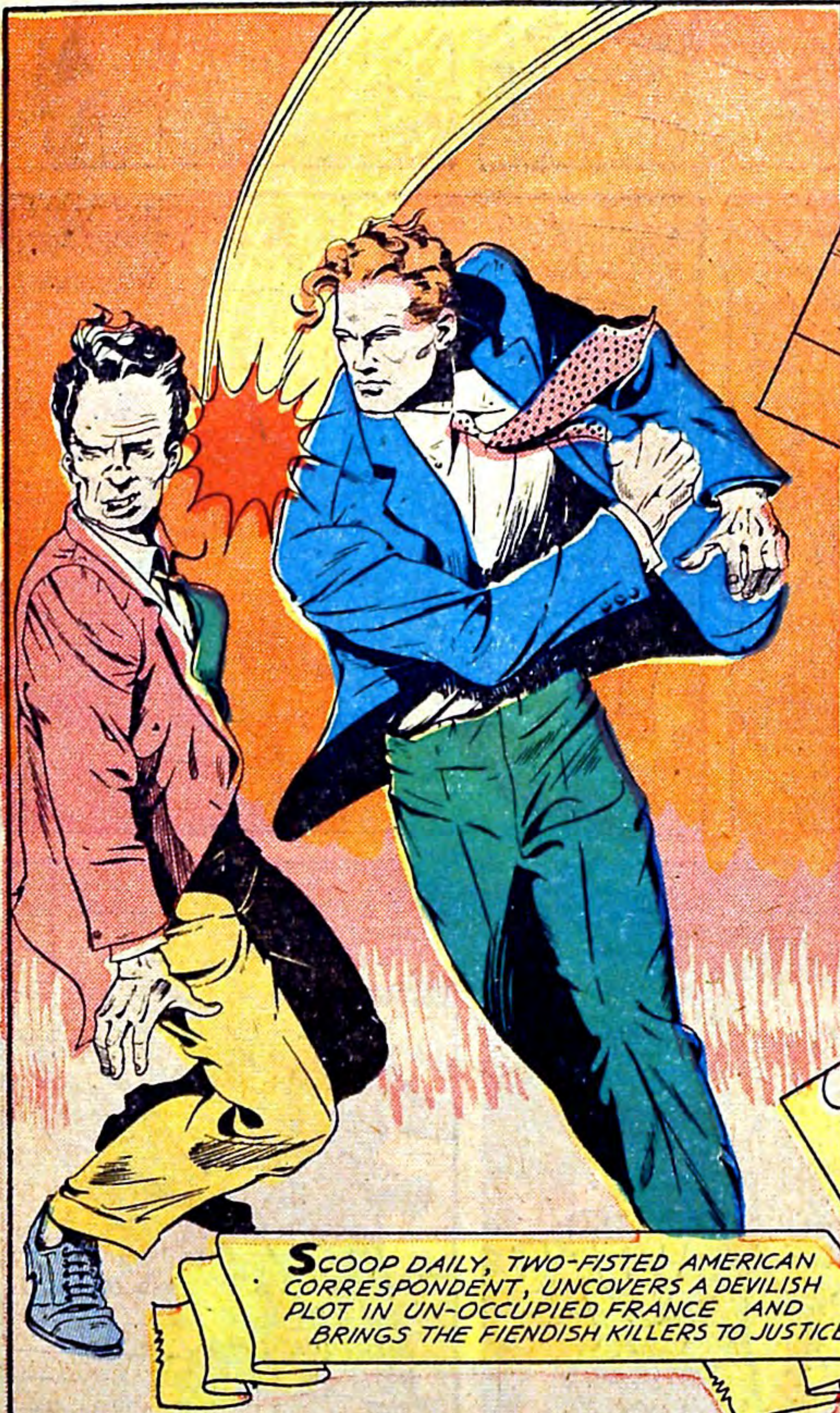
Sergeant Quinn helped Scoop to his tent. "You did it all right—but six hours of playing, why? You foreign correspondents don't care who wins the war—as long as there's a story," Quinn said.

Scoop grinned through parched lips and replied, "I wrote my story in advance, that the Arabs were going to back the British and I'll be darned if I was going to rewrite it in this heat!"

Scoop turned to the Sergeant and suddenly burst out with a roar of laughter as he saw the husky Sergeant kissing the small harmonica affectionately.

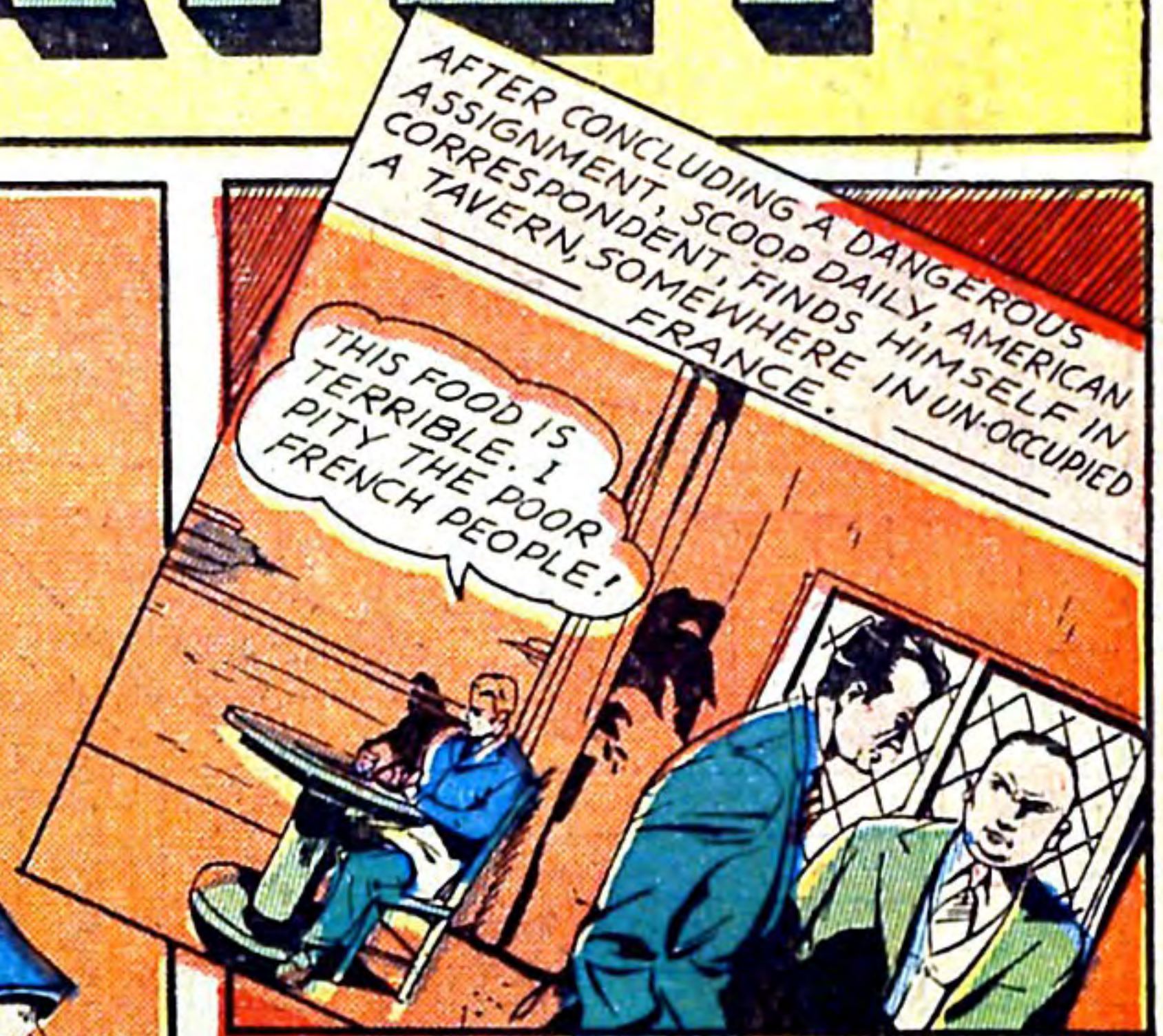


# Scoop DAILY



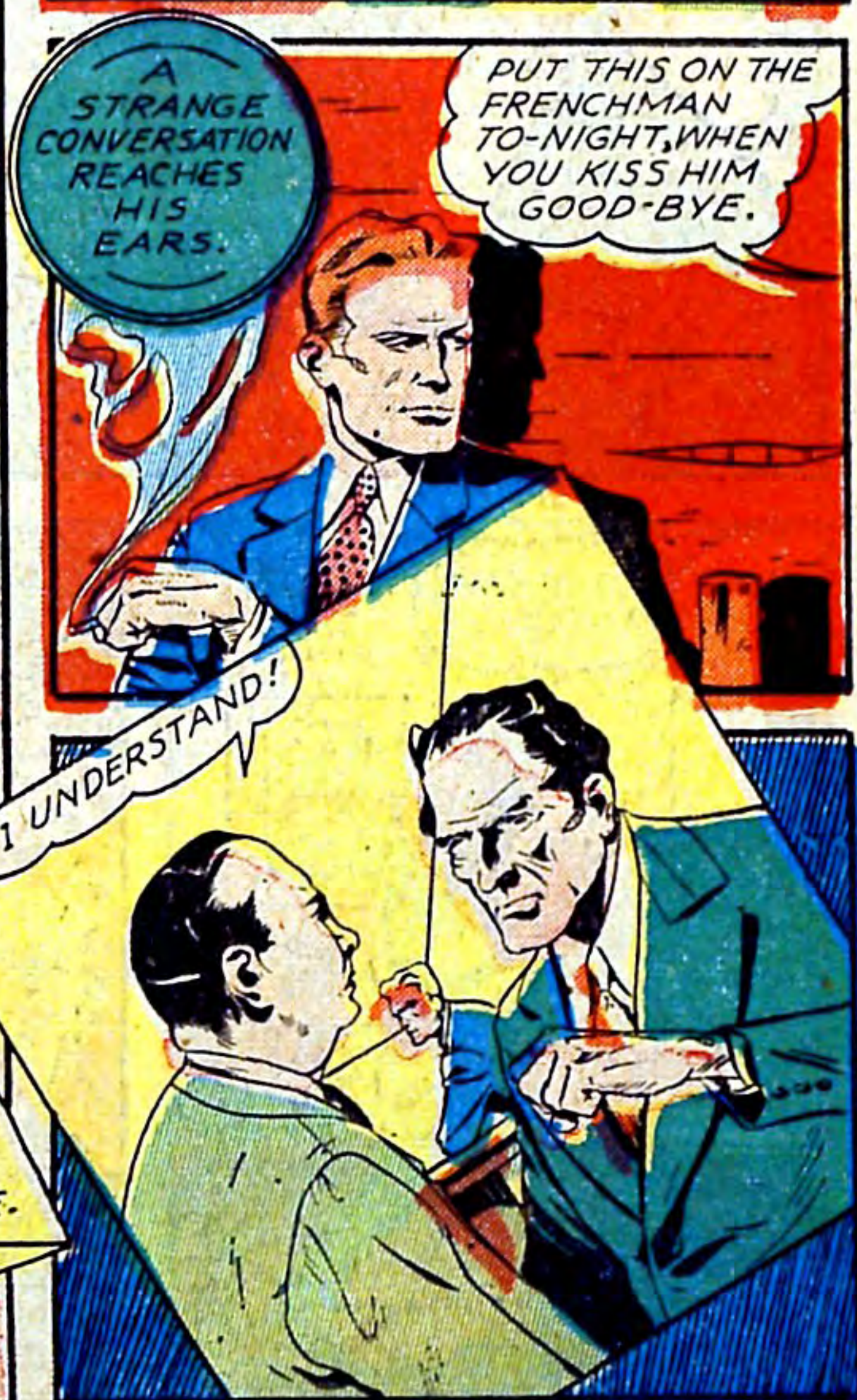
**SCOOP DAILY, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT, UNCOVERS A DEVILISH PLOT IN UN-OCCUPIED FRANCE AND BRINGS THE FIENDISH KILLERS TO JUSTICE.**

HARRY 'A' CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



AFTER CONCLUDING A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, SCOOP DAILY, AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT, FINDS HIMSELF IN A TAVERN, SOMEWHERE IN UN-OCCUPIED FRANCE.

THIS FOOD IS TERRIBLE. I PITY THE POOR FRENCH PEOPLE!

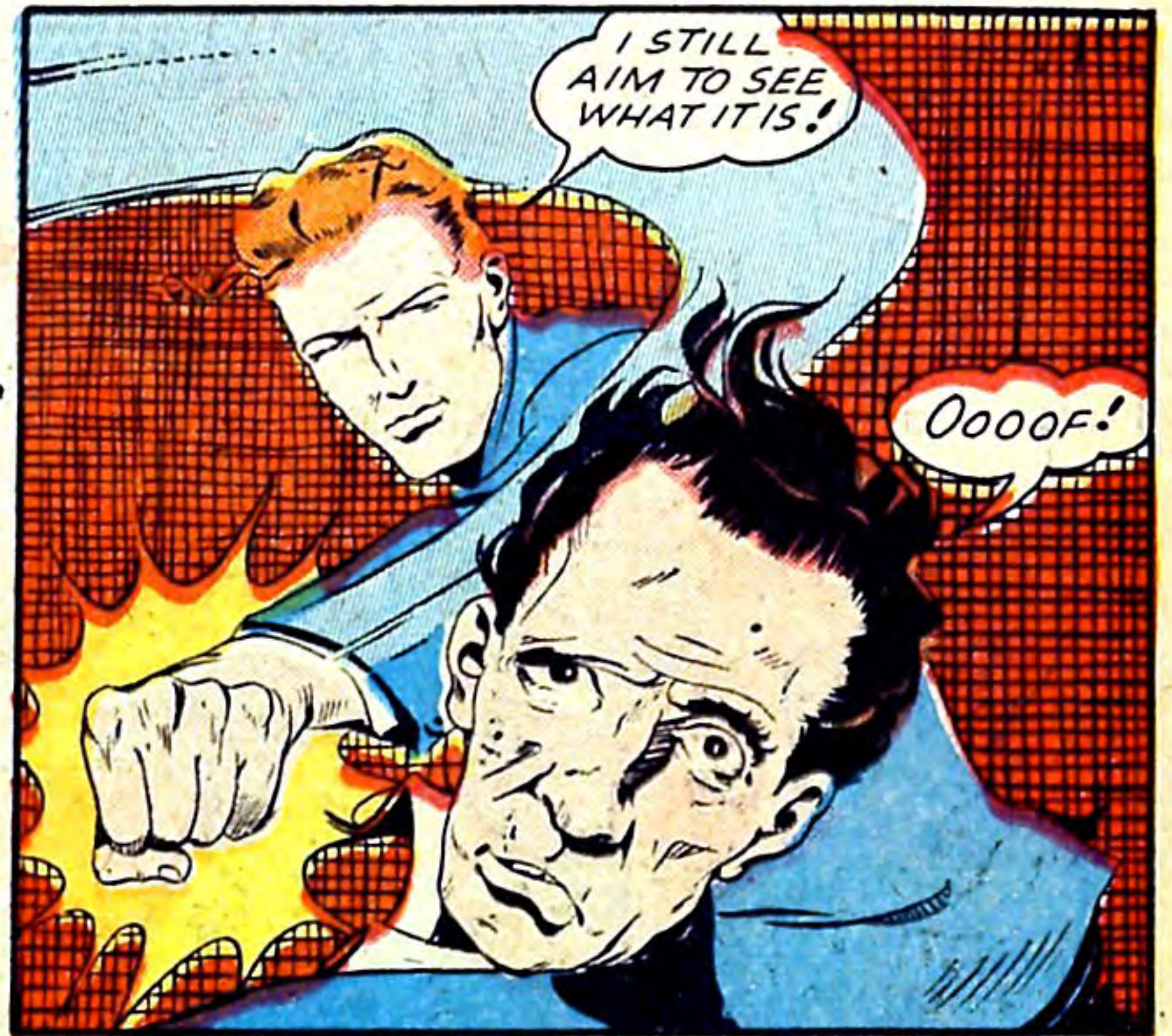
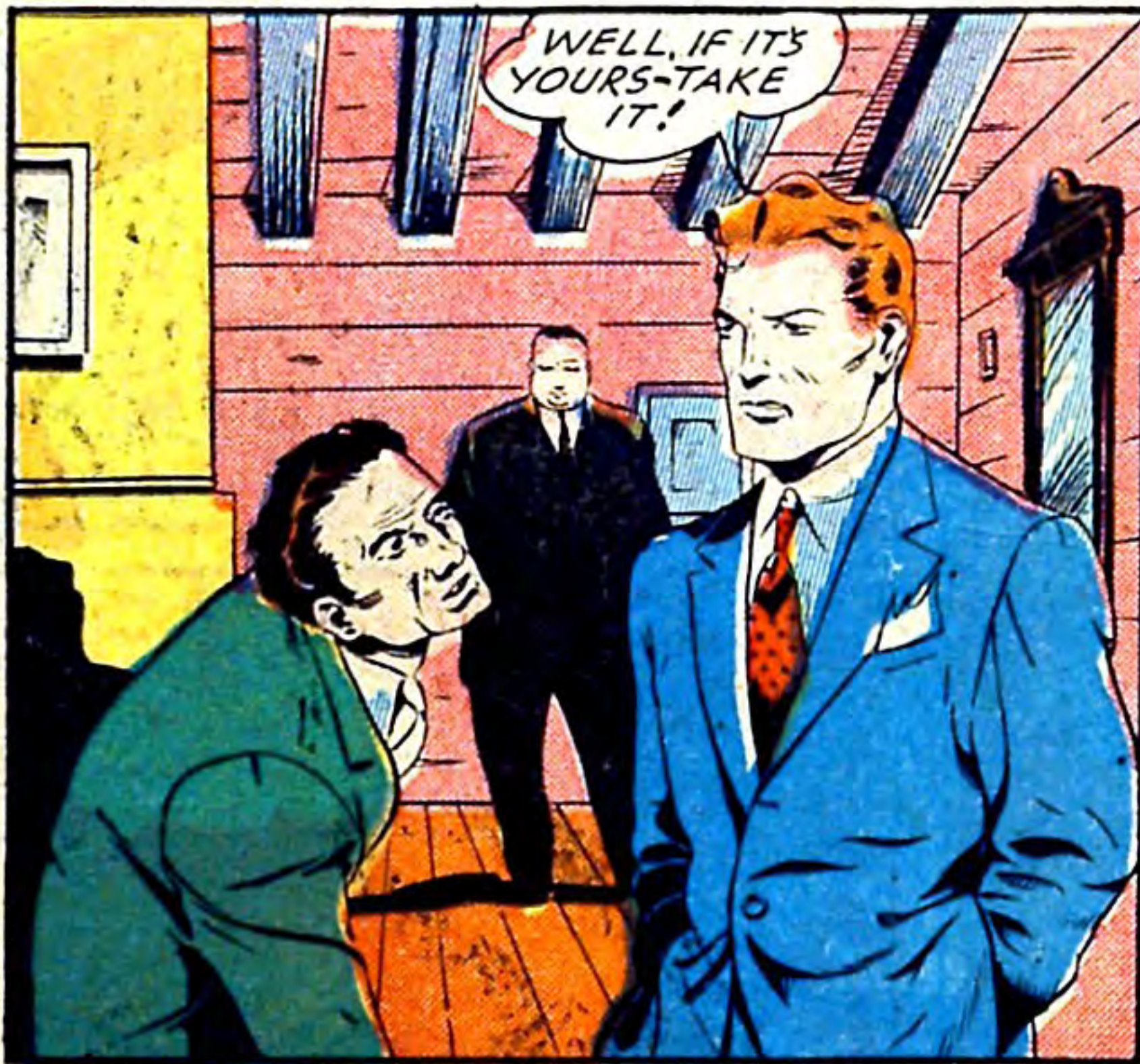


PUT THIS ON THE FRENCHMAN TO-NIGHT, WHEN YOU KISS HIM GOOD-BYE.

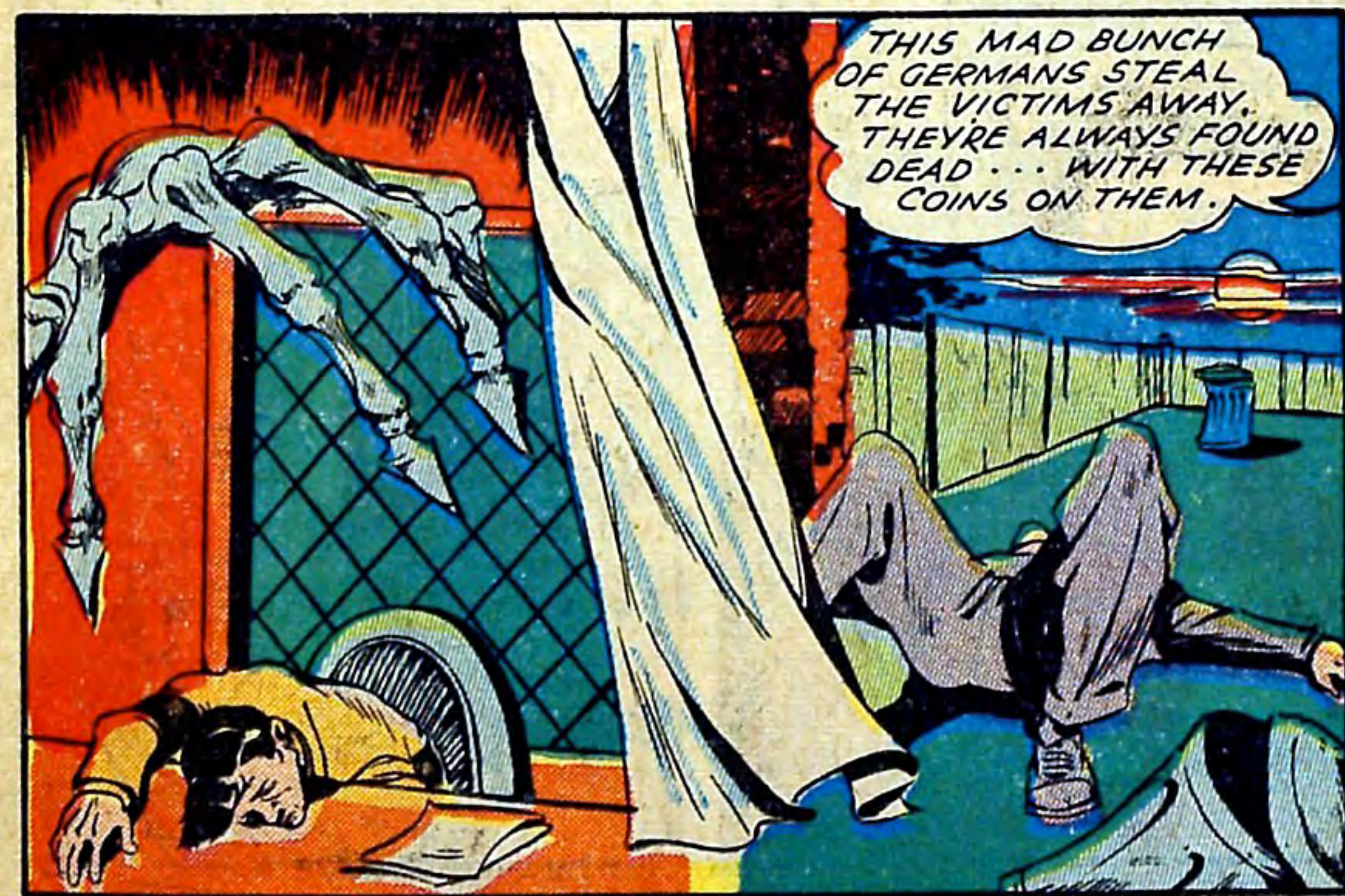
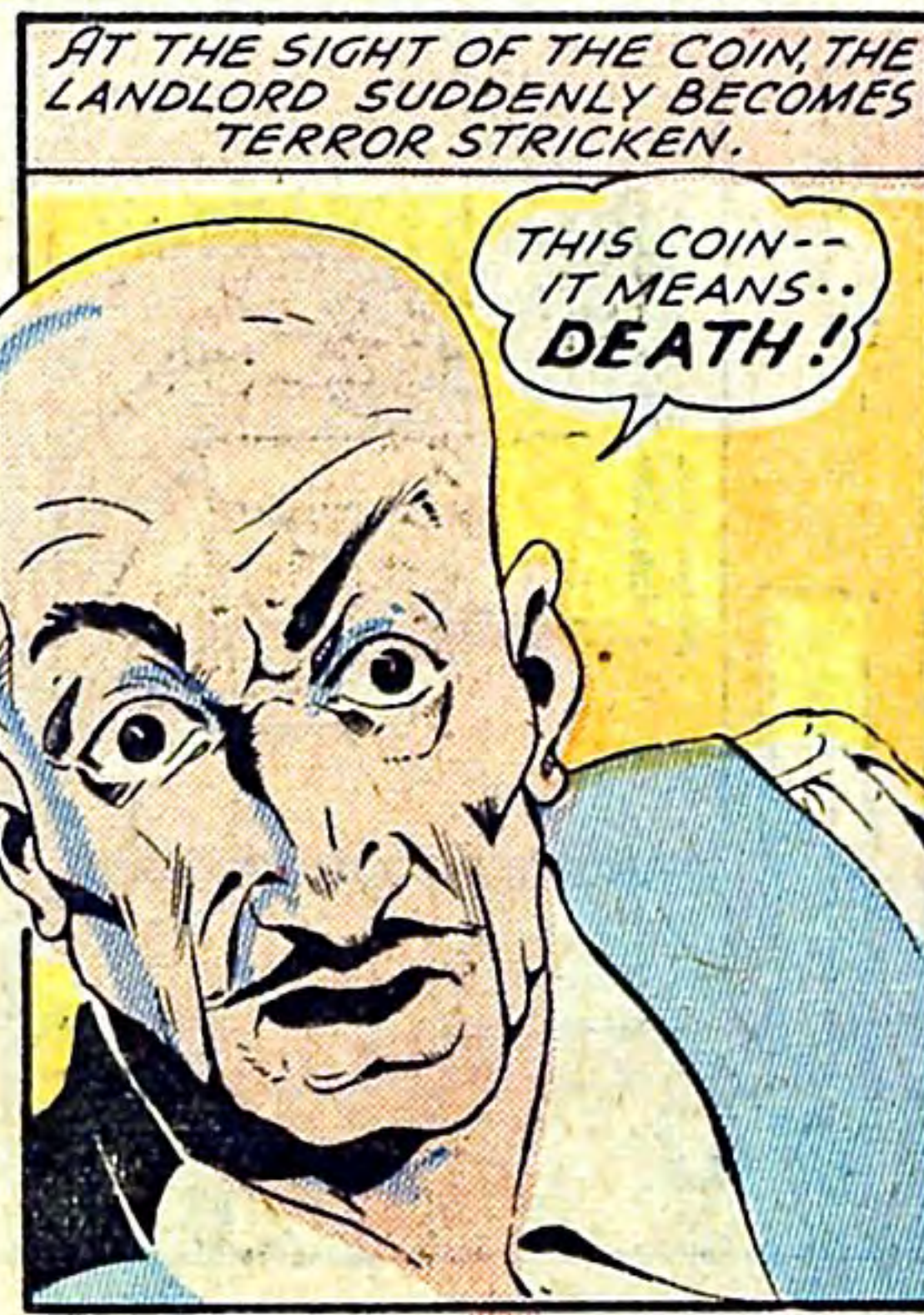
A STRANGE CONVERSATION REACHES HIS EARS.

I UNDERSTAND!









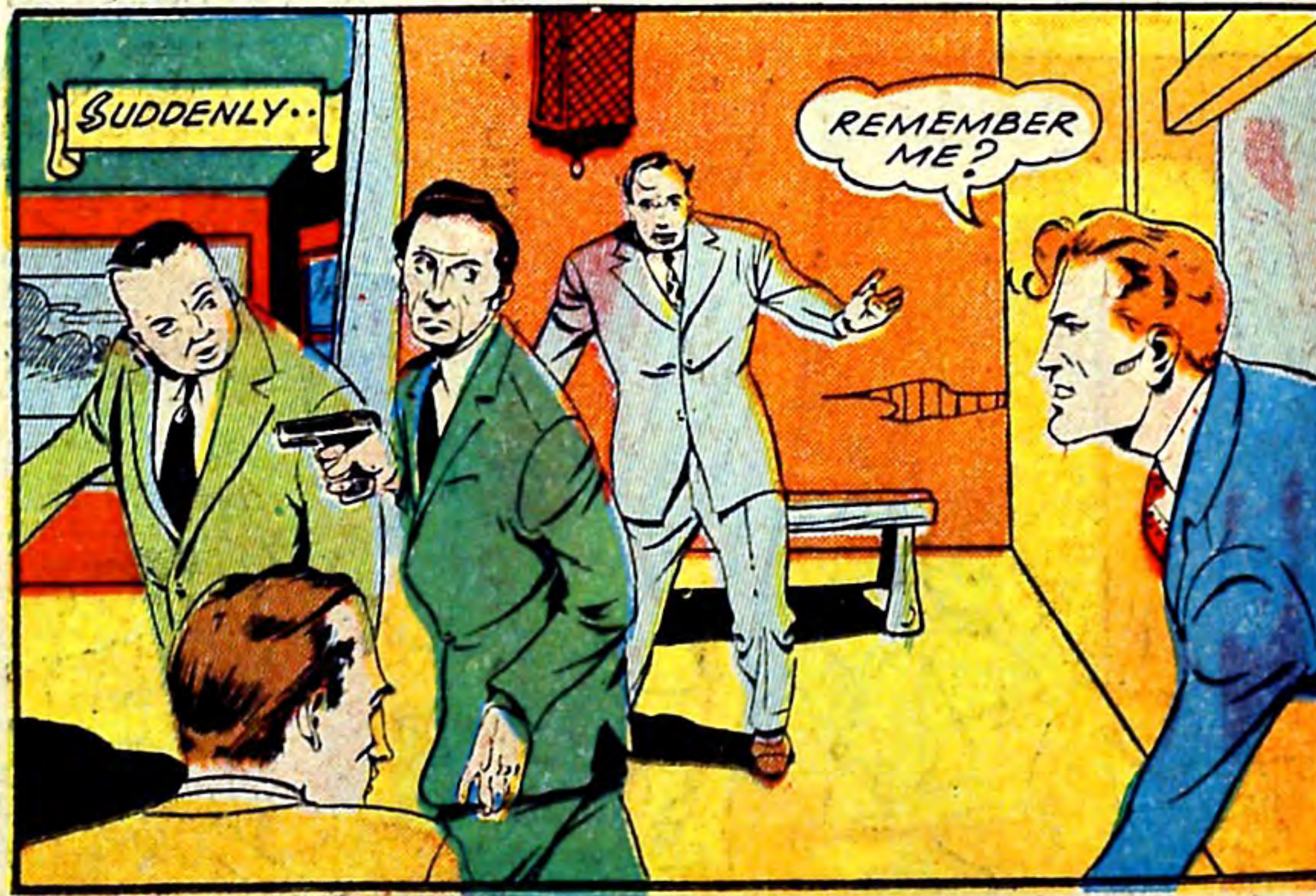




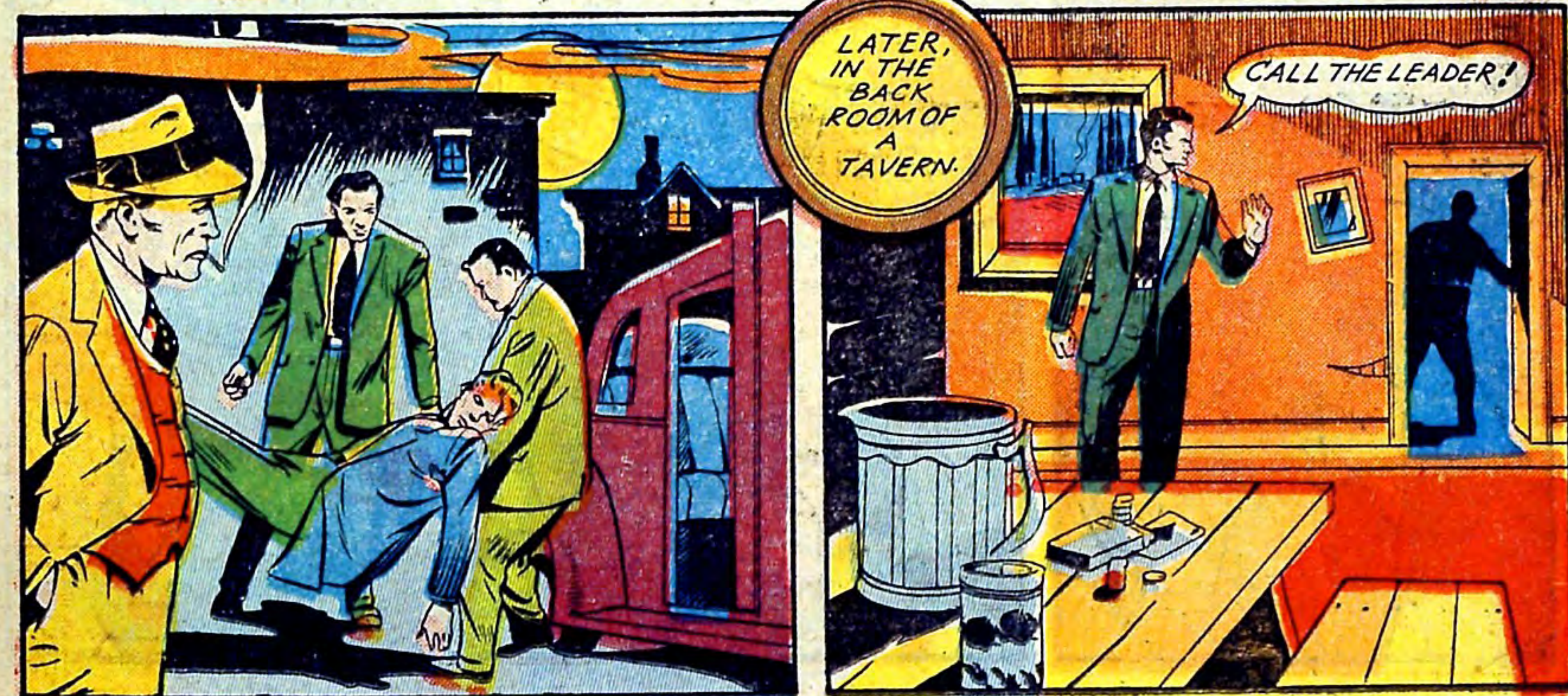
THAT NIGHT, PASSING IN BACK OF THE TAVERN, SCOOP SUDDENLY HEARS.



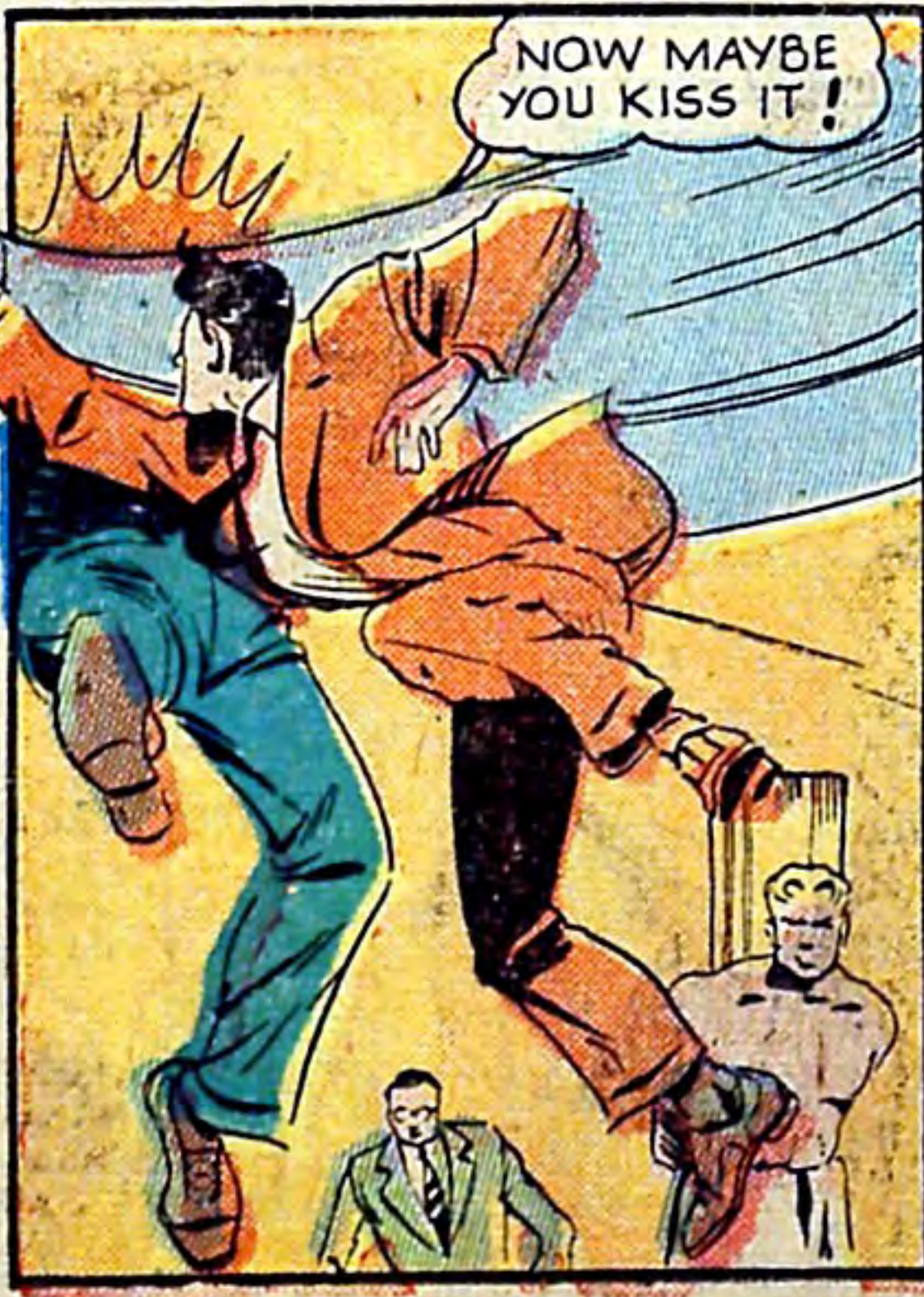
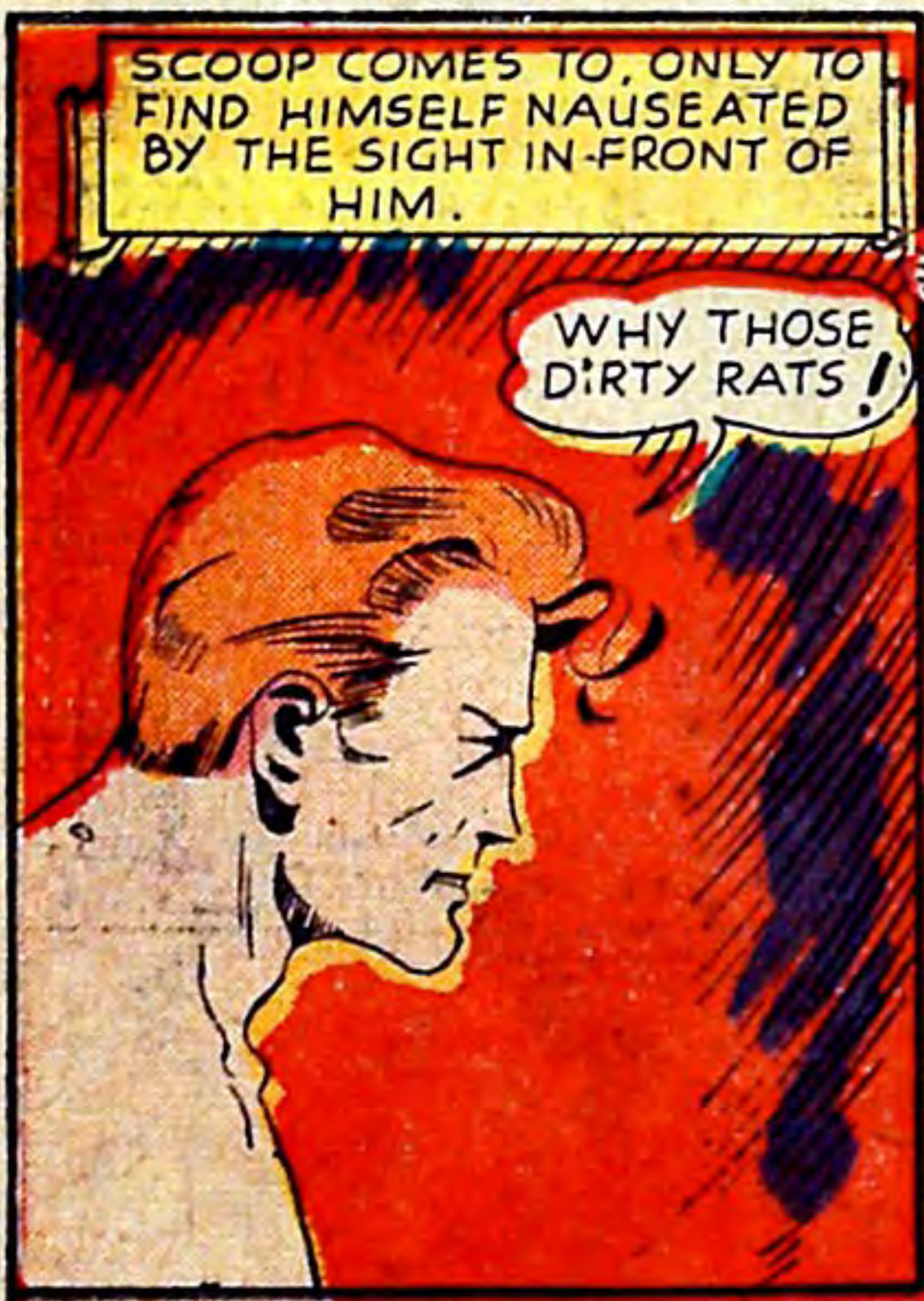
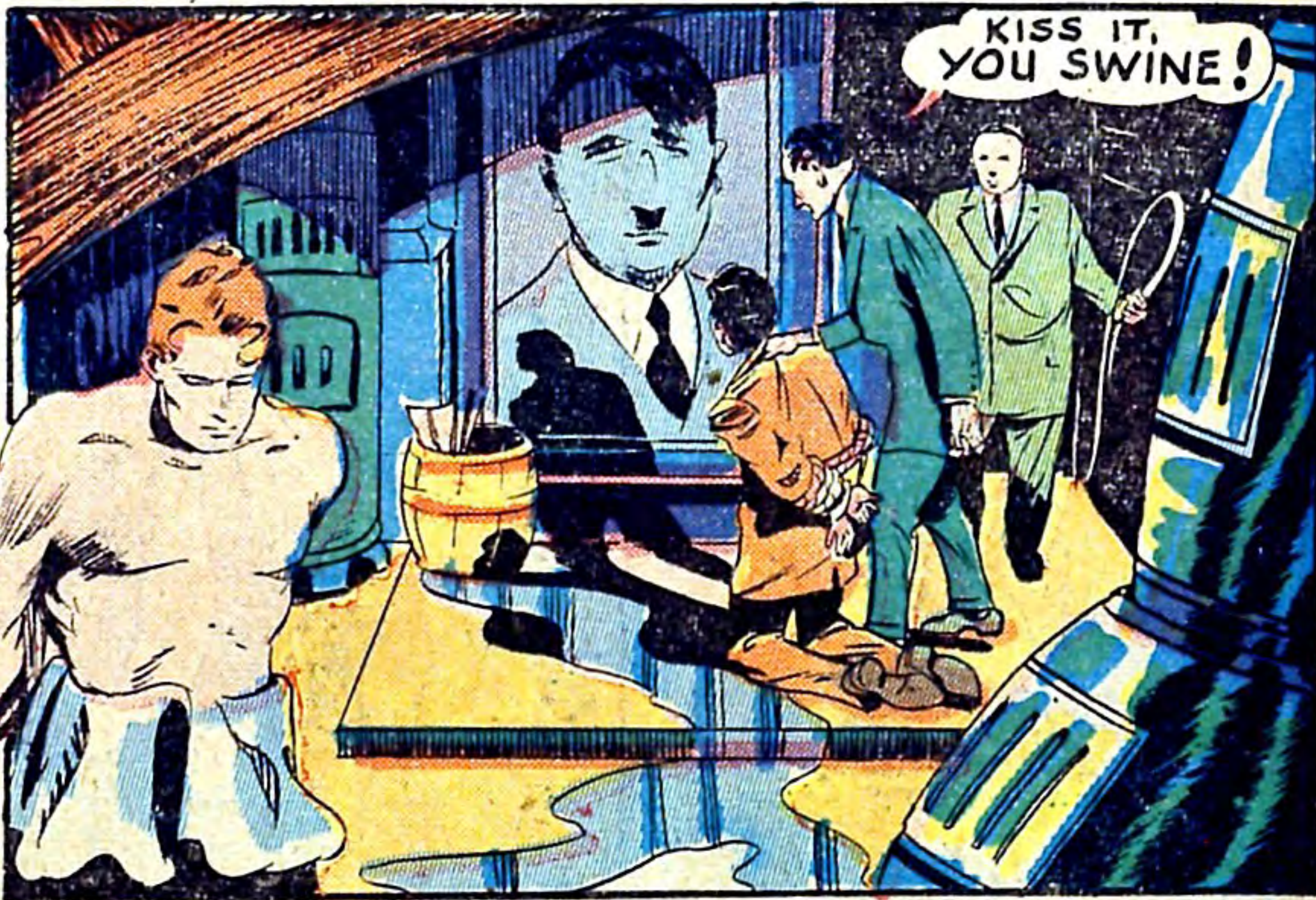
YES!



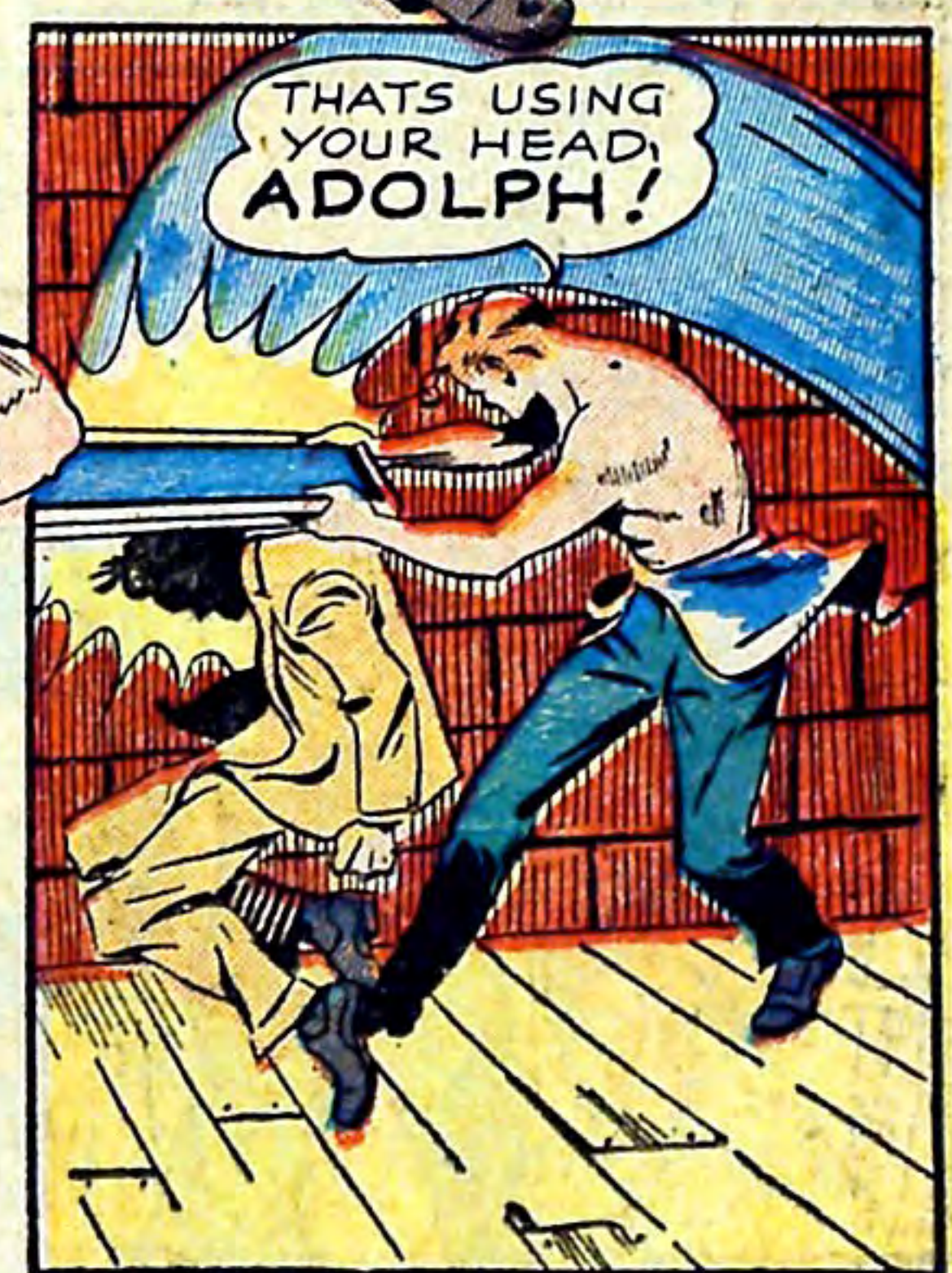




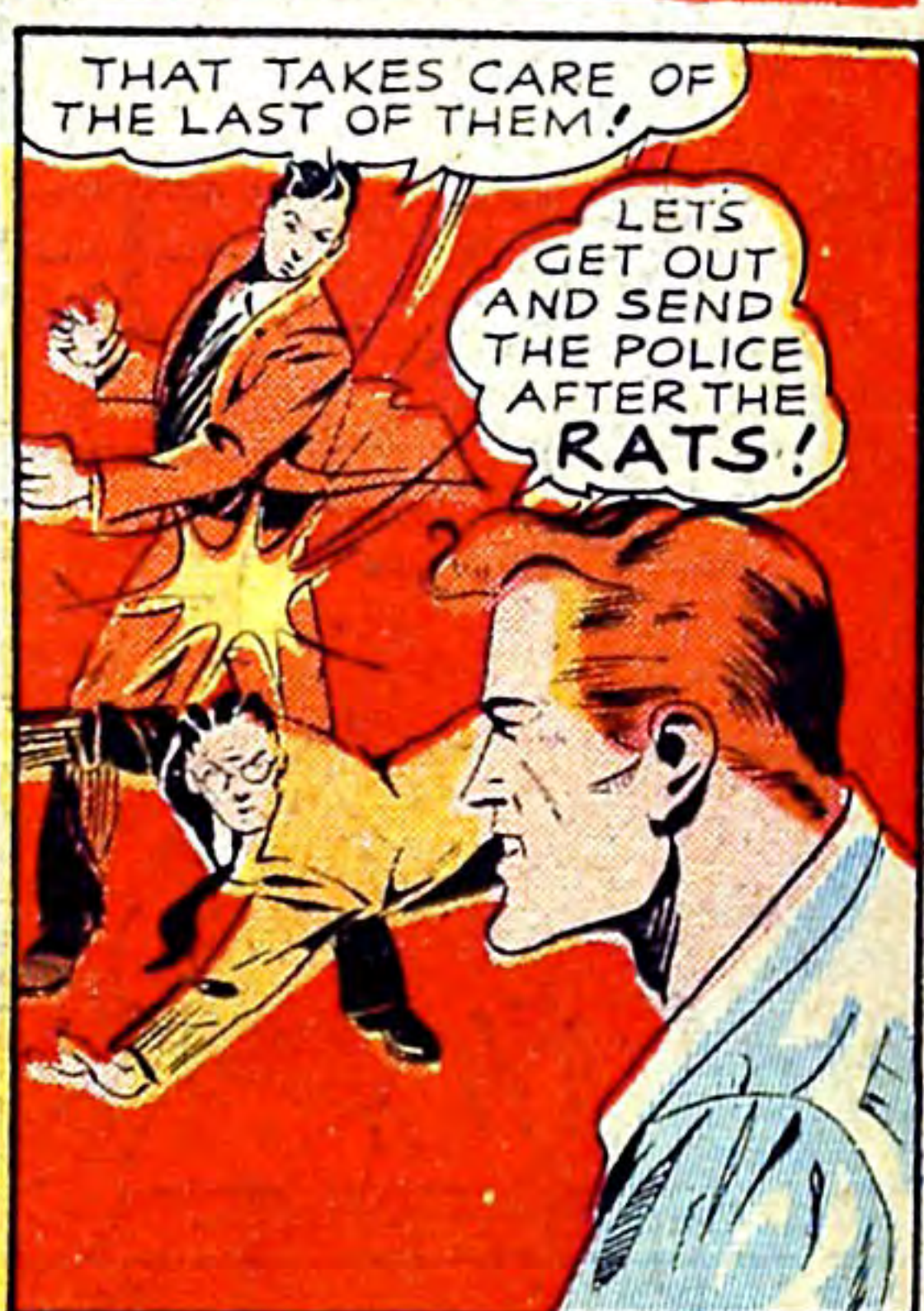
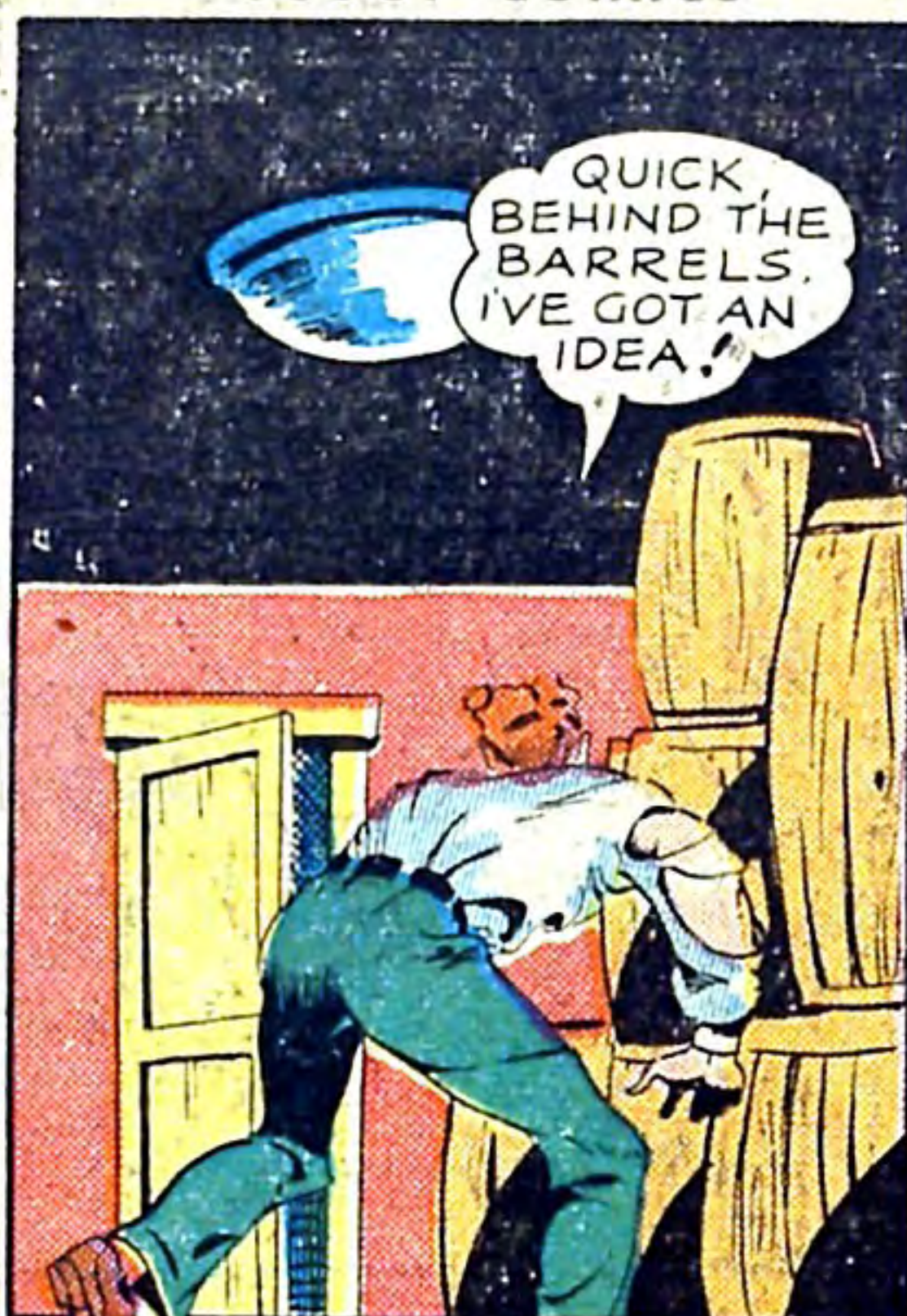






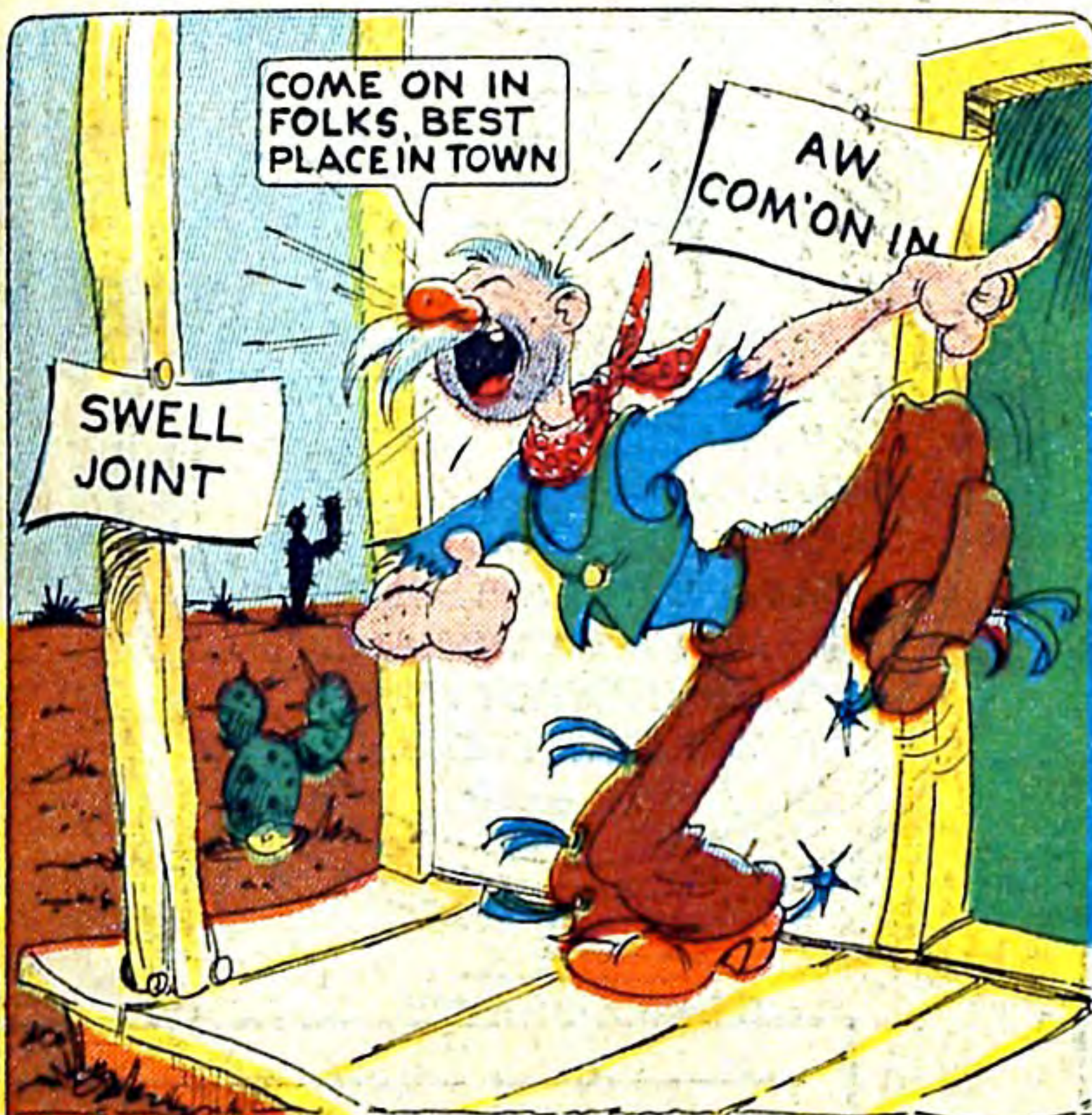




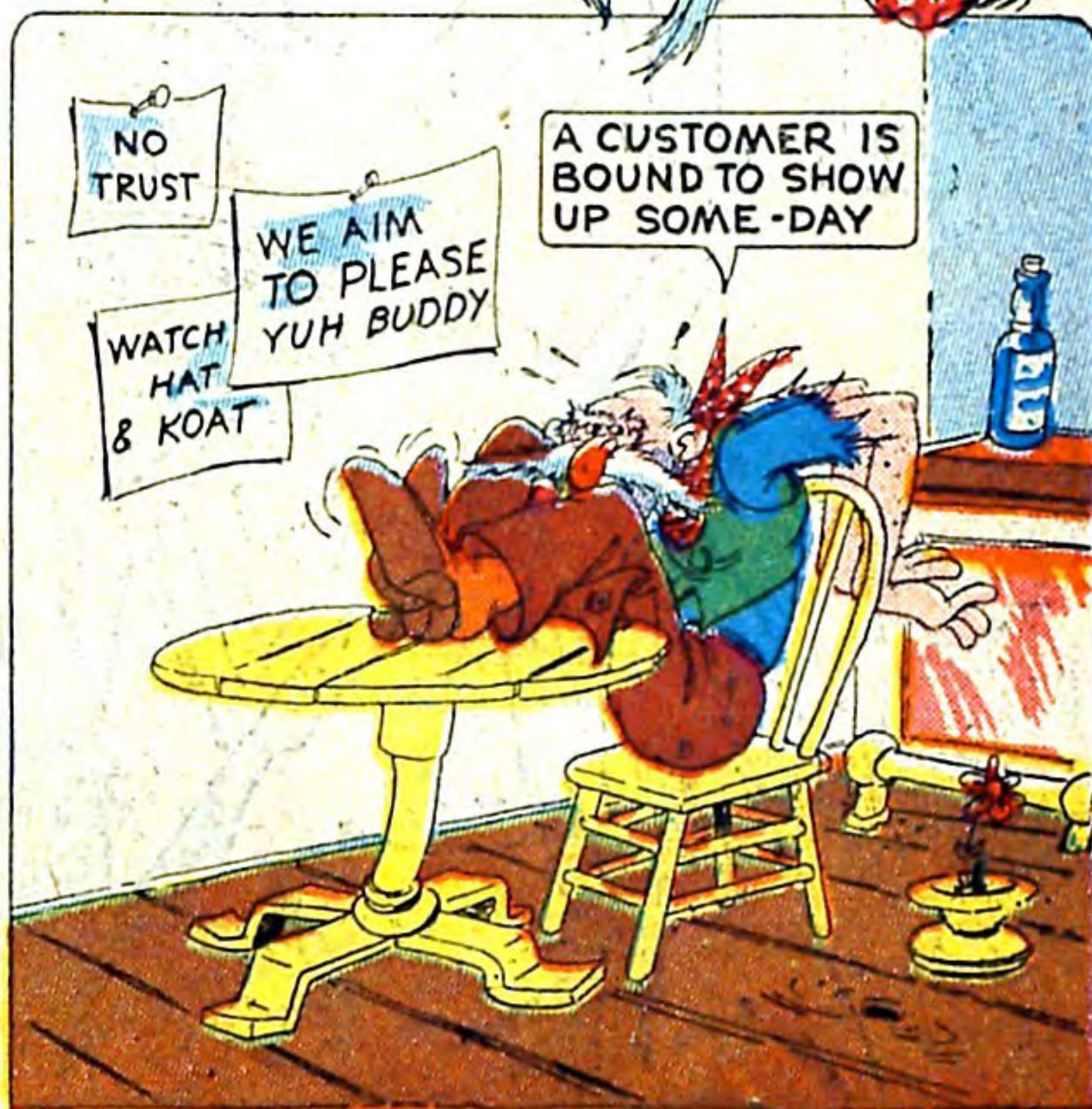




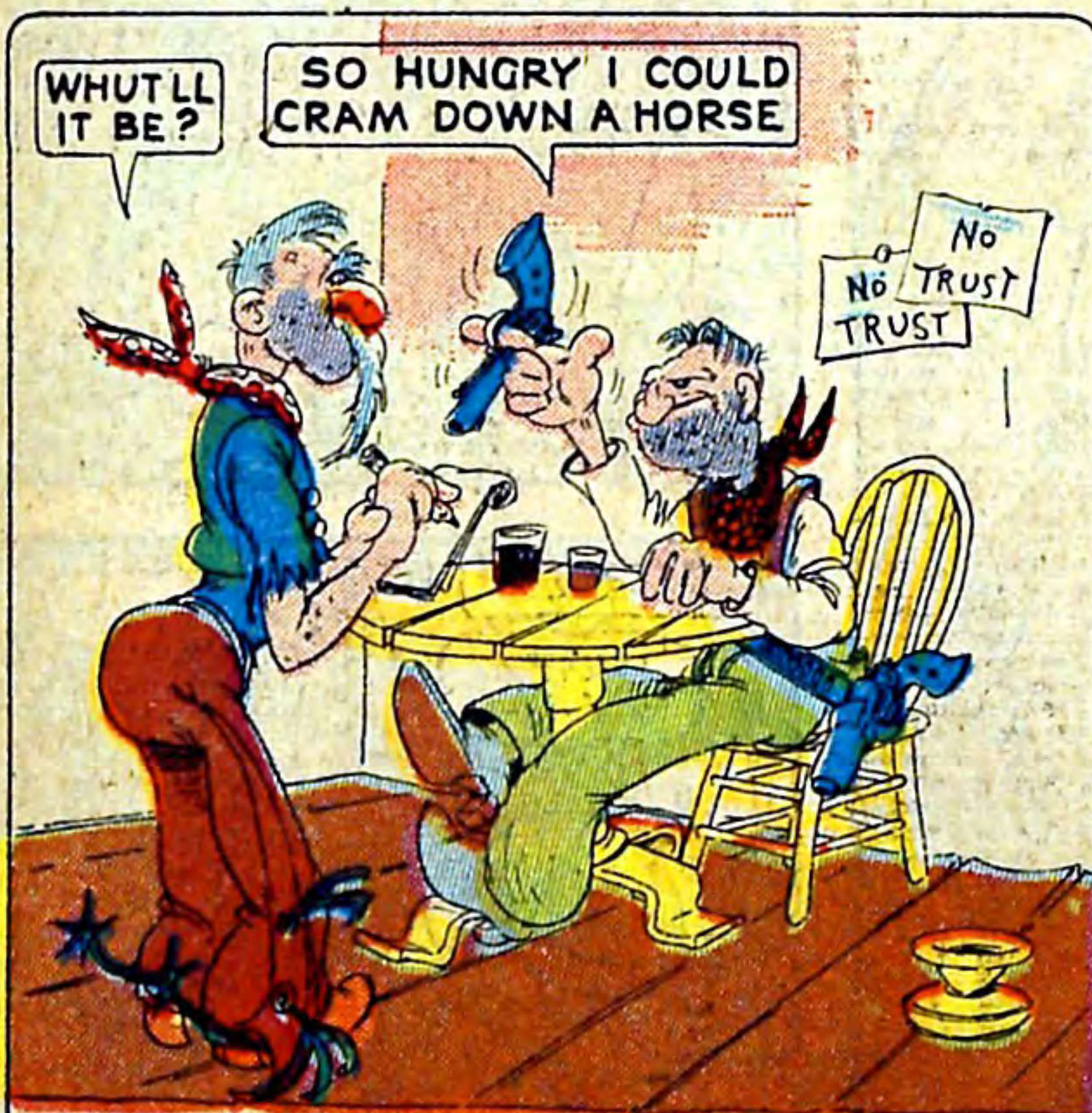
# LONESOME Luke



NOW LONESOME LUKE HAD OPENED UP A PLACE WHERE FOLKS COULD EAT HE ADVERTISED TO EVERYONE HIS MEALS COULD NOT BE BEAT



AND IN HIS PLACE HE HUNG A SIGN WE AIM TO PLEASE IT READ WE GIVE THE PATRON WHAT HE WANTS IS WHAT ANOTHER SAID —



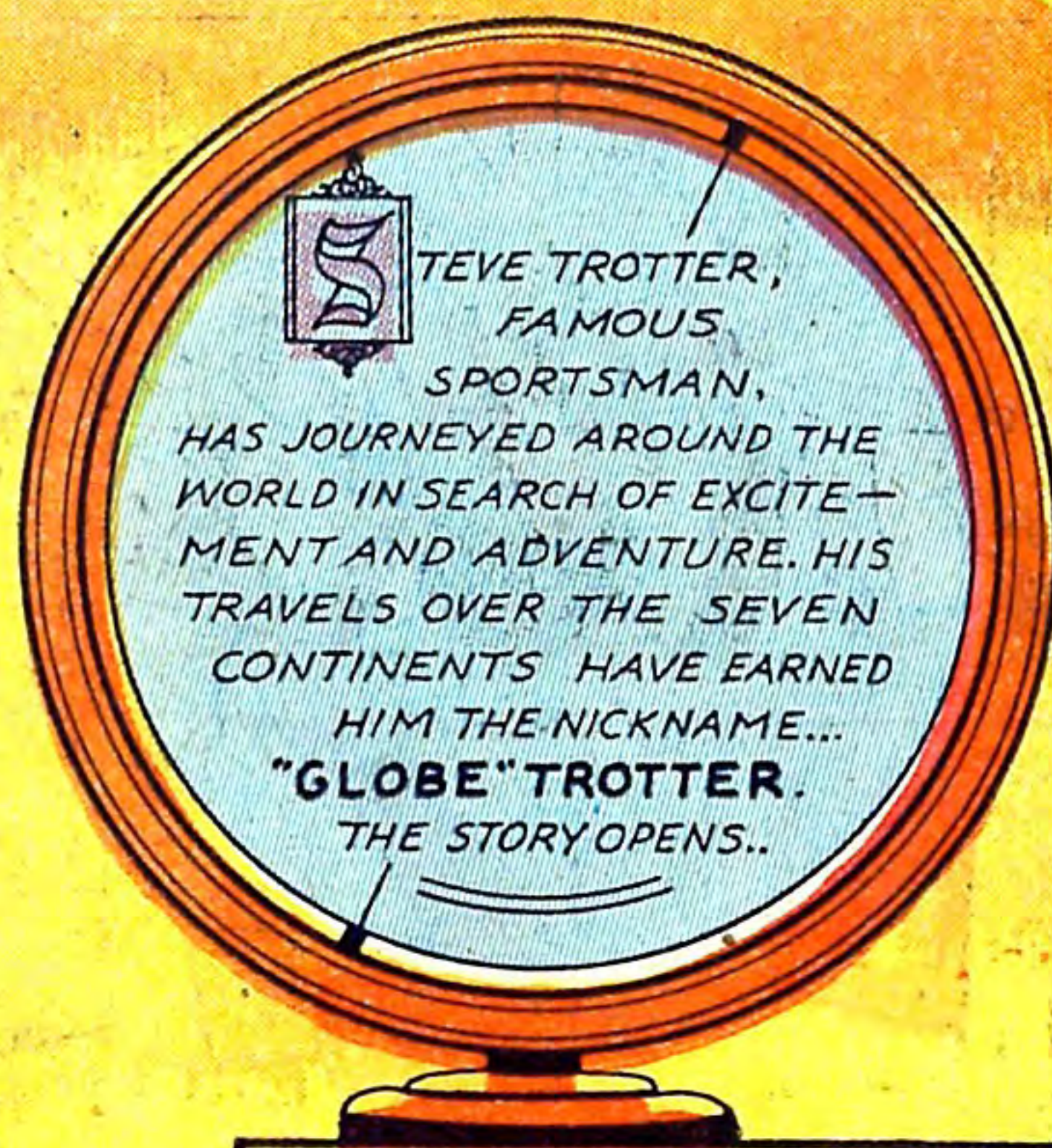
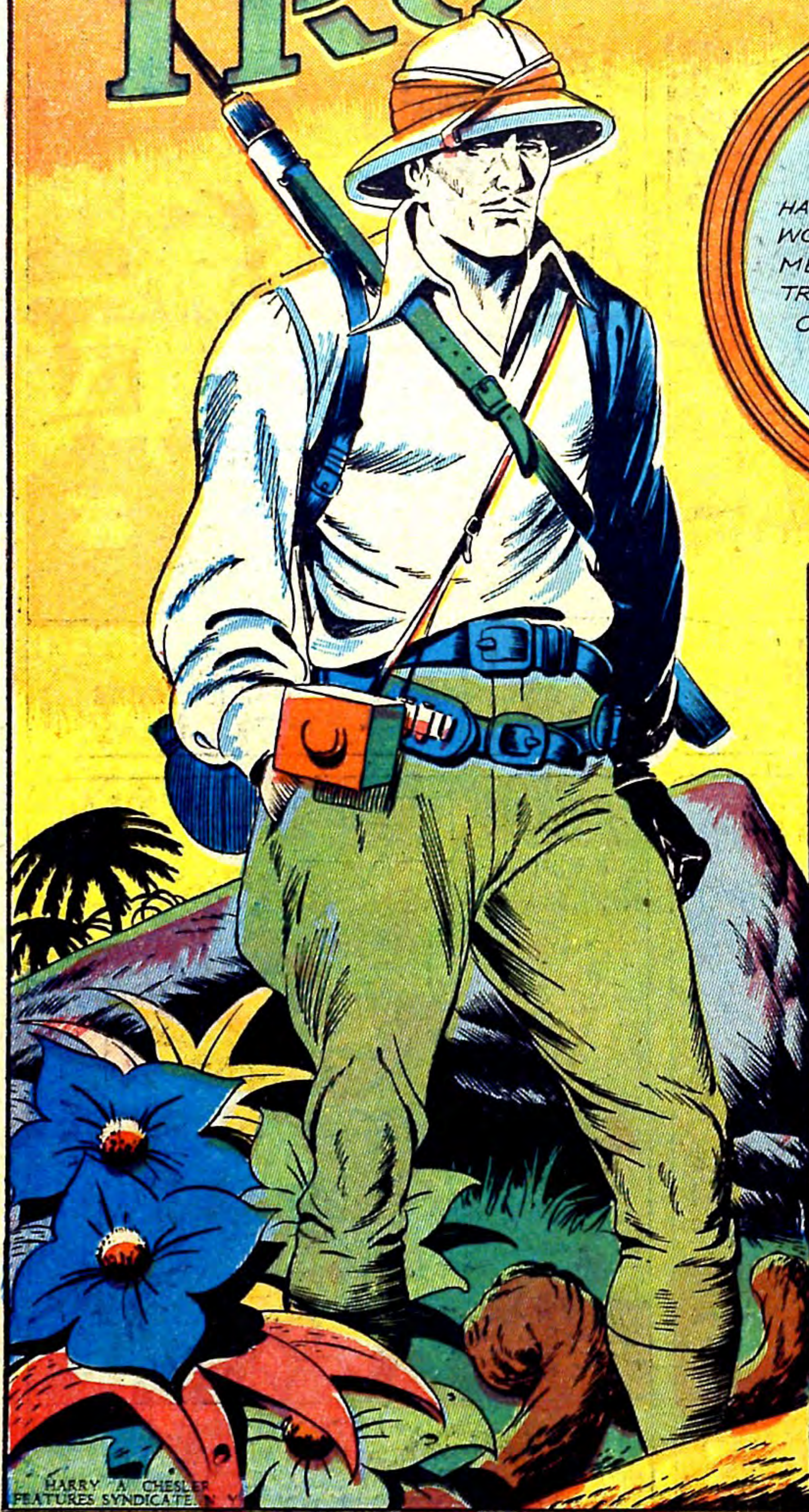
A CUSTOMER CAME IN ONE DAY LUKE HEARD HIM LOUDLY SPEAK SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE AINT TOUCHED FOOD IN A WEEK



IN JUST A MOMENT LONESOME LUKE HAD BROUGHT HIM IN A HORSE AND SAID "JUST AS YOU'VE ORDERED SIR AND WITH TOMATO SAUCE".



# "GLOBE" TROTTER



A HUNTING PARTY PLODS ITS WAY WEARILY THROUGH THE AFRICAN JUNGLES.



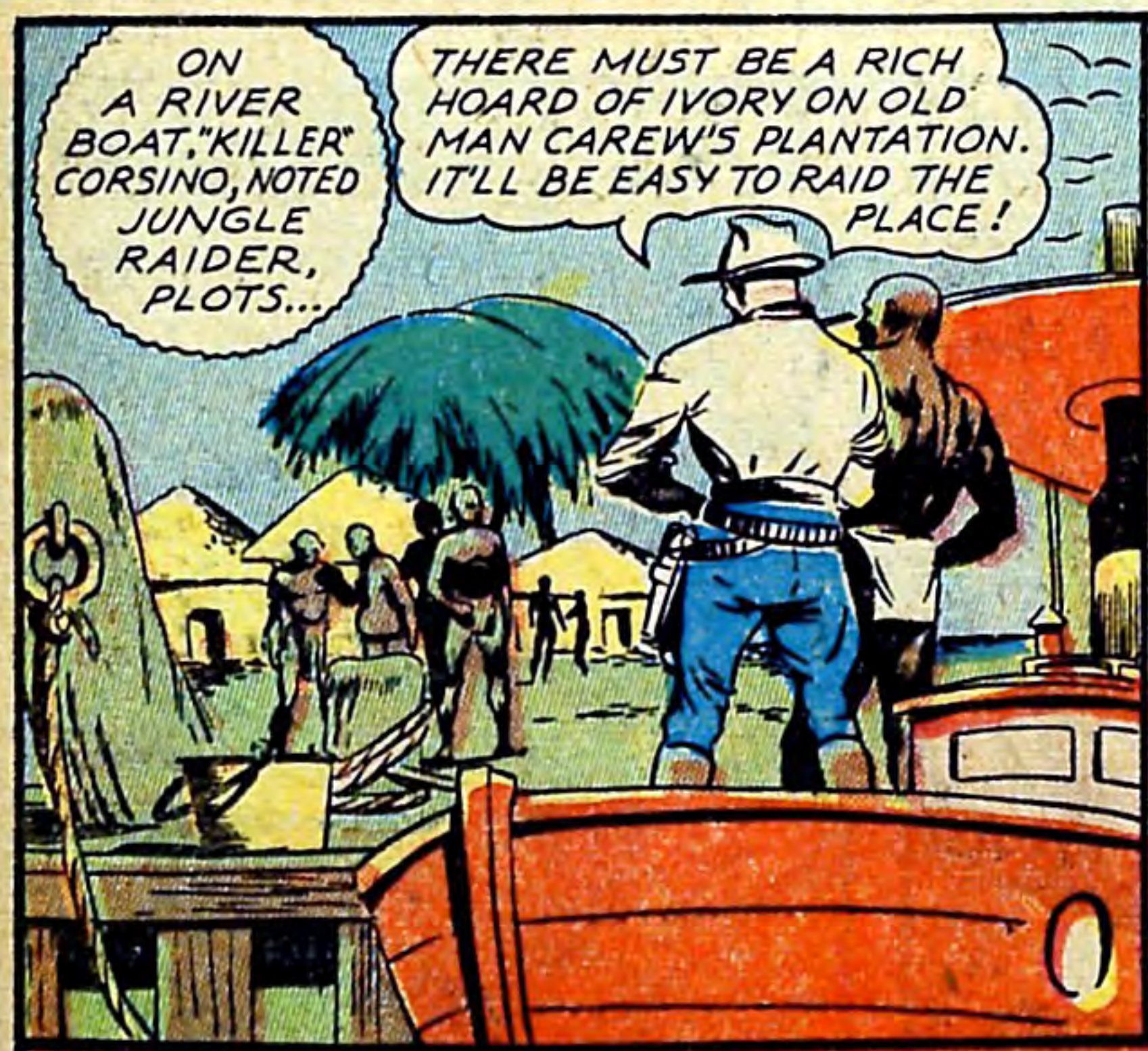
SUDDENLY...

WHAT IN THE....!

PHTTTTT!









FRIENDLY FIGURES APPROACH THE CAREW PLANTATION.....



YOU SEEM TO HAVE A QUITE A LARGE COLLECTION OF IVORY, MR. CAREW!

YES... I EXPECT TO SHIP IT IN A FEW DAYS.



AS NIGHT FALLS, CORSINO PREPARES HIS NATIVES...



MEN OF THE WIWARIS.. CORSINO'S OUR FRIEND... HE GIVES US MUCH FOOD AND DRINK... WE BRING HIM IVORY!



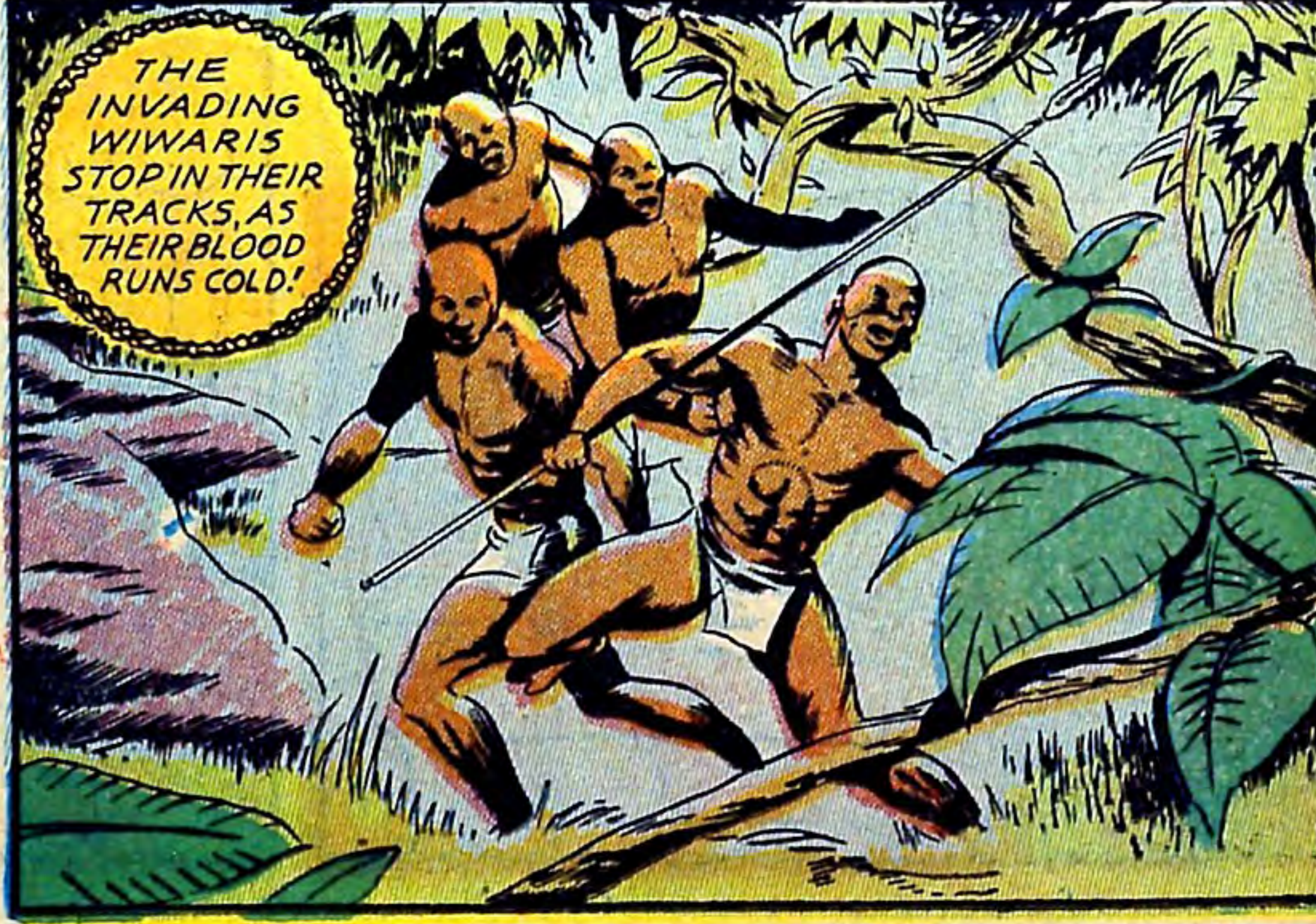
THE DRUNKEN NATIVES AGREE HYSTERICALLY.

YEOWW! ALL IVORY FOR CORSINO!



AT THE CAREW PLANTATION....

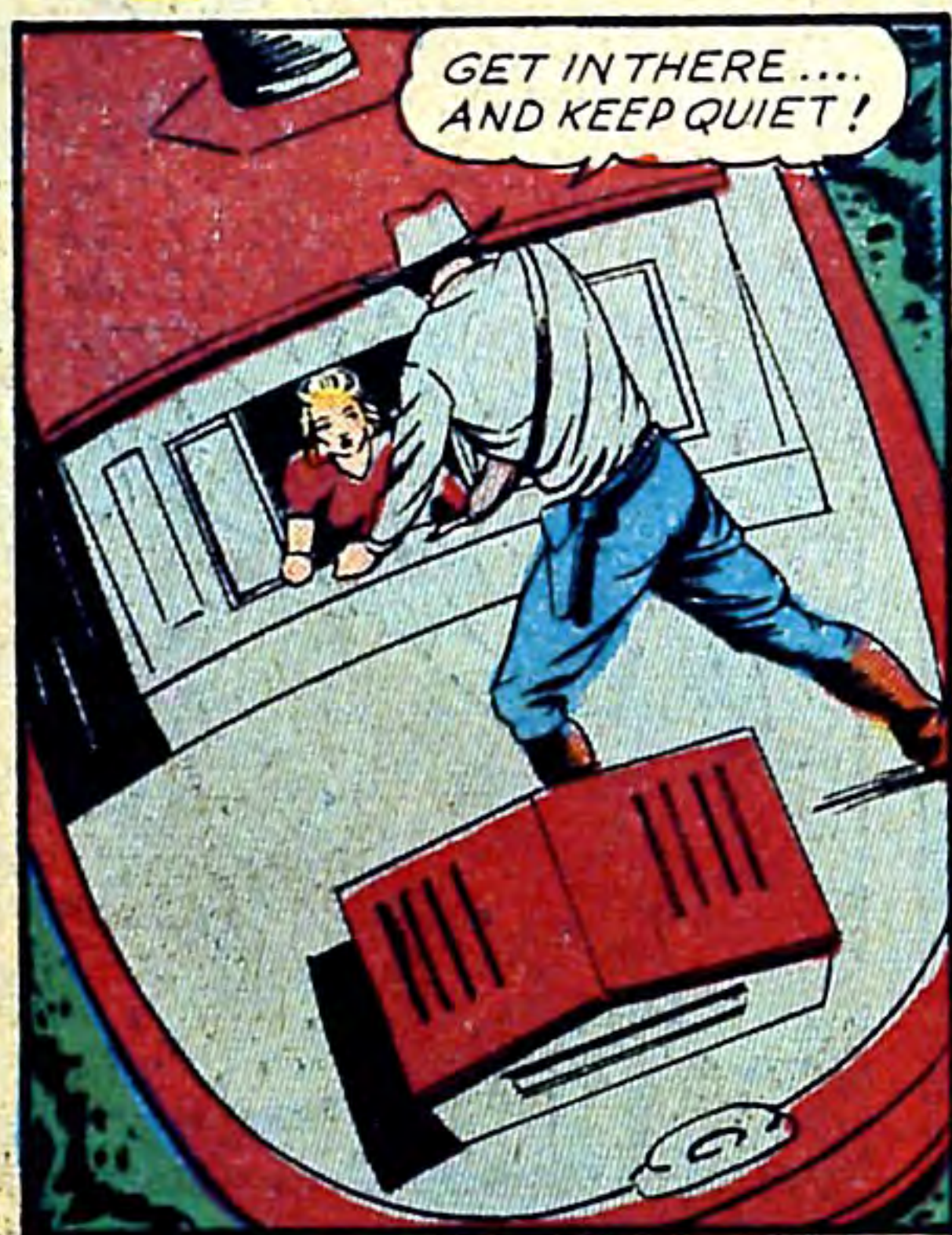
SUDDENLY, A CRY OF HIDEOUS LAUGHTER RE-ECHOS THROUGH-OUT THE JUNGLE!



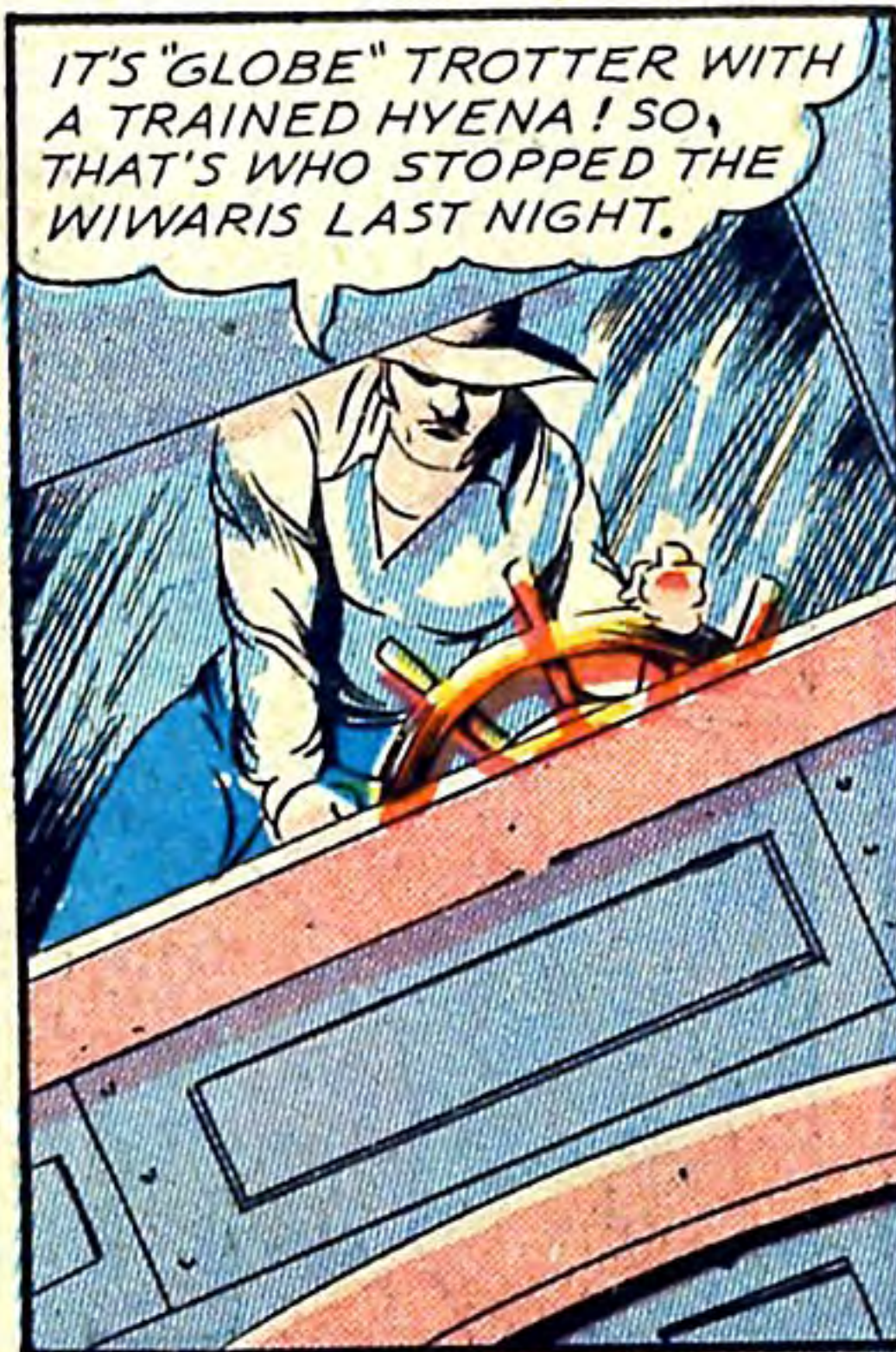
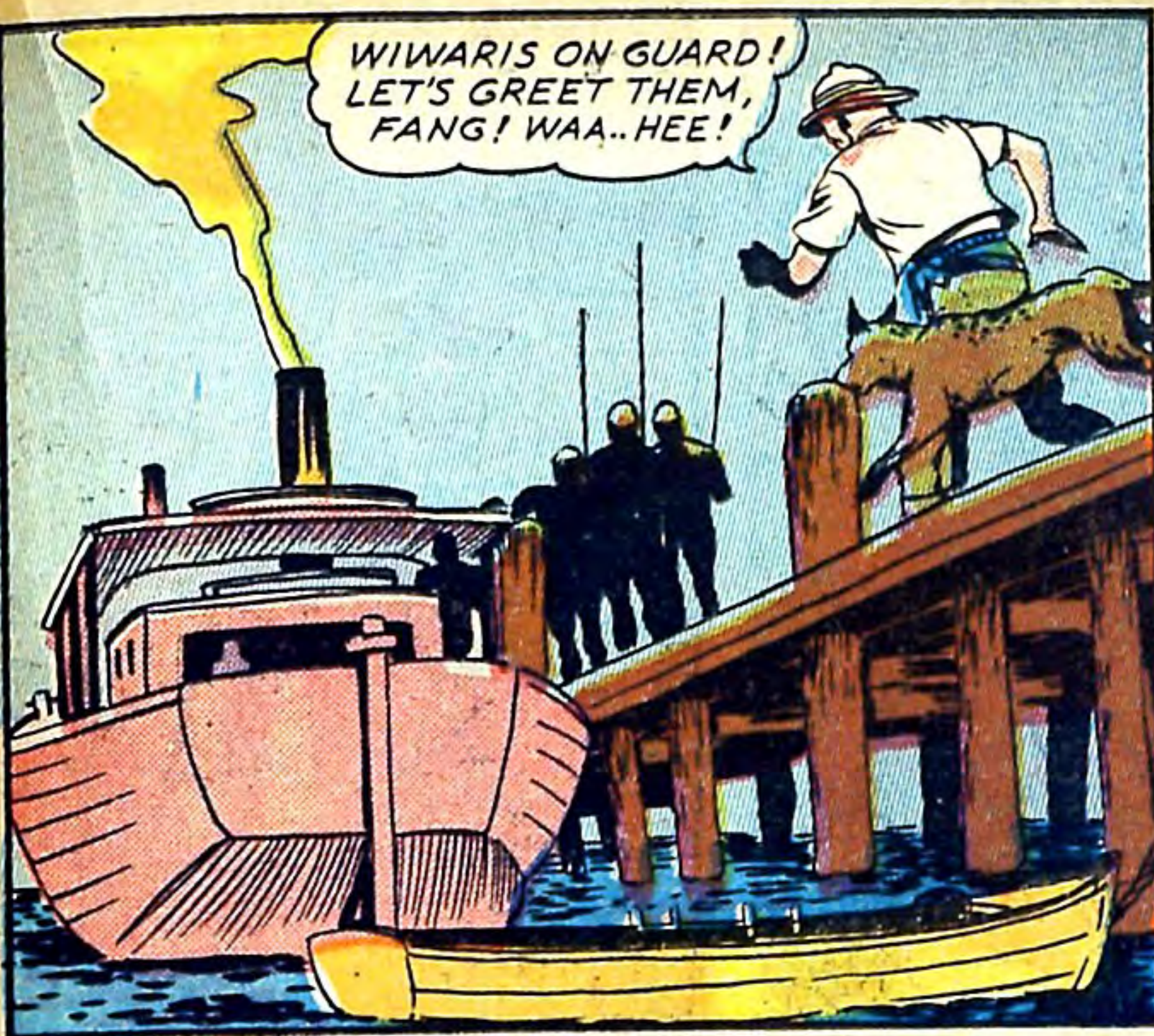










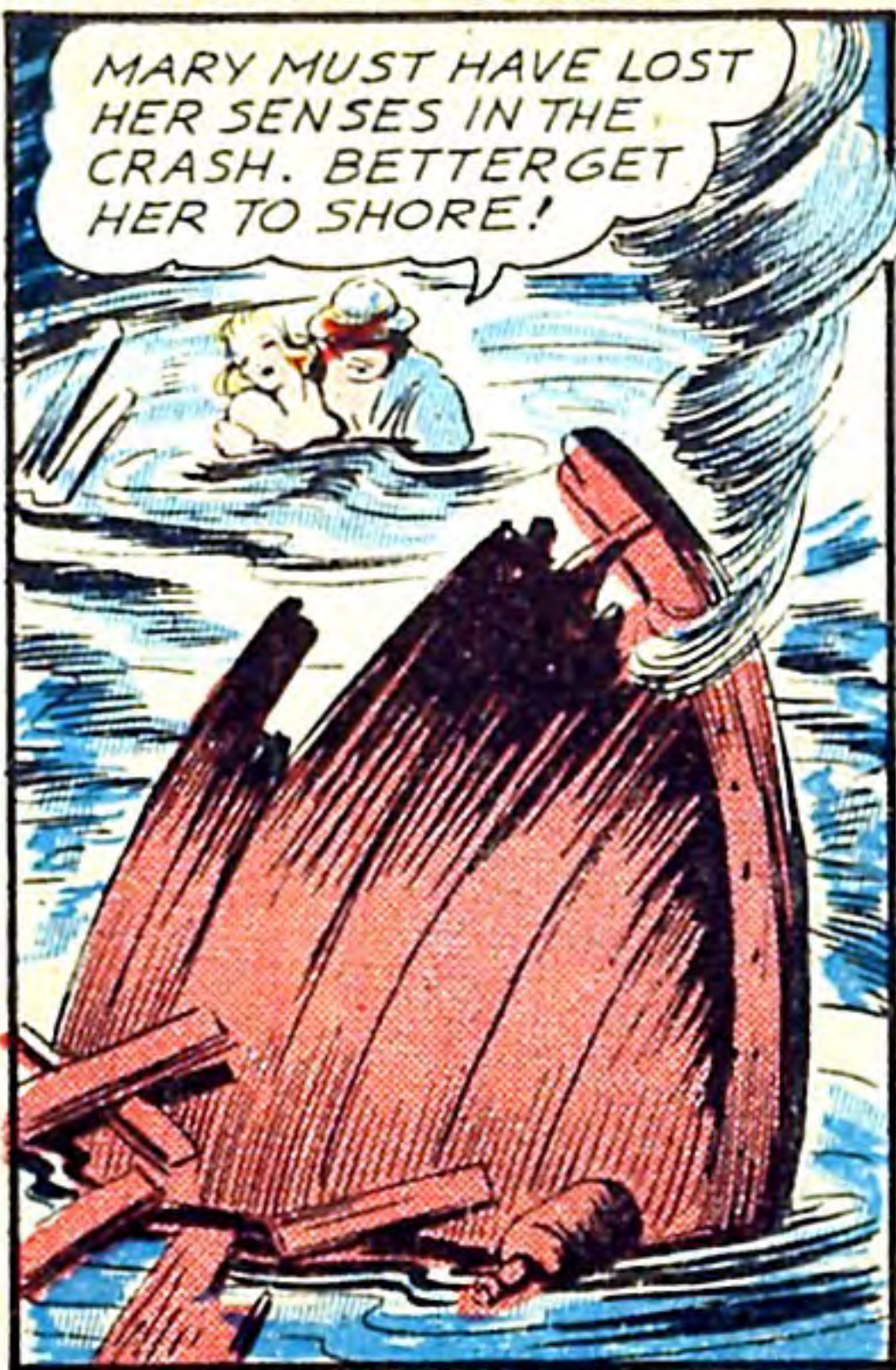




THE UNGUIDED BOAT STRIKES THE DANGEROUS ROCKS WHICH JUT OUT ALONG THE SHORELINE!

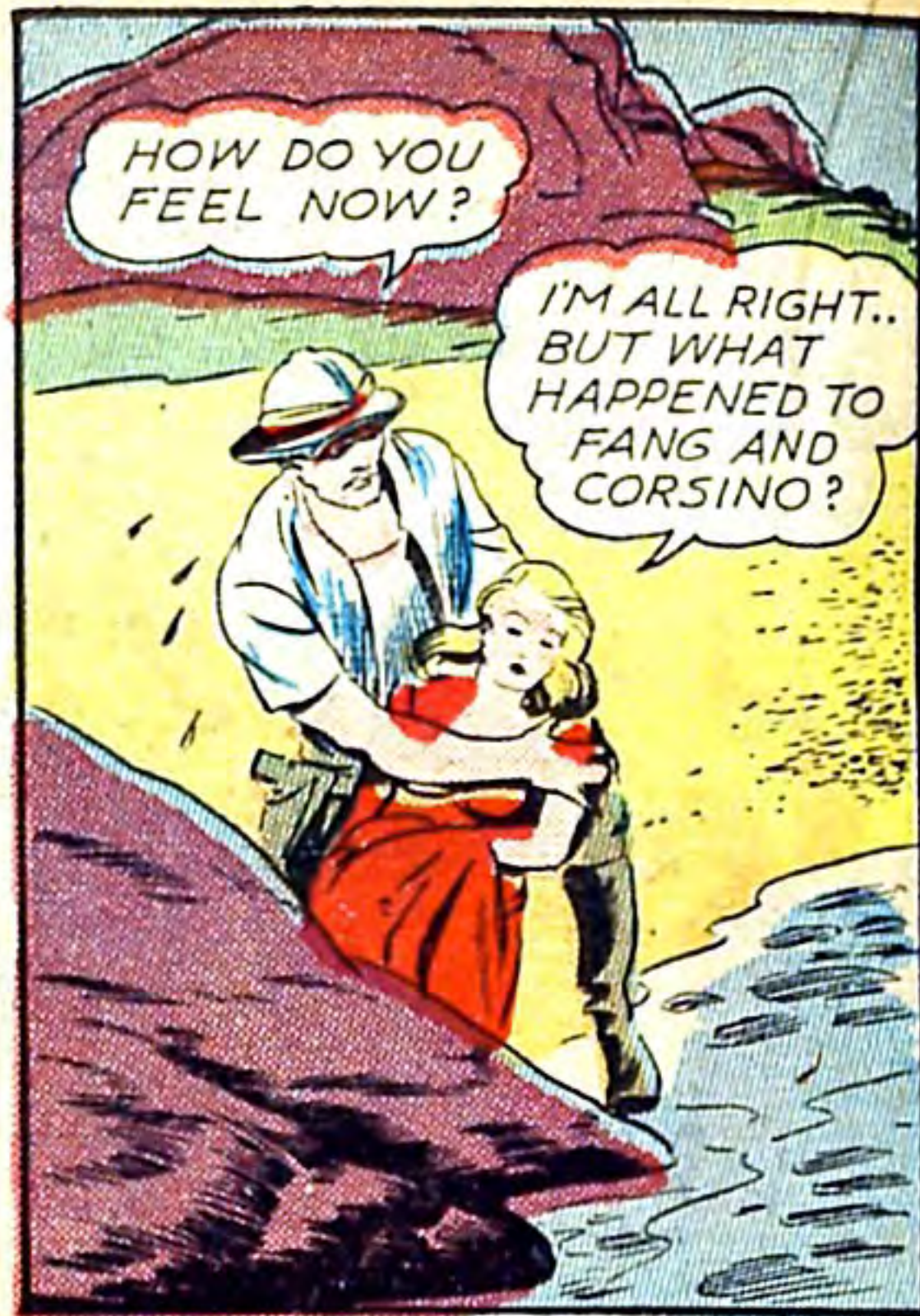


MARY MUST HAVE LOST HER SENSES IN THE CRASH. BETTER GET HER TO SHORE!



HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?

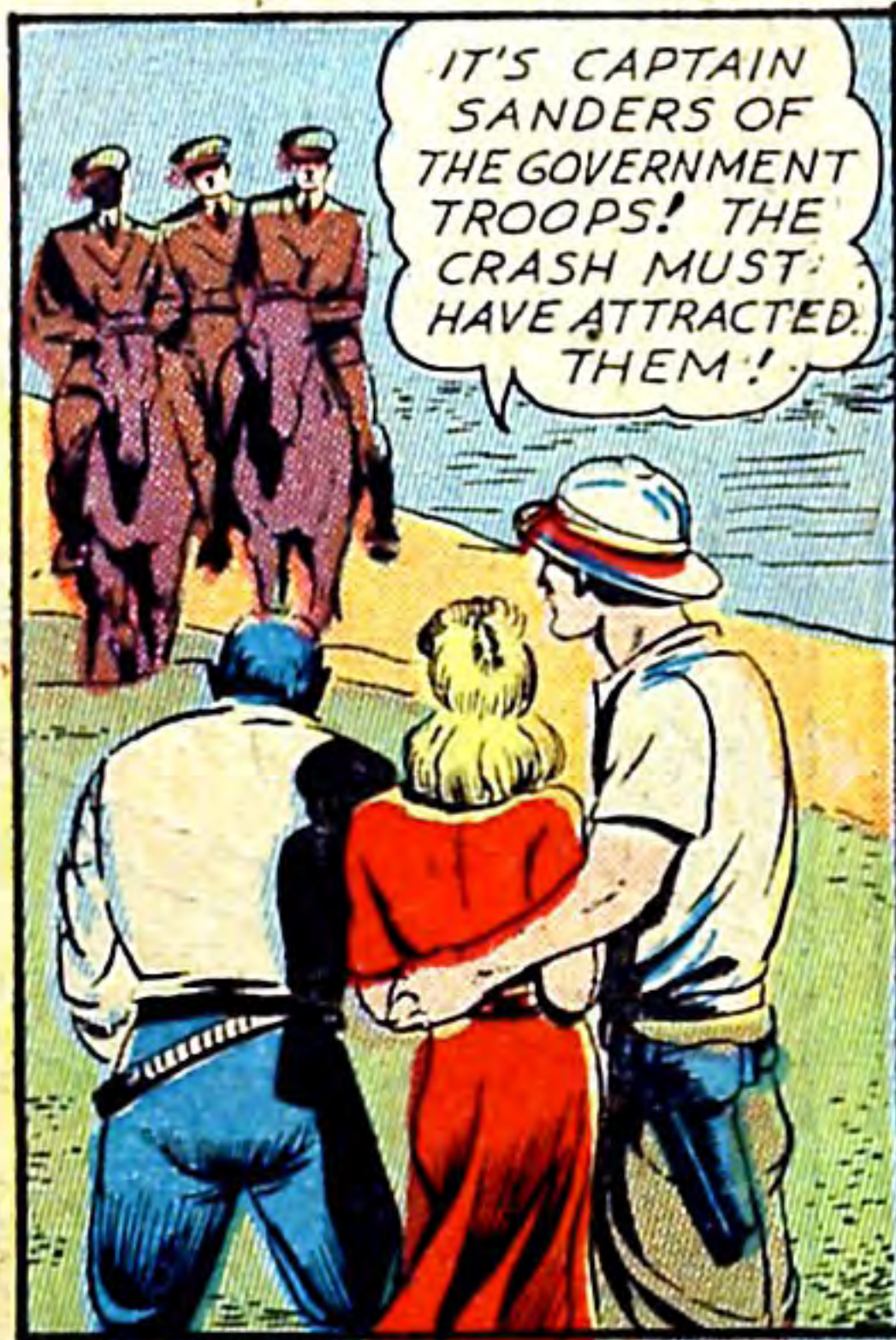
I'M ALL RIGHT.. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO FANG AND CORSINO?



HERE COMES FANG NOW...AND LOOK WHO HE'S BRINGING WITH HIM!



IT'S CAPTAIN SANDERS OF THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS! THE CRASH MUST HAVE ATTRACTED THEM!



WE'VE BEEN ON CORSINO'S TRAIL FOR MONTHS. HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER!

IN THAT CASE, I GUESS HE WON'T BE HANGING AROUND HERE ANYMORE!



LATER...

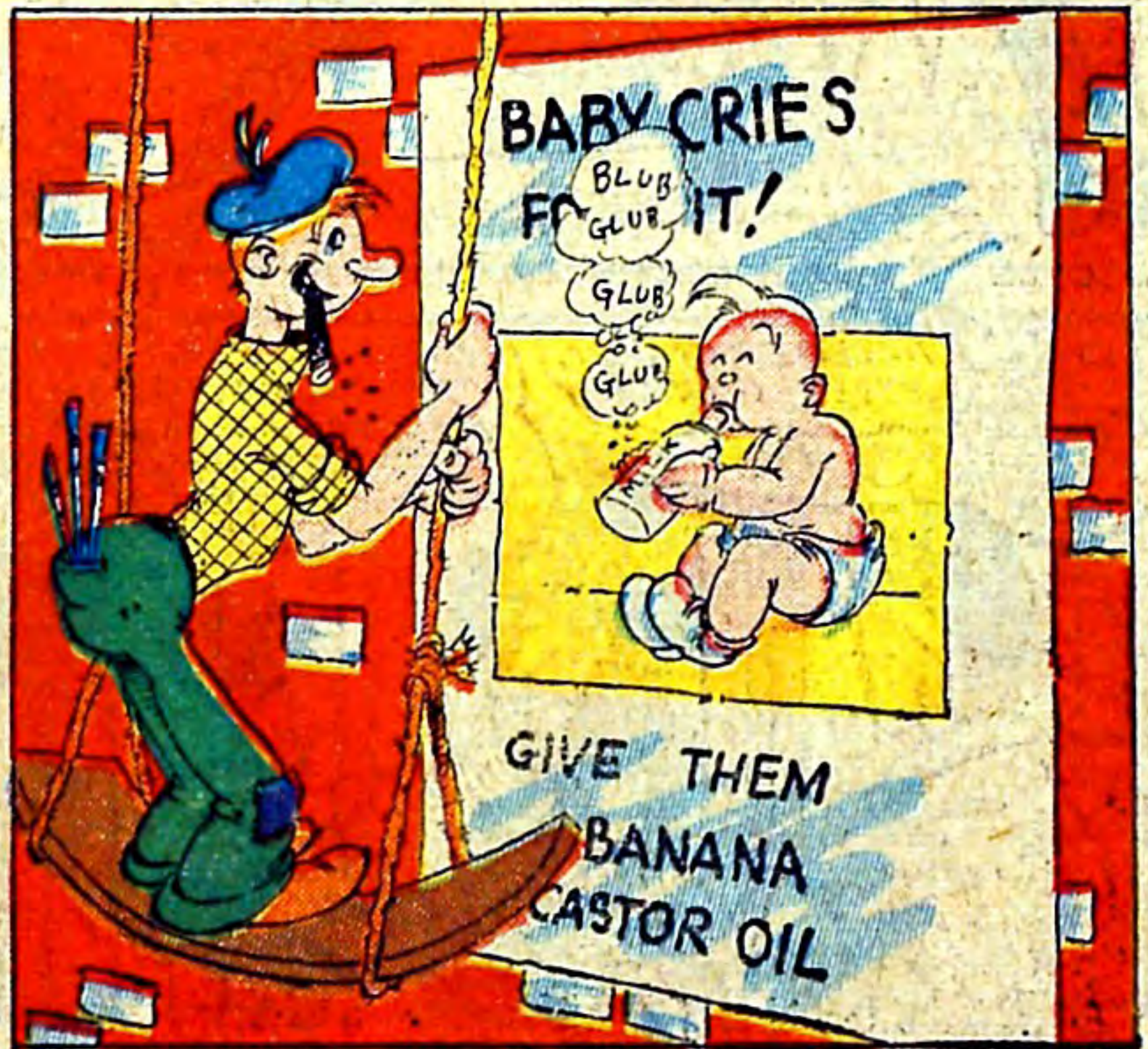
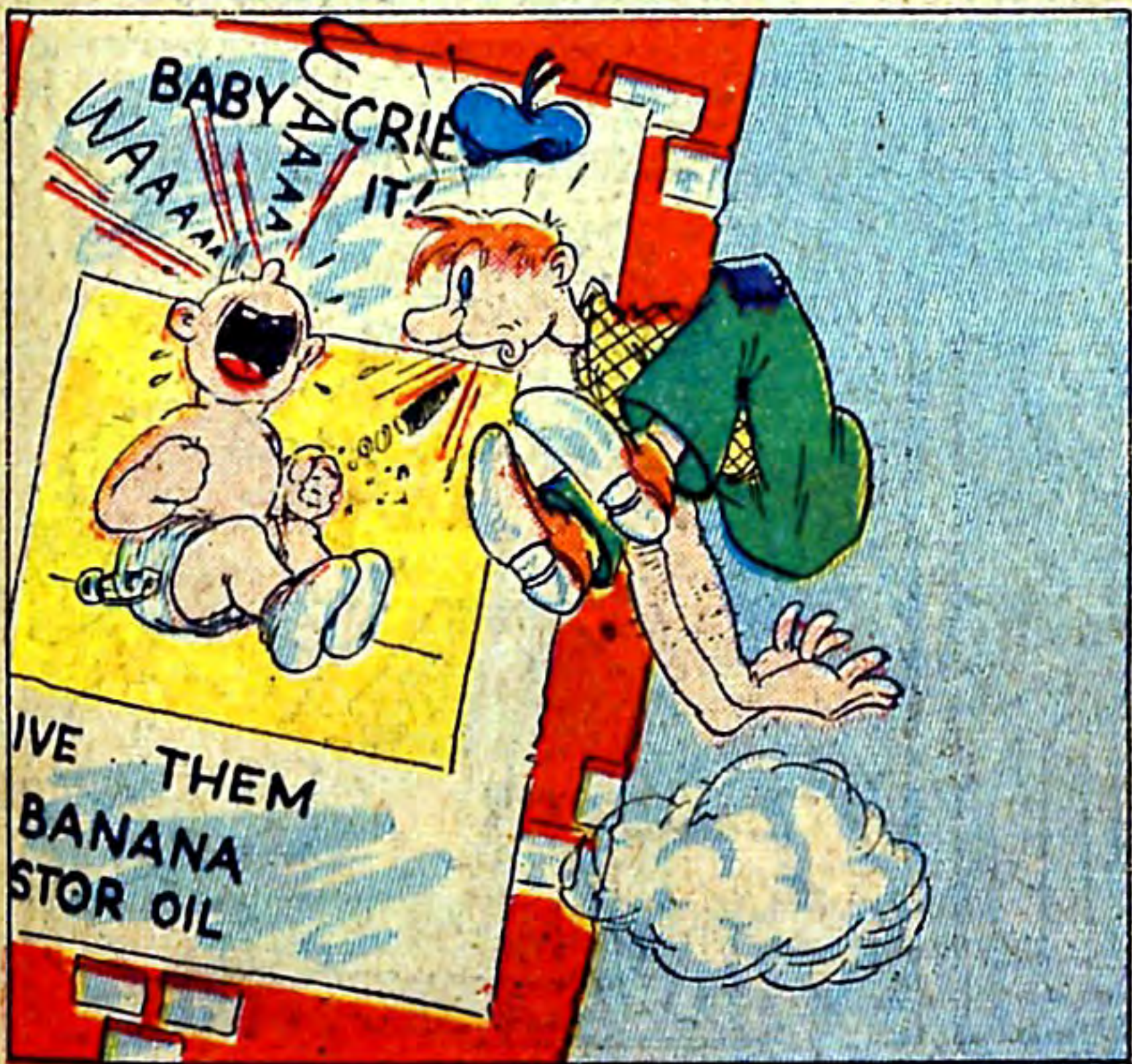
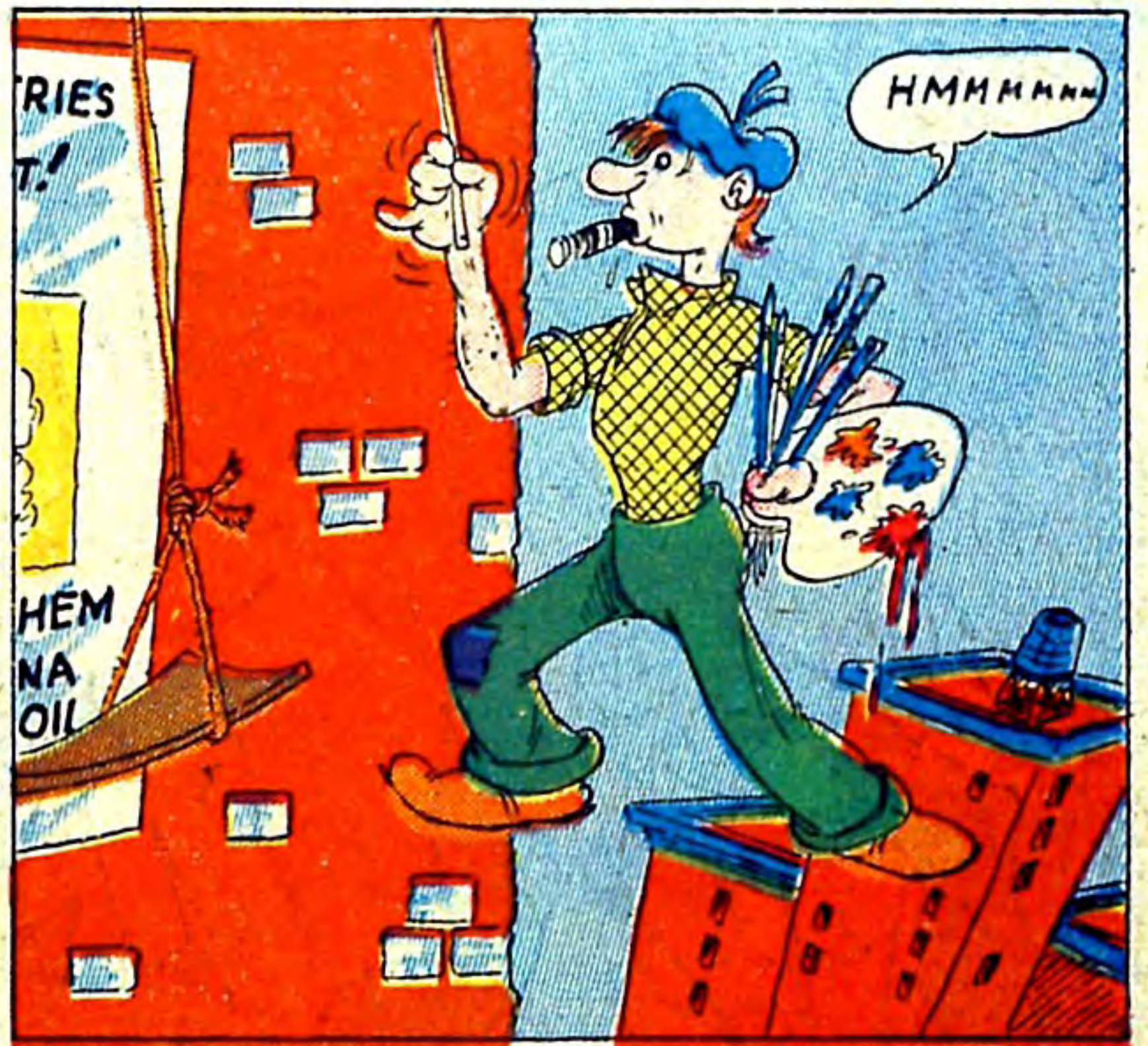
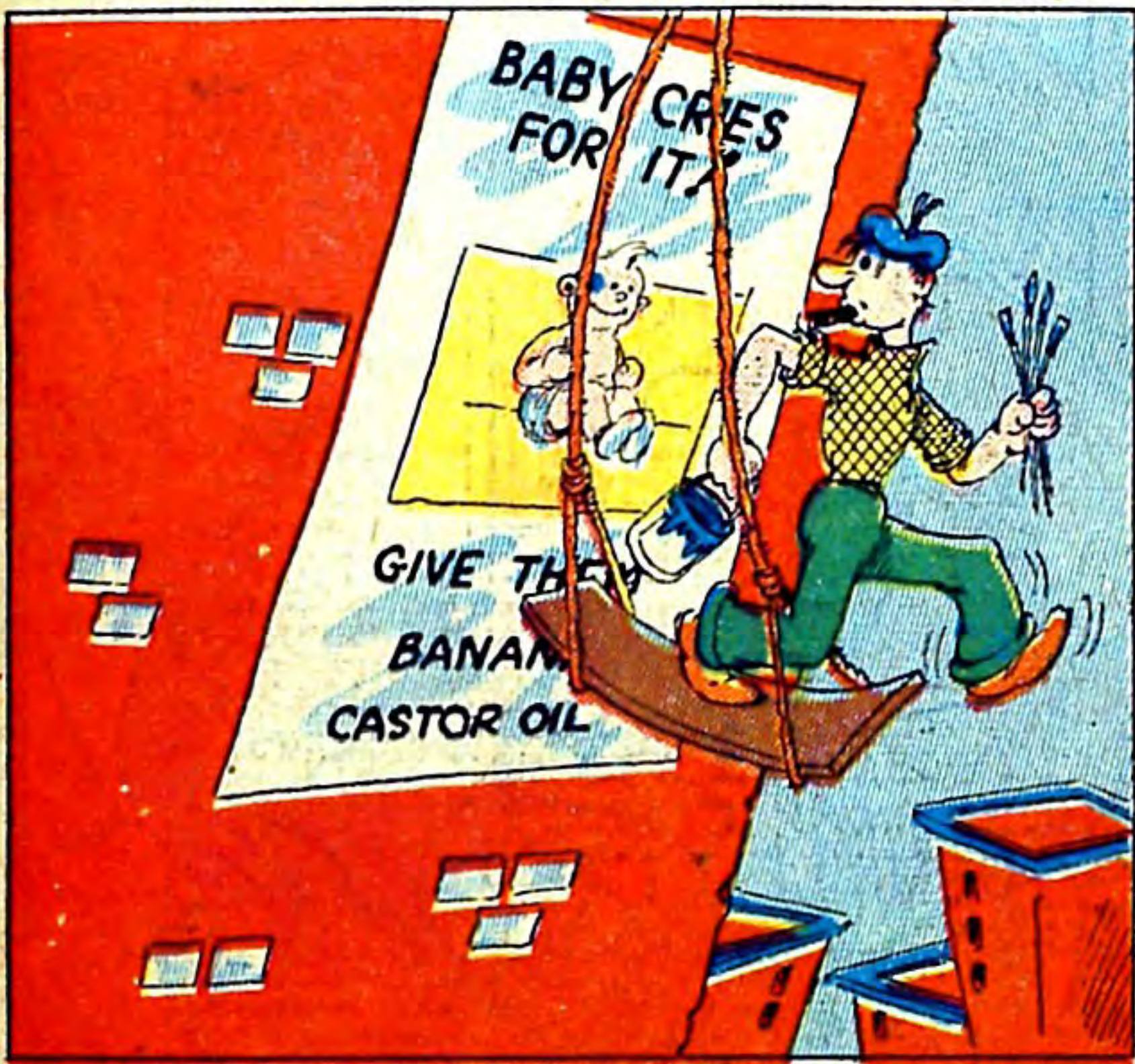
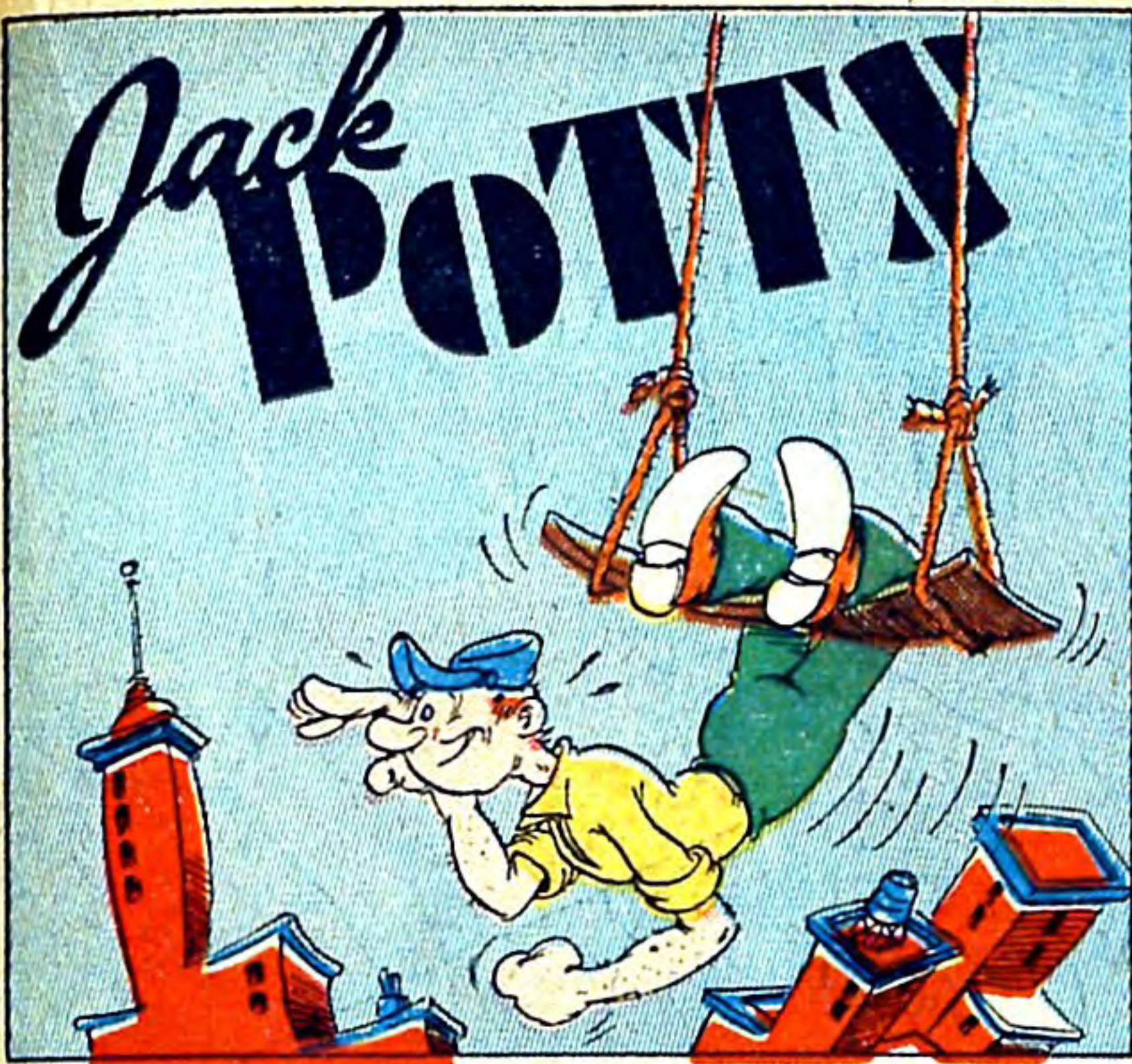
YOU MUST KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, "GLOBE"!

HE WAS WONDERFUL, DAD!

YOU MAKE ME BLUSH! TIME WE MADE OUR EXIT, FANG!





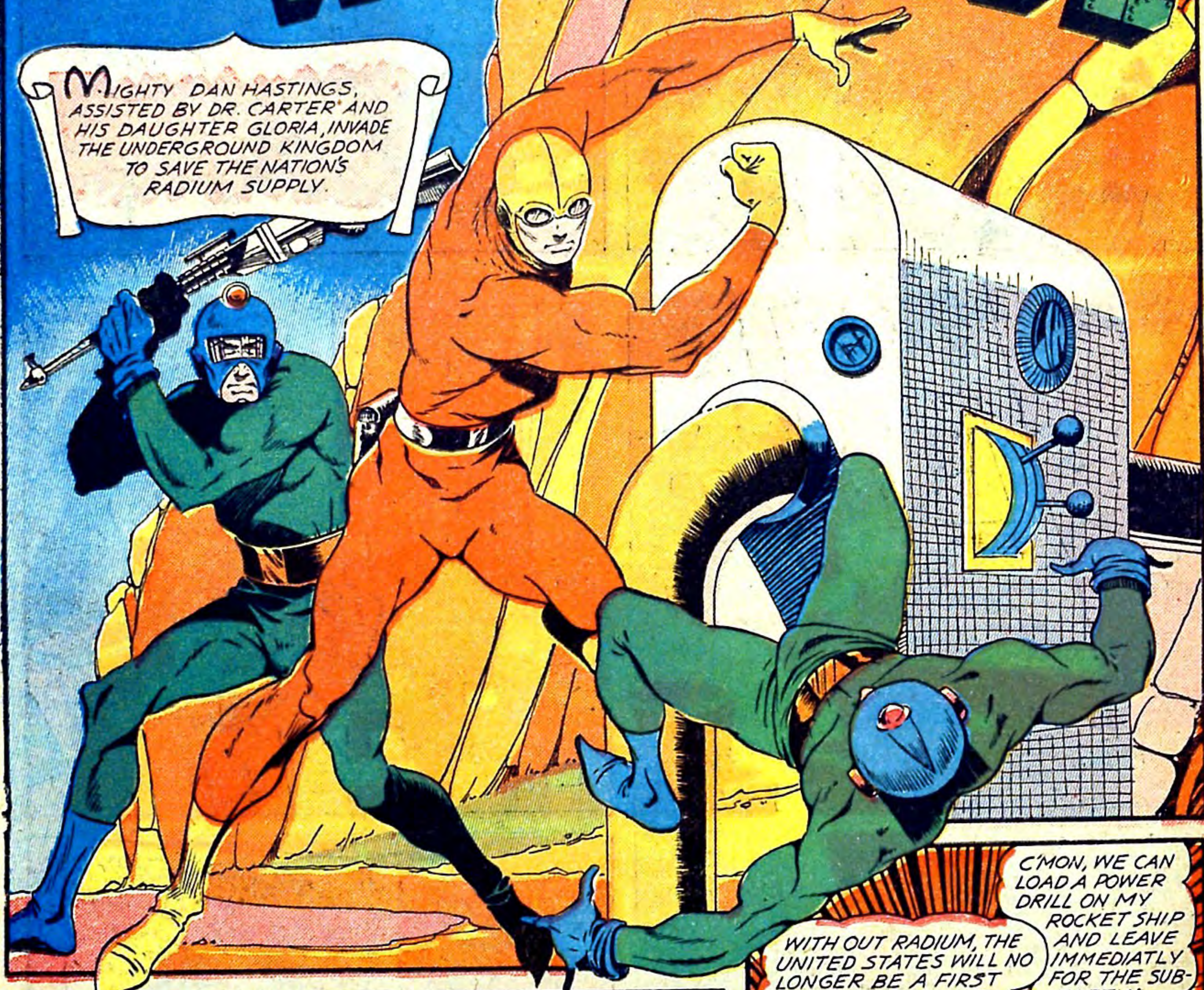




HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE N. Y.

# DAN HASTINGS

MIGHTY DAN HASTINGS,  
ASSISTED BY DR. CARTER AND  
HIS DAUGHTER GLORIA, INVADE  
THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM  
TO SAVE THE NATION'S  
RADIUM SUPPLY.



HELLO DR. CARTER.  
HELLO GLORIA.

DAN! I'M GLAD YOU CAME.  
I'VE JUST MADE A DREADFUL  
DISCOVERY. A SUB EARTH  
KINGDOM IS DRAINING US  
OF OUR RADIUM SUPPLY!

WITH OUT RADIUM, THE  
UNITED STATES WILL NO  
LONGER BE A FIRST  
CLASS POWER! OUR  
NATIONAL EXISTENCE  
IS AT STAKE!

C'MON, WE CAN  
LOAD A POWER  
DRILL ON MY  
ROCKET SHIP  
AND LEAVE  
IMMEDIATLY  
FOR THE SUB-  
EARTH!

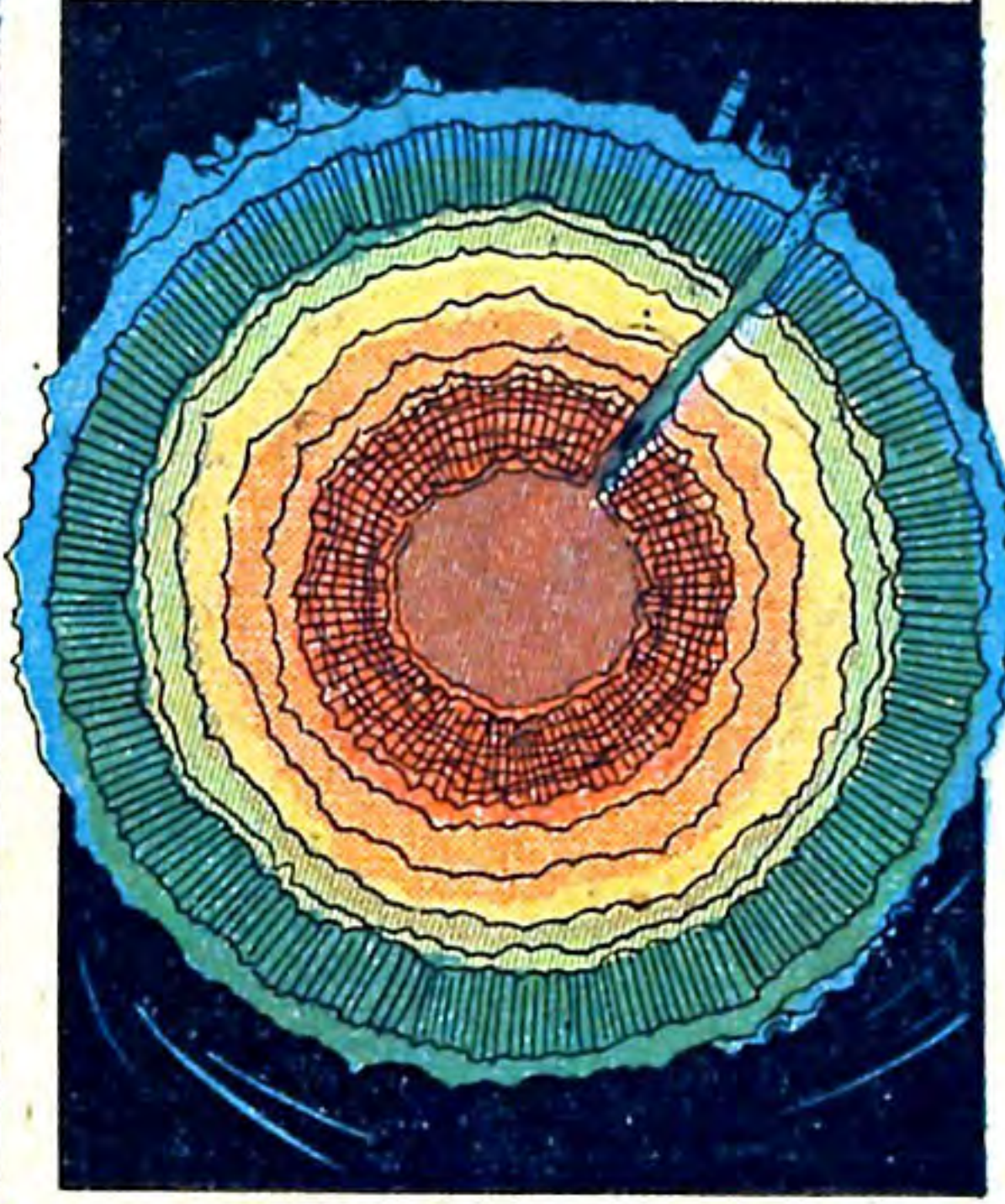




SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A ROCKET SHIP BEGINS TO BORE ITS WAY INTO THE EARTH.



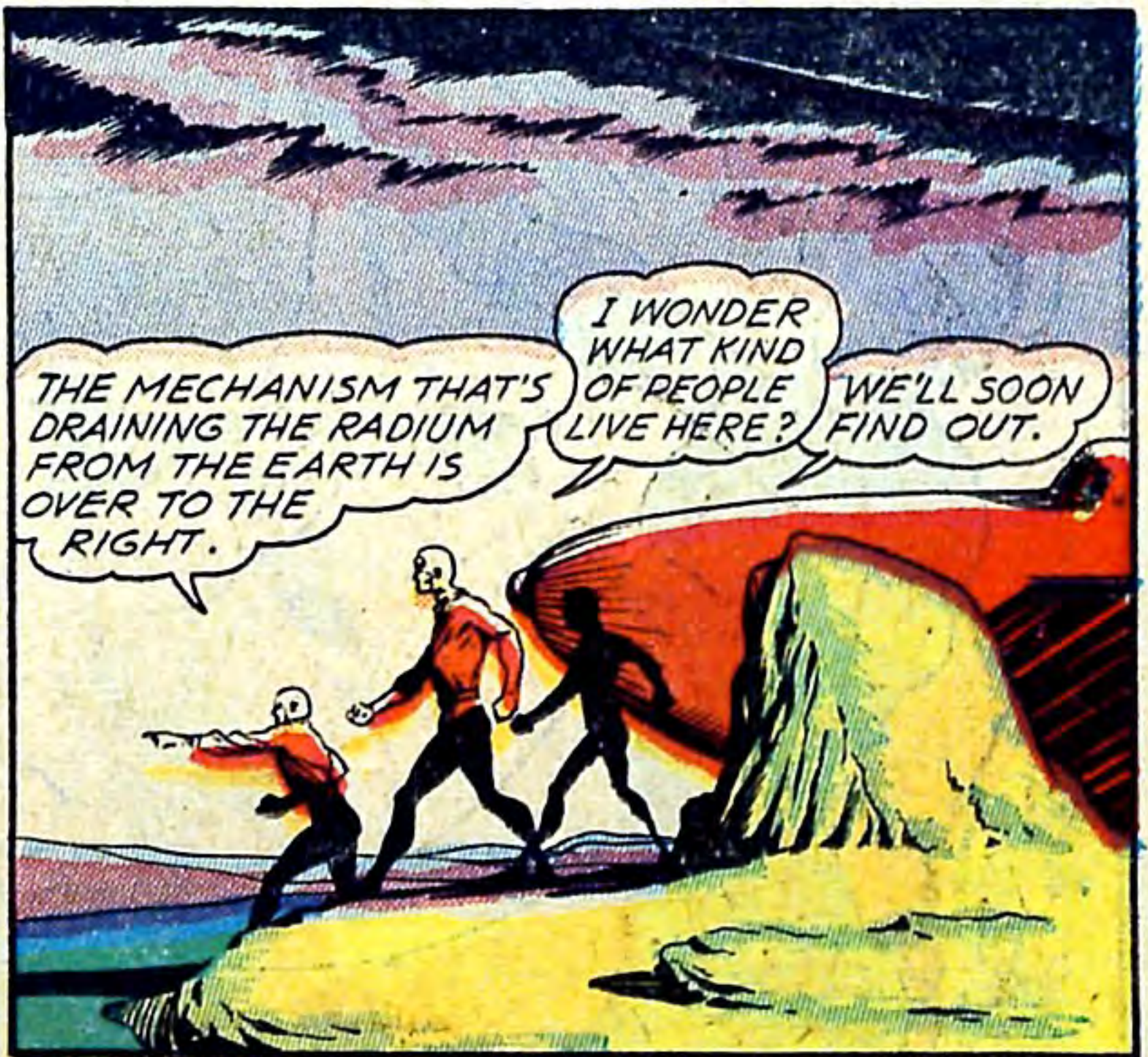
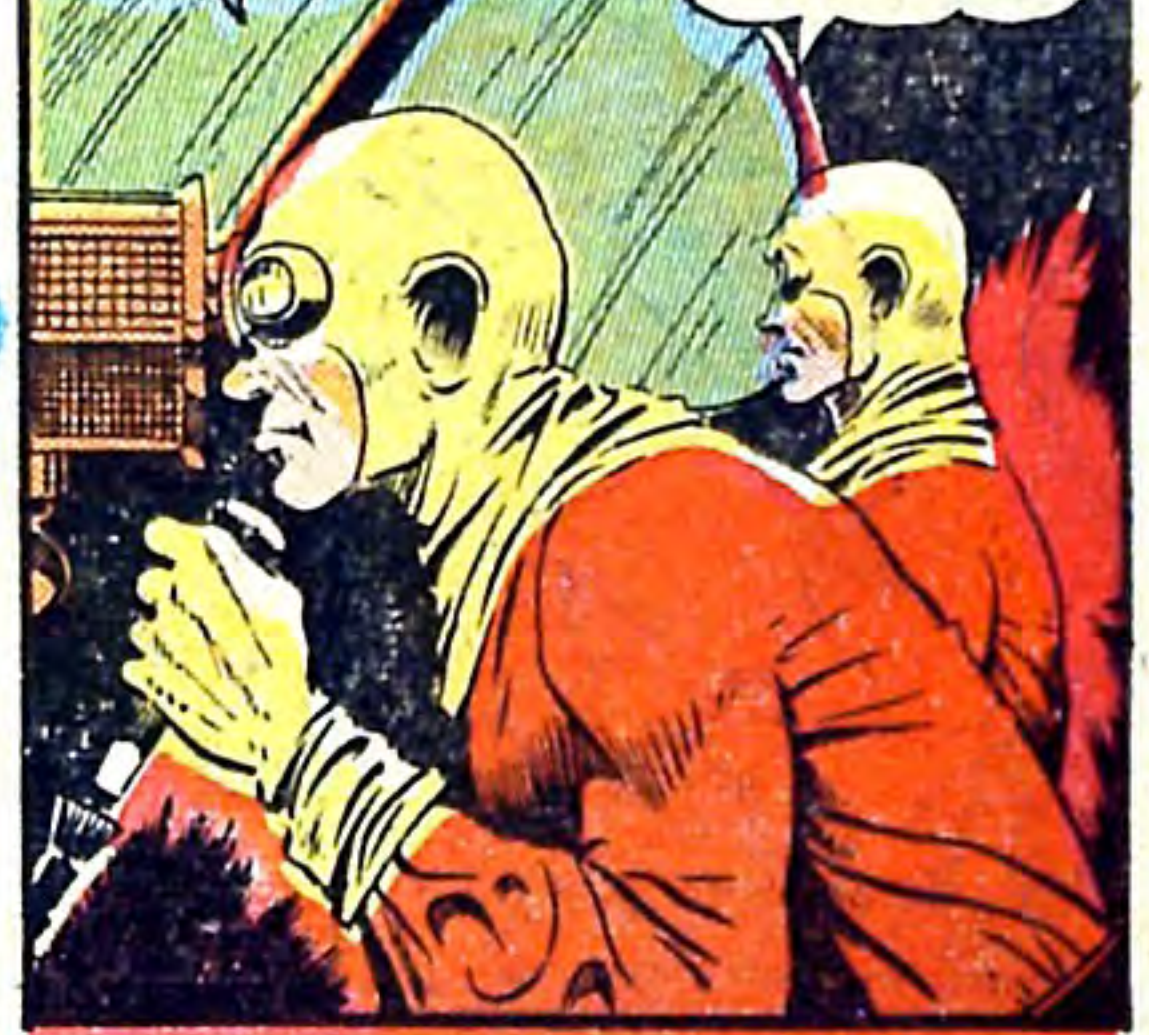
TIME FLYS BY AS THE ROCKET SHIP DRIVES FOR THE SUB-EARTH KINGDOM.



ON THE INSIDE...

DAN, WE'LL SOON BE IN THE SUB-EARTH KINGDOM. STEER TO THE LEFT, I SEE AN ISOLATED FIELD.

GOOD, LET'S KEEP OURSELVES CONCEALED AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.



THE MECHANISM THAT'S DRAINING THE RADIUM FROM THE EARTH IS OVER TO THE RIGHT.

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE LIVE HERE?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT.



NOBODY'S AROUND. LET'S EXAMINE THE MACHINE.



THESE SUCTION PUMPS ARE POWERFUL, BUT I BELIEVE THEY CAN BE REVERSED. THAT WAY THE RADIUM CAN BE RETURNED TO THE EARTH.

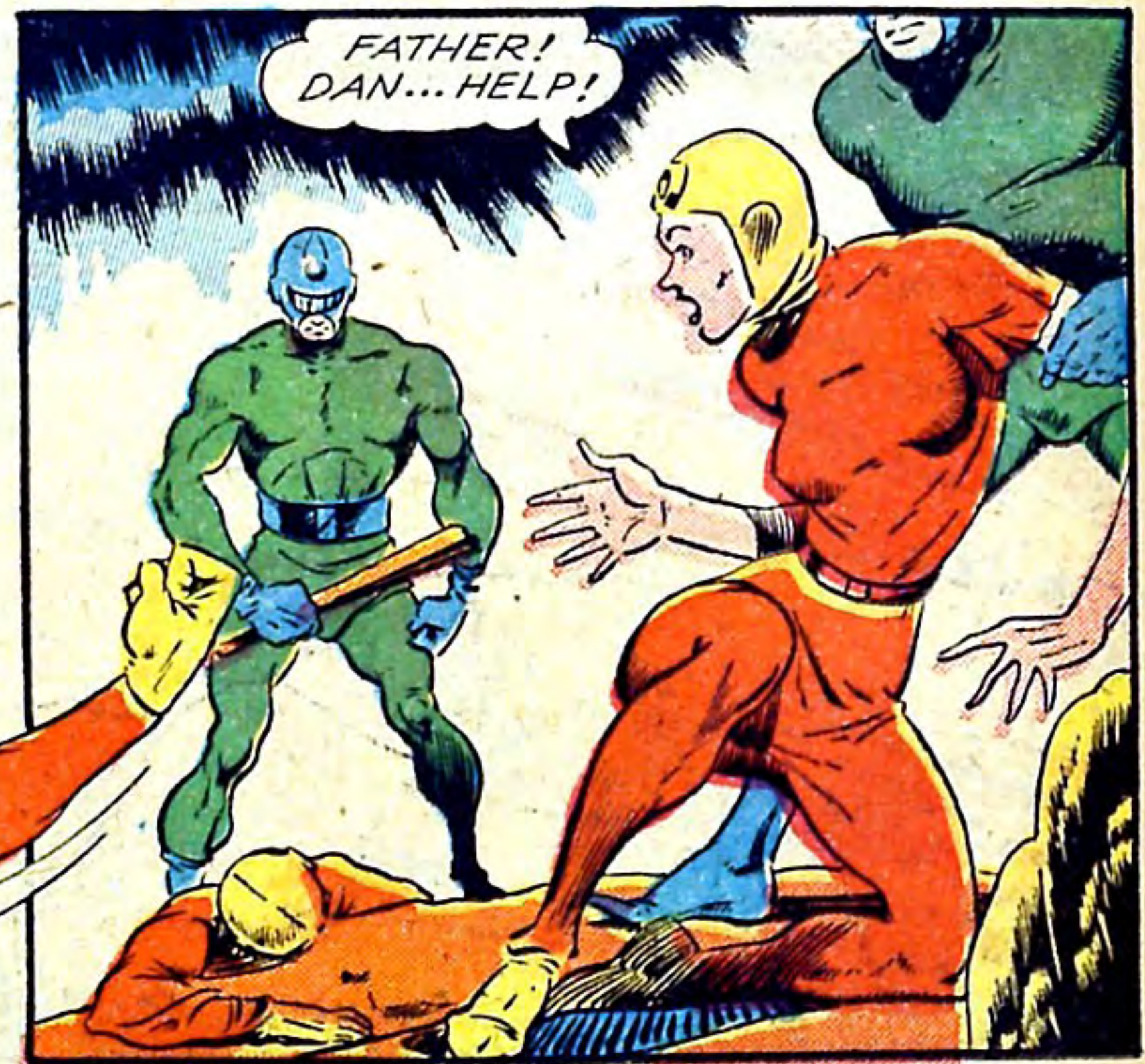
GOOD! THEN MAYBE WE CAN....



DAN! LOOK OUT!

QUICK, GET THEM!







THE PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE SUB EARTH RULER.

HA, SO YOU PEOPLE CAME TO MY KINGDOM TO TAKE BACK THE RADIUM WE HAVE STOLEN FROM THE EARTH.

YES! BUT MY PEOPLE DO NOT SEEK WAR WITH YOU.

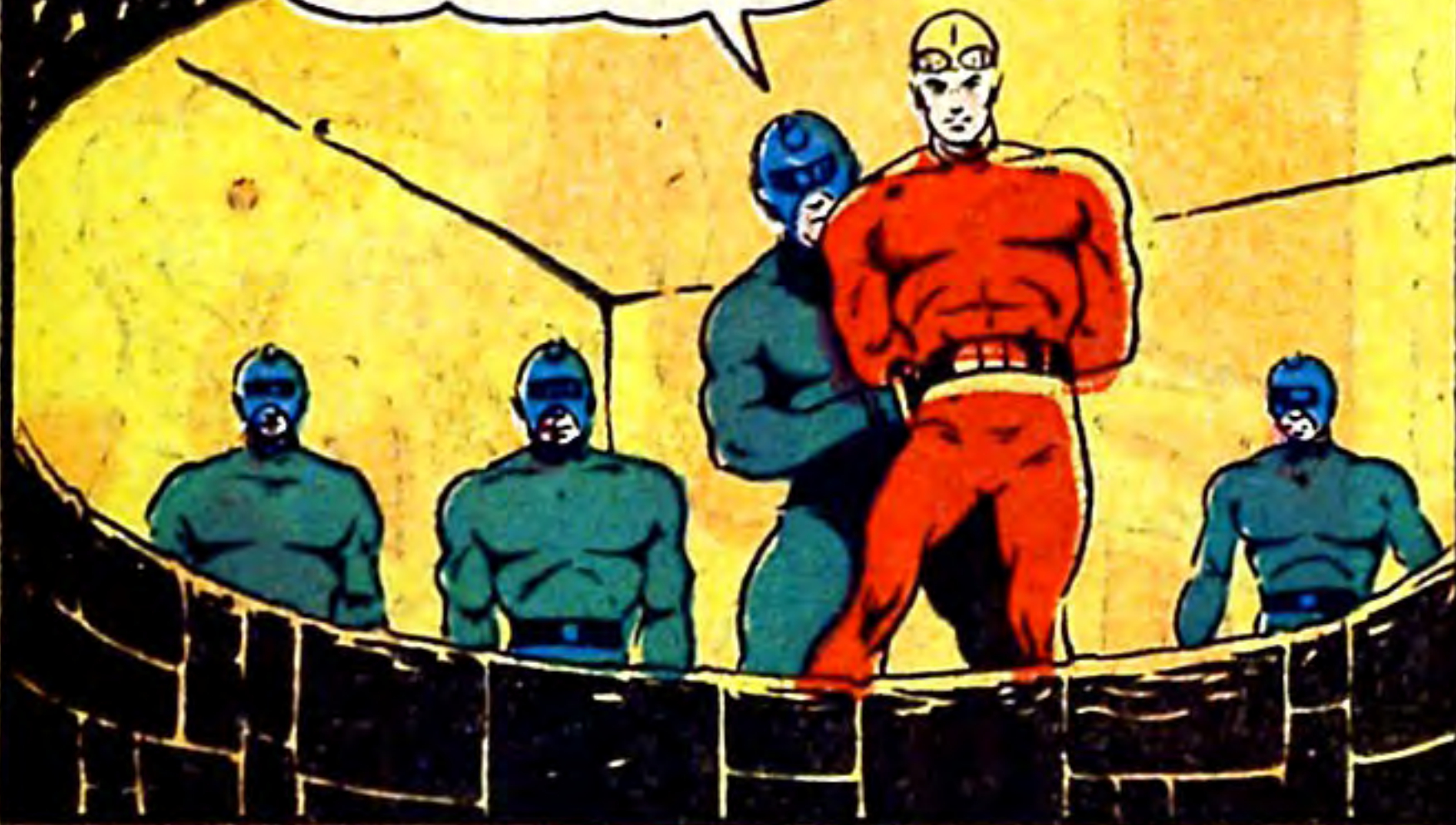
TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL DIE YEARLY IF OUR COUNTRY HAS NO RADIUM. YOU MUST RETURN IT.

I'LL RETURN IT. BUT IN MY OWN WAY! THROUGH OUR NEW RADIUM DEATH DISCHARGING GUN.

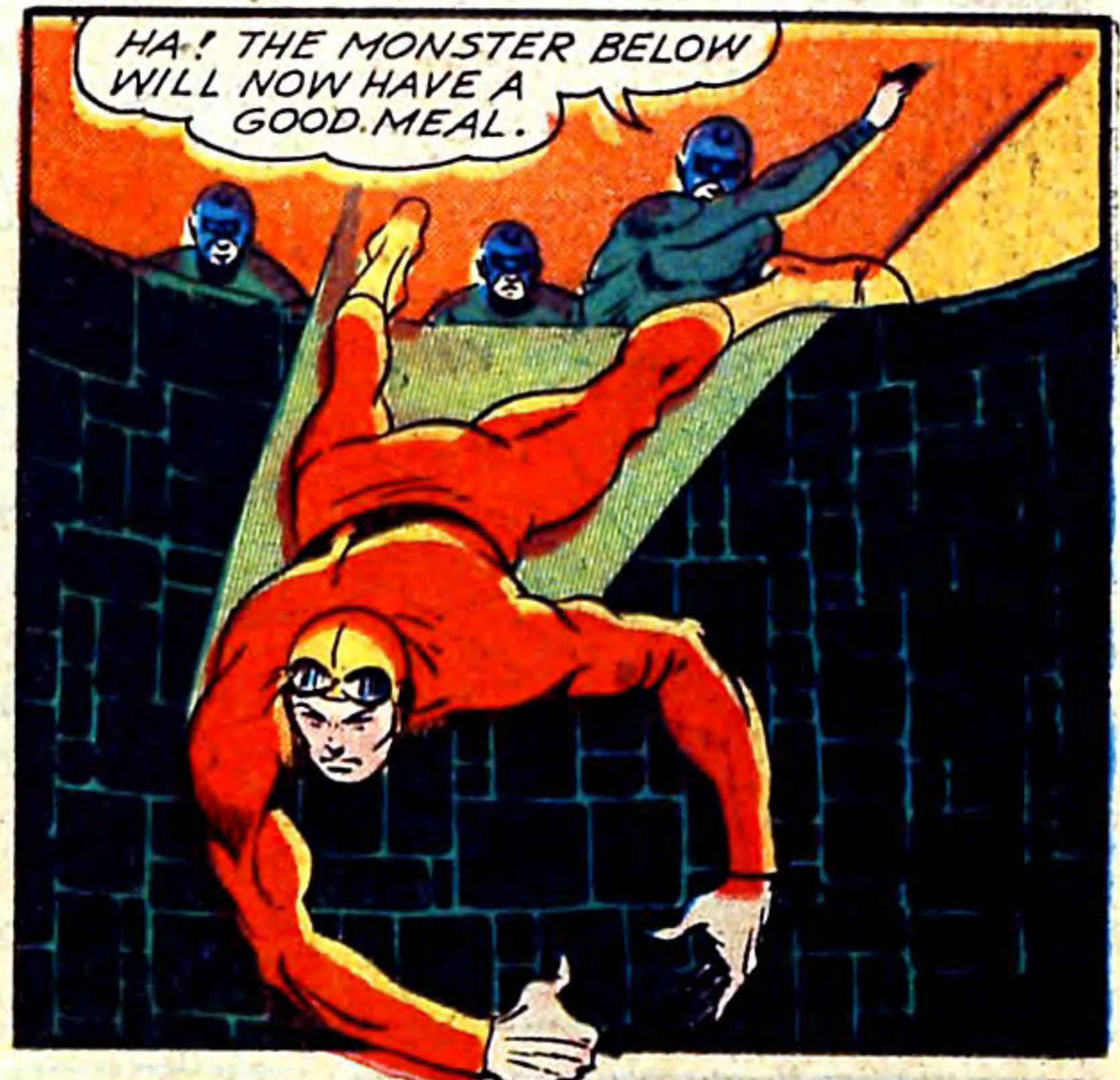
THROW THE STRONG ONE INTO THE DEATH PIT. THE OTHER TWO WE'LL EXPERIMENT OUR RADIUM GUN ON IN THE ARENA.



WE WILL UNTIE YOUR HANDS BEFORE WE THROW YOU INTO THE DEATH PIT. YOU'RE TO HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THE MONSTER WHO LIVES IN IT.



HA! THE MONSTER BELOW WILL NOW HAVE A GOOD MEAL.



OOOPS! THANKS A LOT!



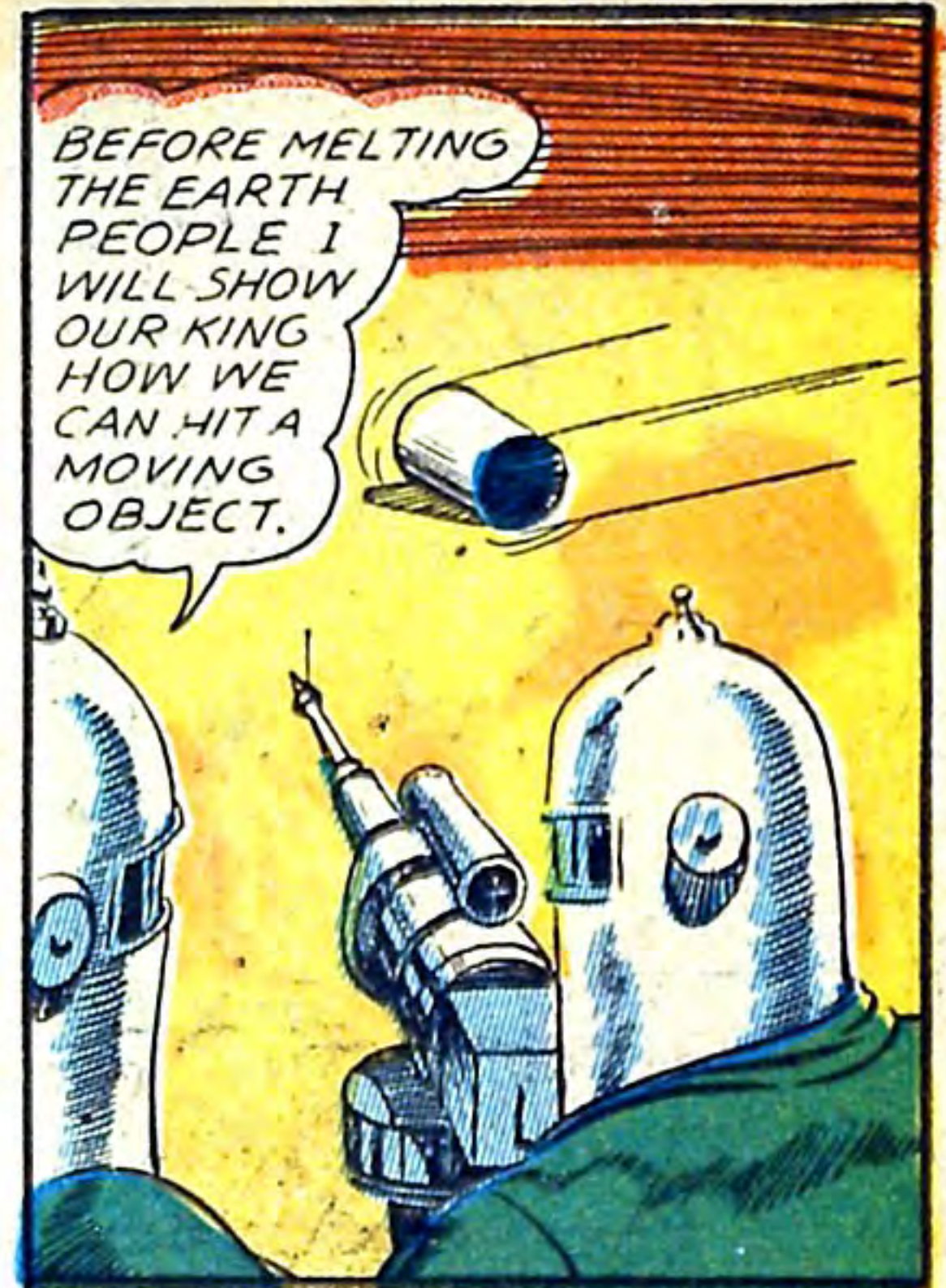
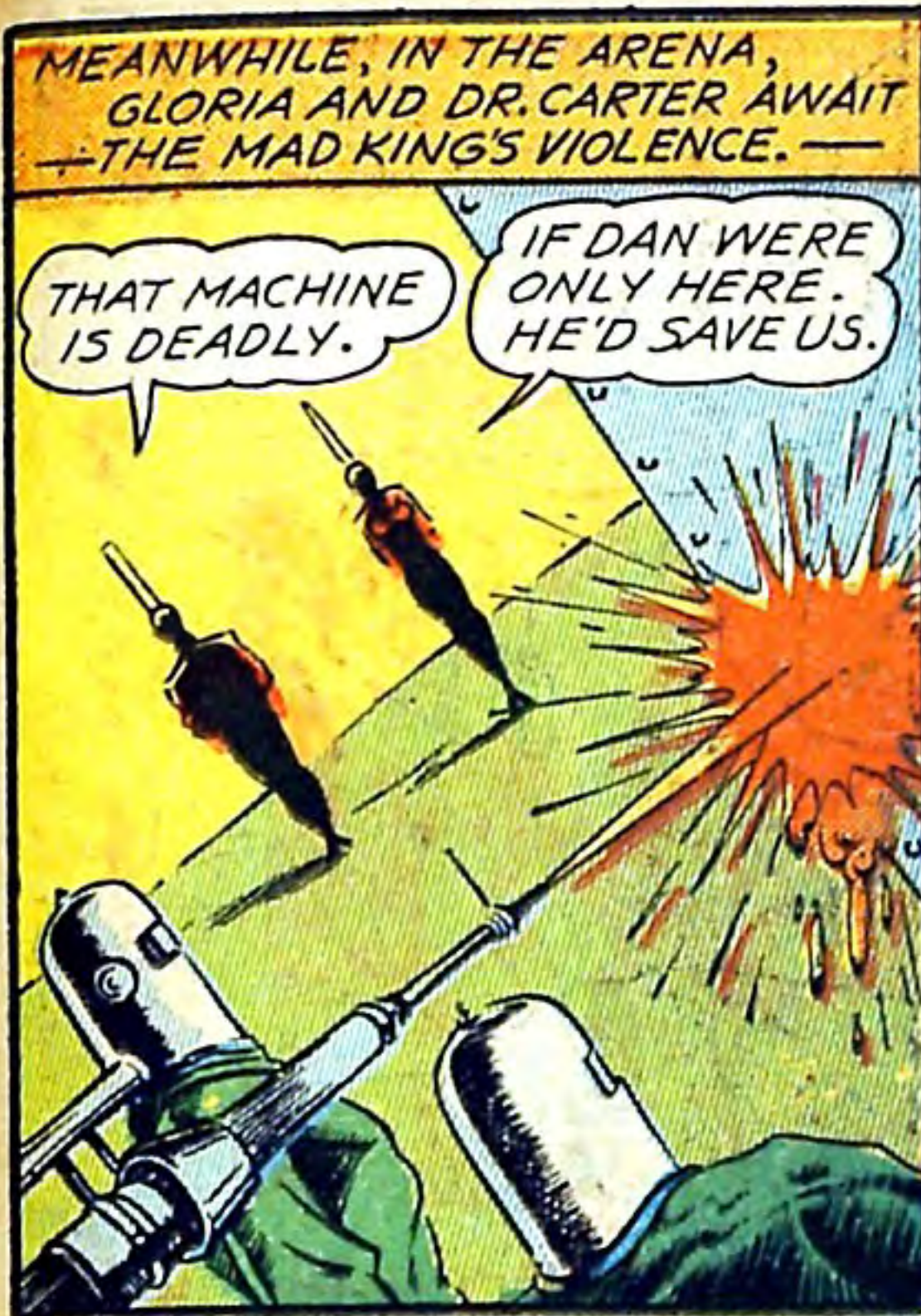
FIRST HE SAVES MY LIFE, NOW HE'S OUT TO KILL ME. I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM WITH THE RAY GUN.



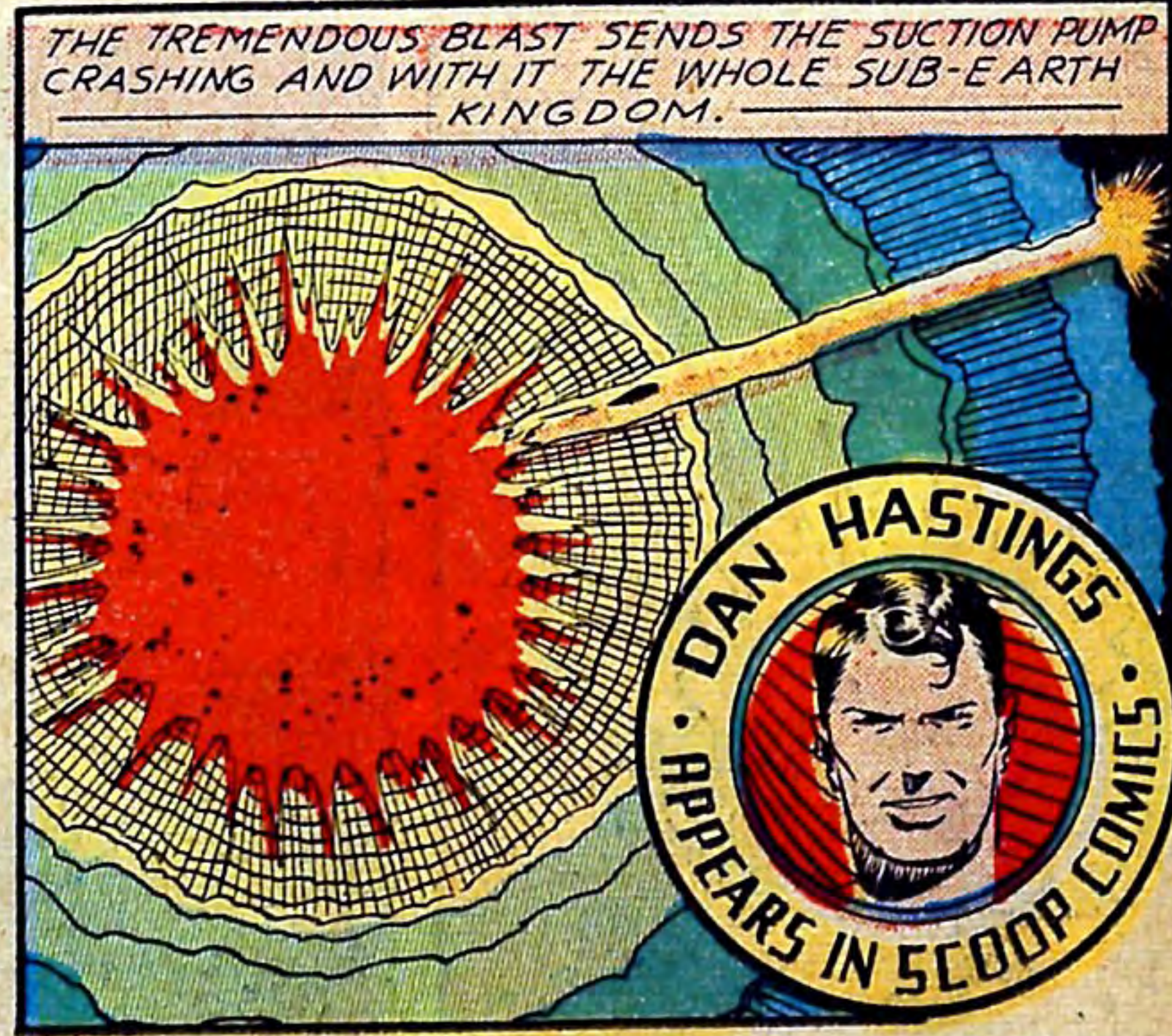
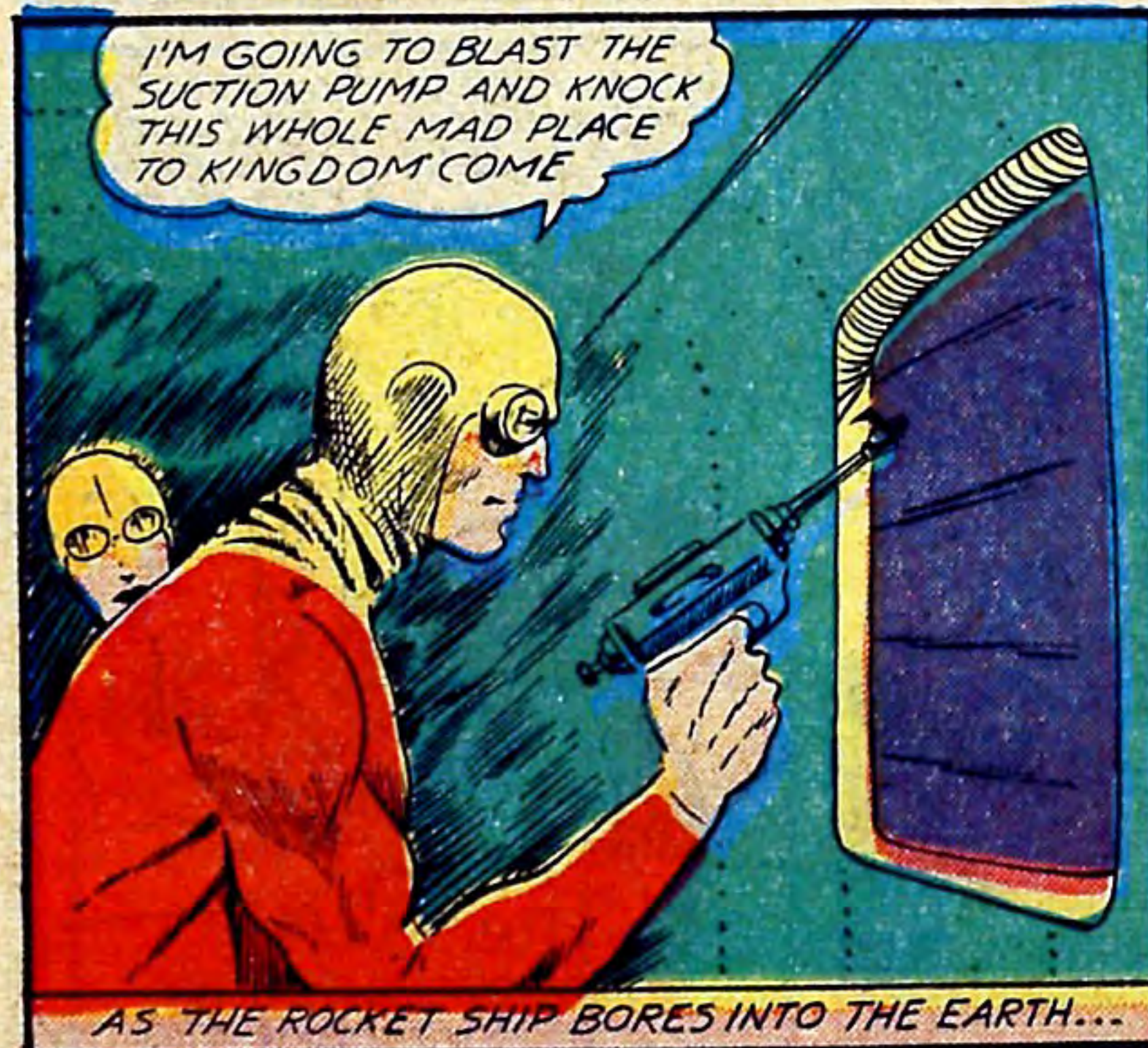
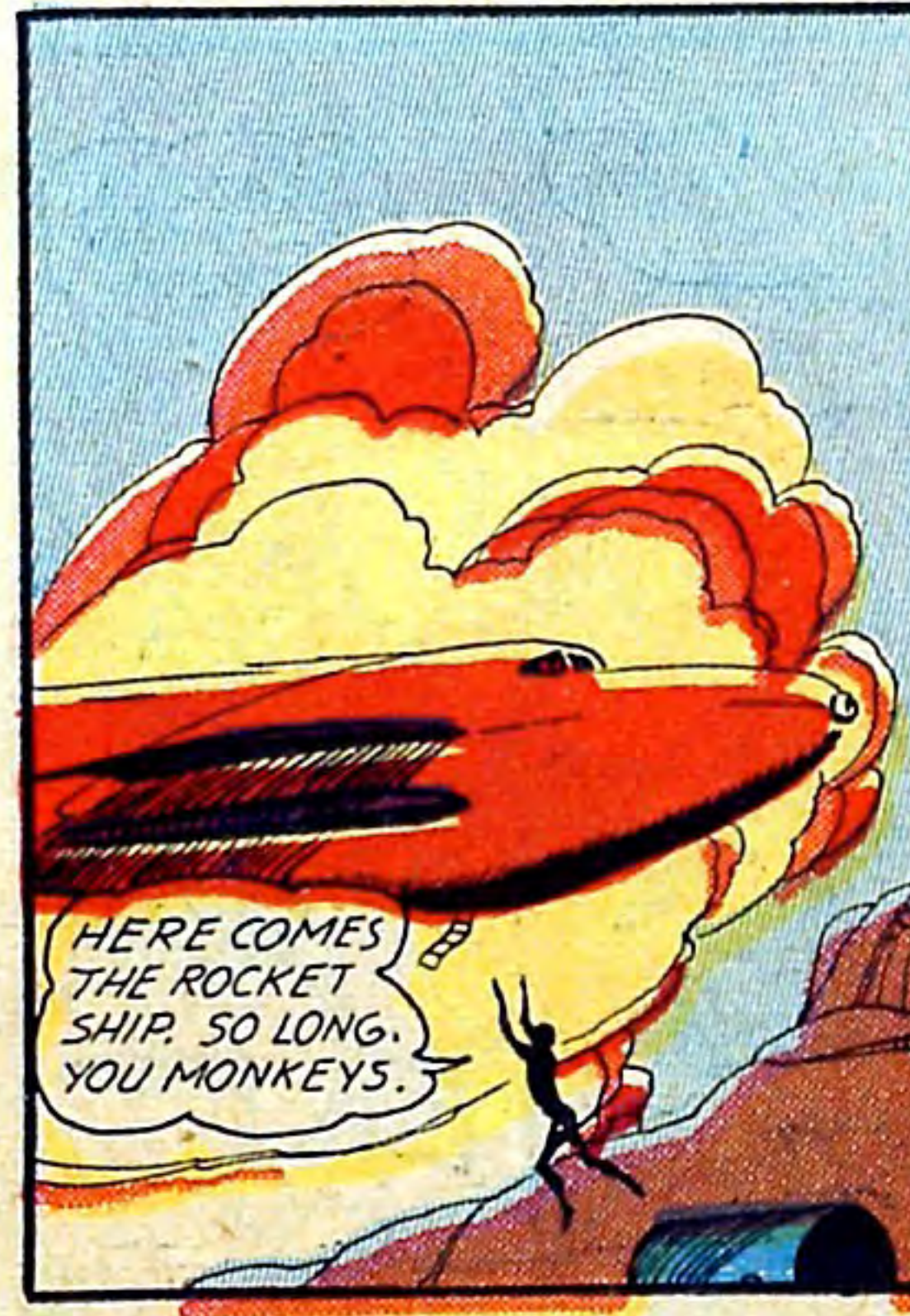






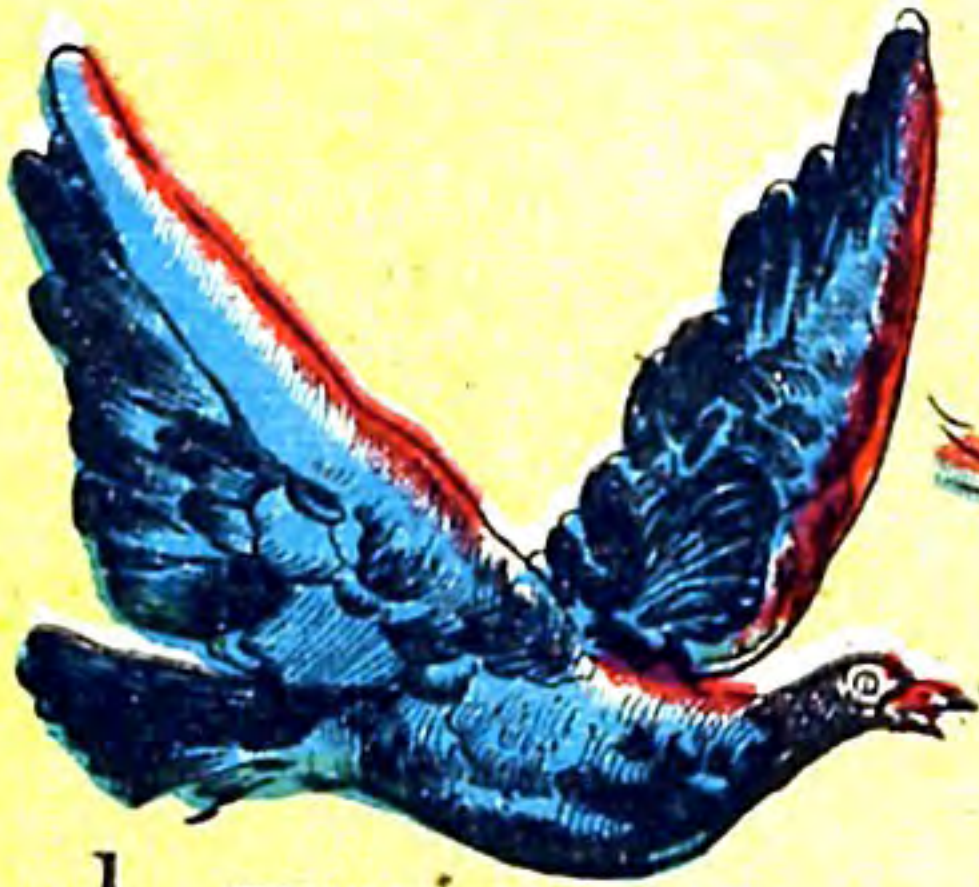








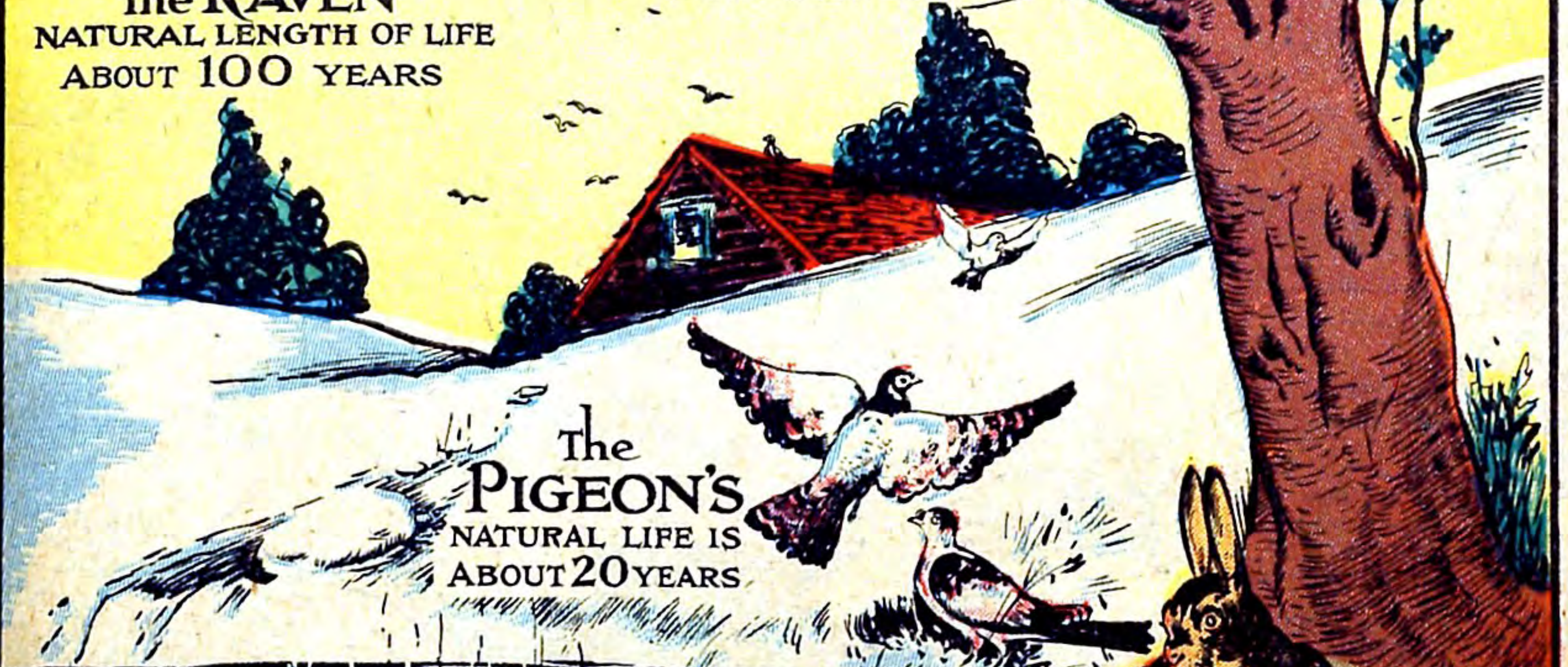
# *The* AGE of ANIMALS *Interesting facts about*



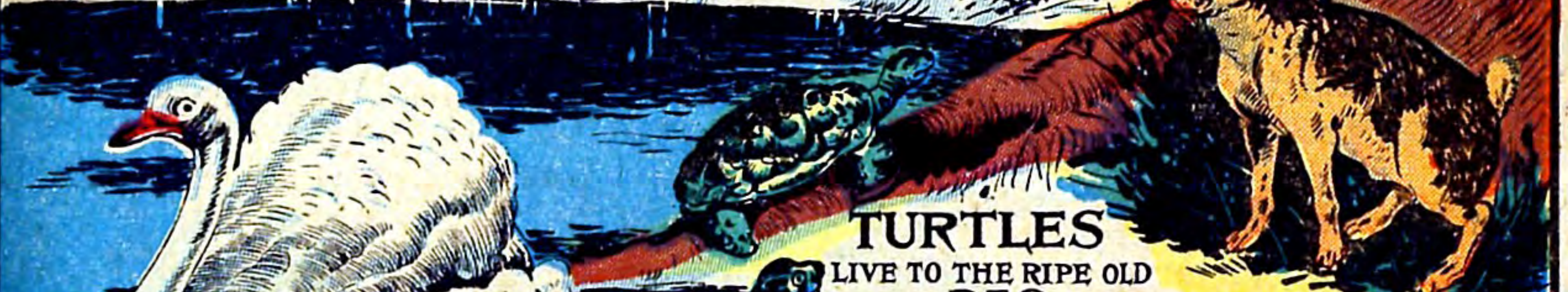
**The RAVEN**  
NATURAL LENGTH OF LIFE  
ABOUT 100 YEARS



**SQUIRRELS**  
SELDOM LIVE LONGER  
THAN 6 YEARS



**The PIGEON'S**  
NATURAL LIFE IS  
ABOUT 20 YEARS



**SWANS**, THE GRACEFUL  
WATER BIRDS, WILL SWIM AND DIVE  
FOR 150 YEARS

**TURTLES**  
LIVE TO THE RIPE OLD  
AGE OF 350 YEARS

**RABBITS**  
MANAGE TO REACH  
10 YEARS



**The TOAD**  
OUR OLD FRIEND, THE  
HOP-TOAD, REACHES  
THE AGE OF 40 YEARS



IMA CITIZEN  
U. S. A.

Inspector Pratt,  
Department of Justice,  
Washington, D.C.

**O**PERATING FROM  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
LEADS SENT HIM  
BY A STRANGE  
LETTER WRITER  
KNOWN AS  
IMA CITIZEN...  
INSPECTOR PRATT,  
ACE  
INVESTIGATOR  
FOR THE F.B.I.,  
RUNS INTO  
A CASE THAT  
BAFFLES  
EVEN HIM...

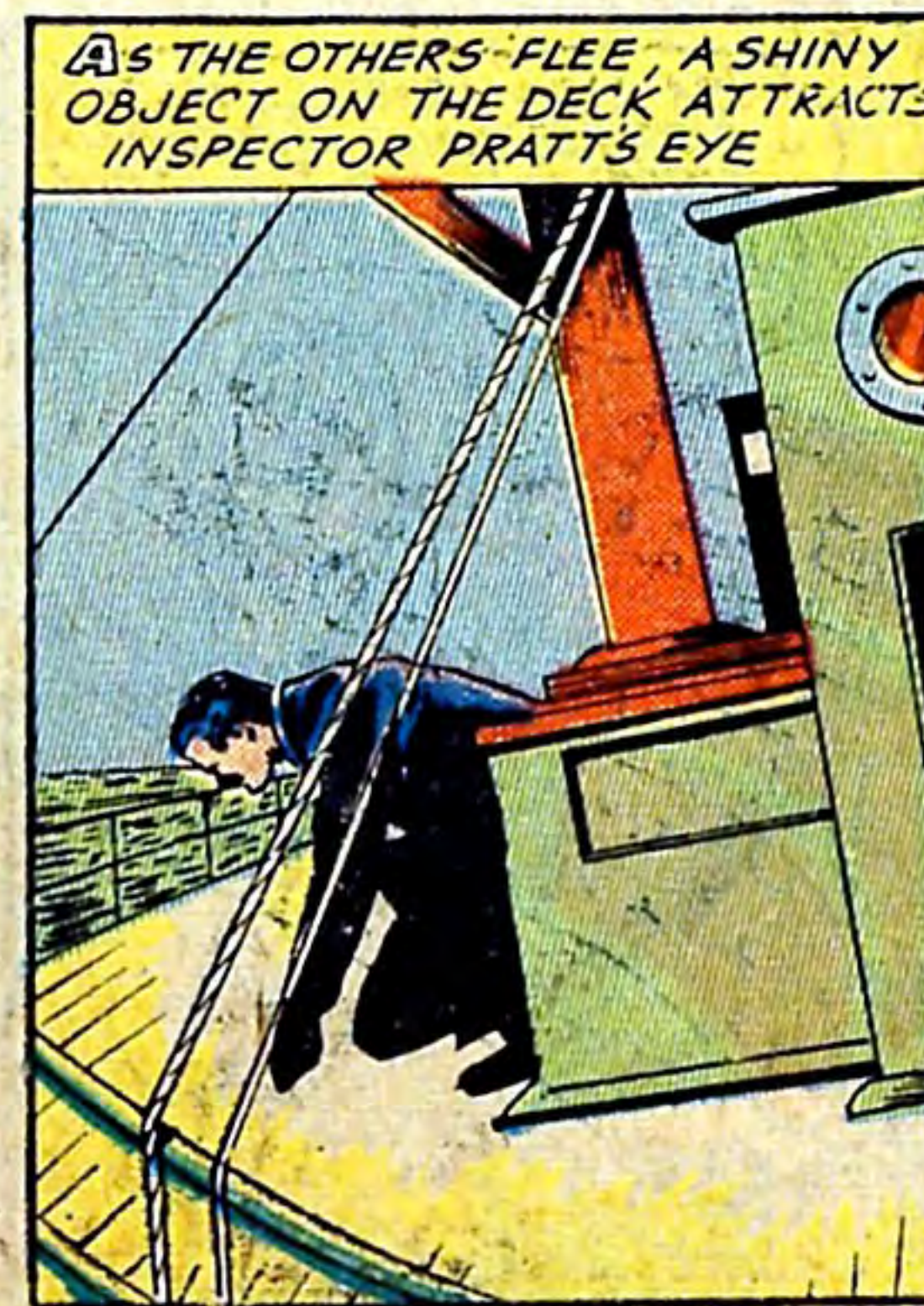
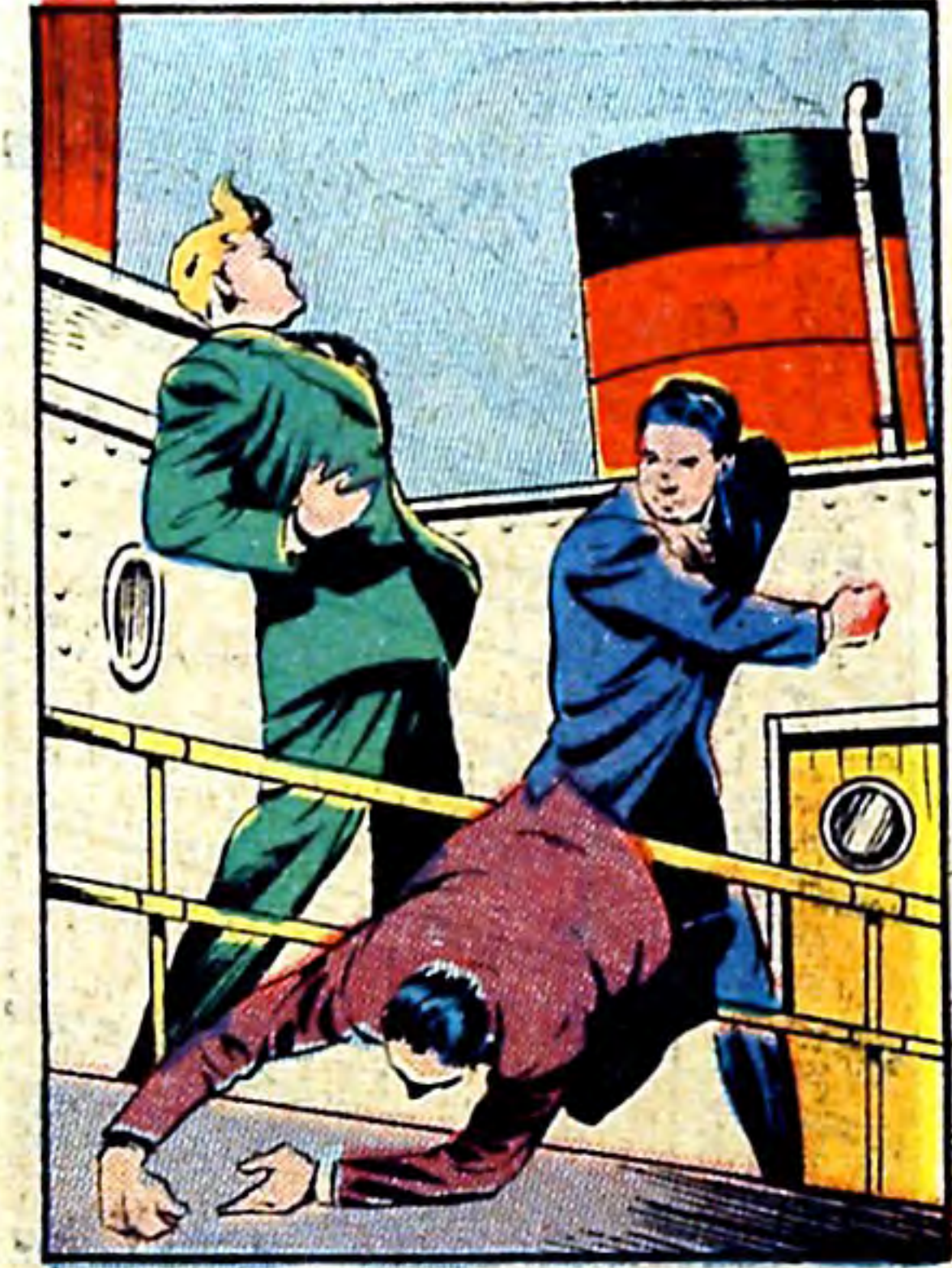
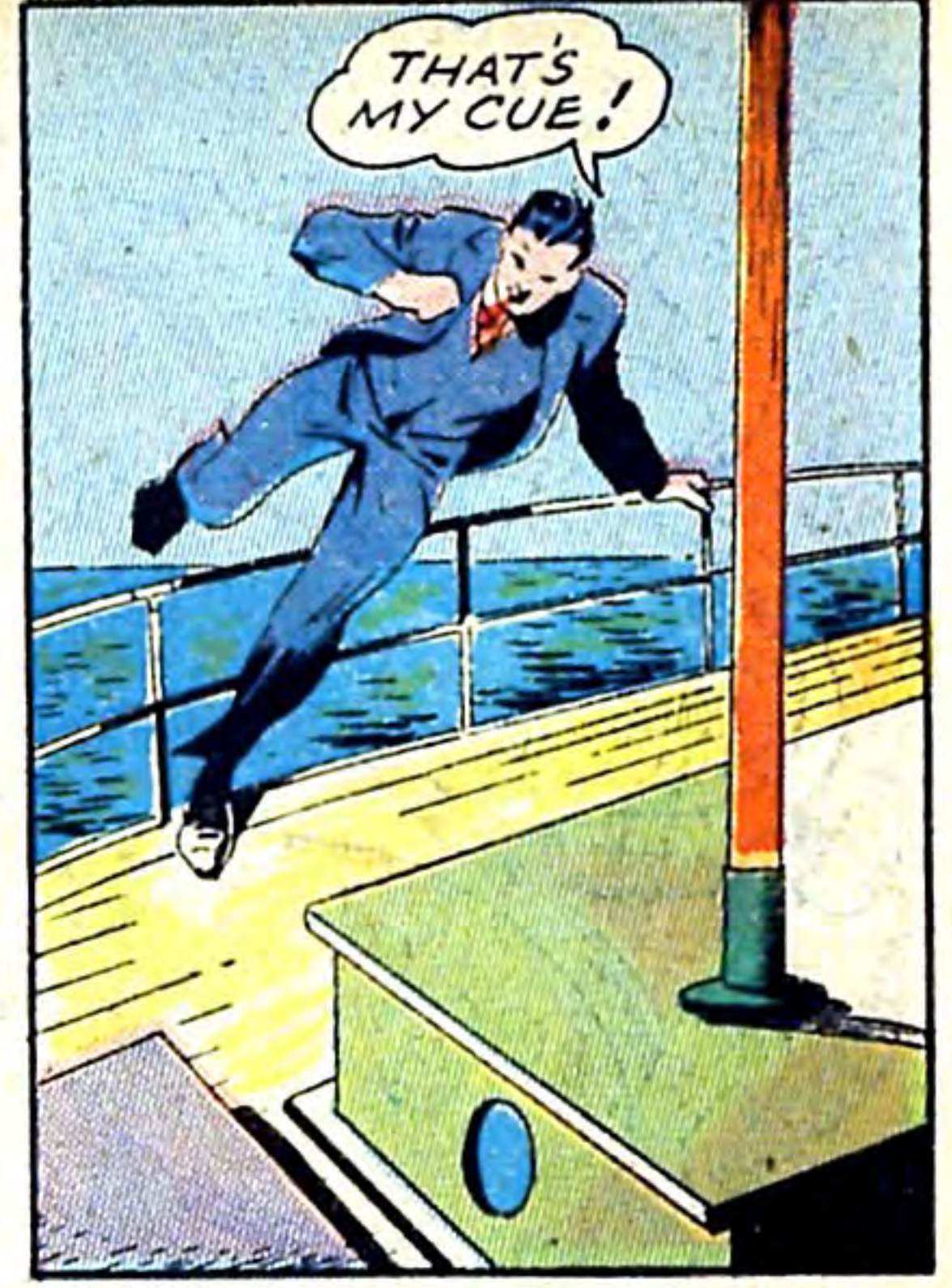
AT THE OFFICE OF  
INSPECTOR PRATT, FBI

HMMMM...  
WONDER WHAT'S  
IN THIS?

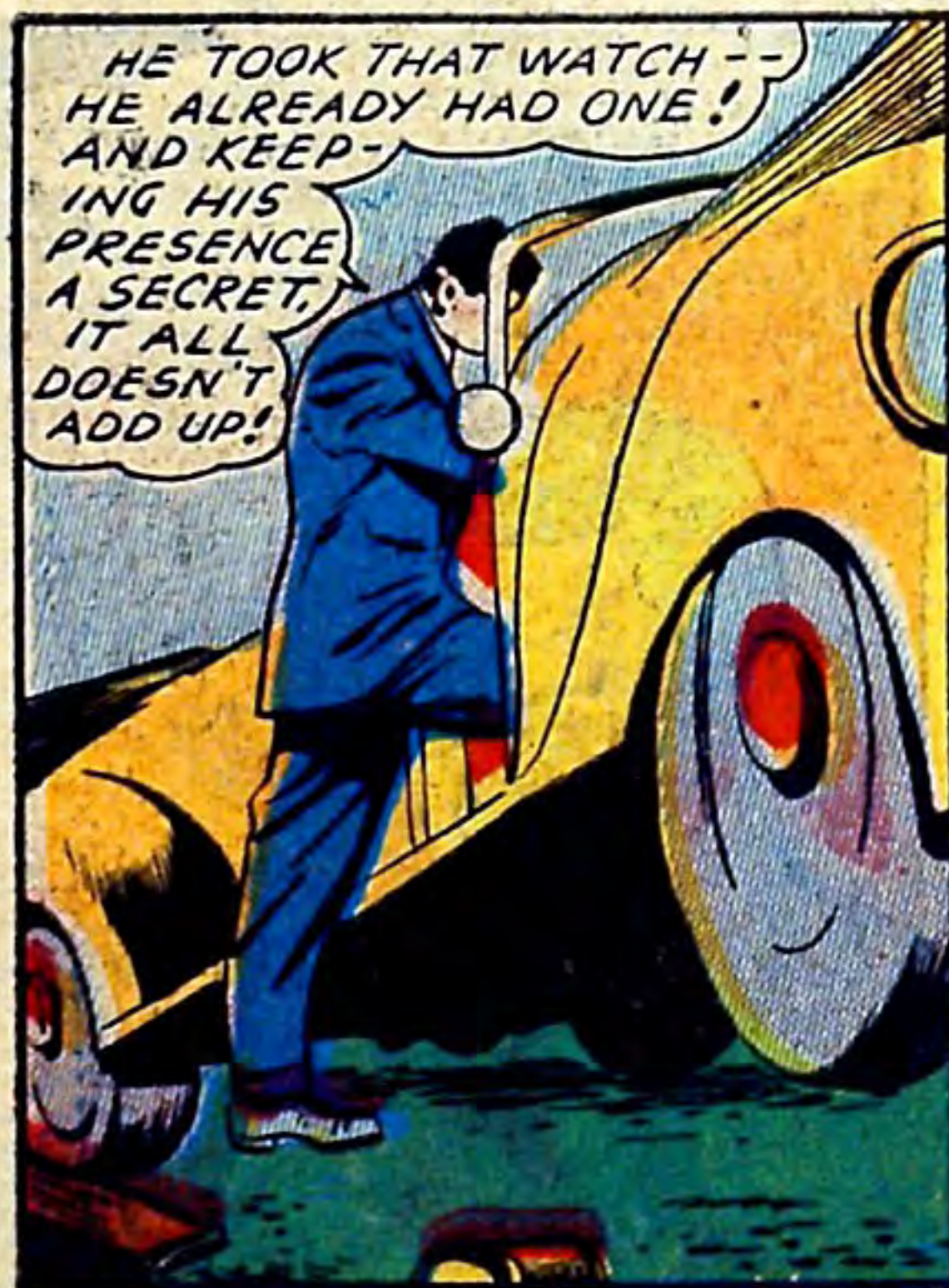
SOMETHING IMPORTANT  
DUE TO HAPPEN TONIGHT  
AT SOUTH AMERICAN  
DOCK BE THERE!



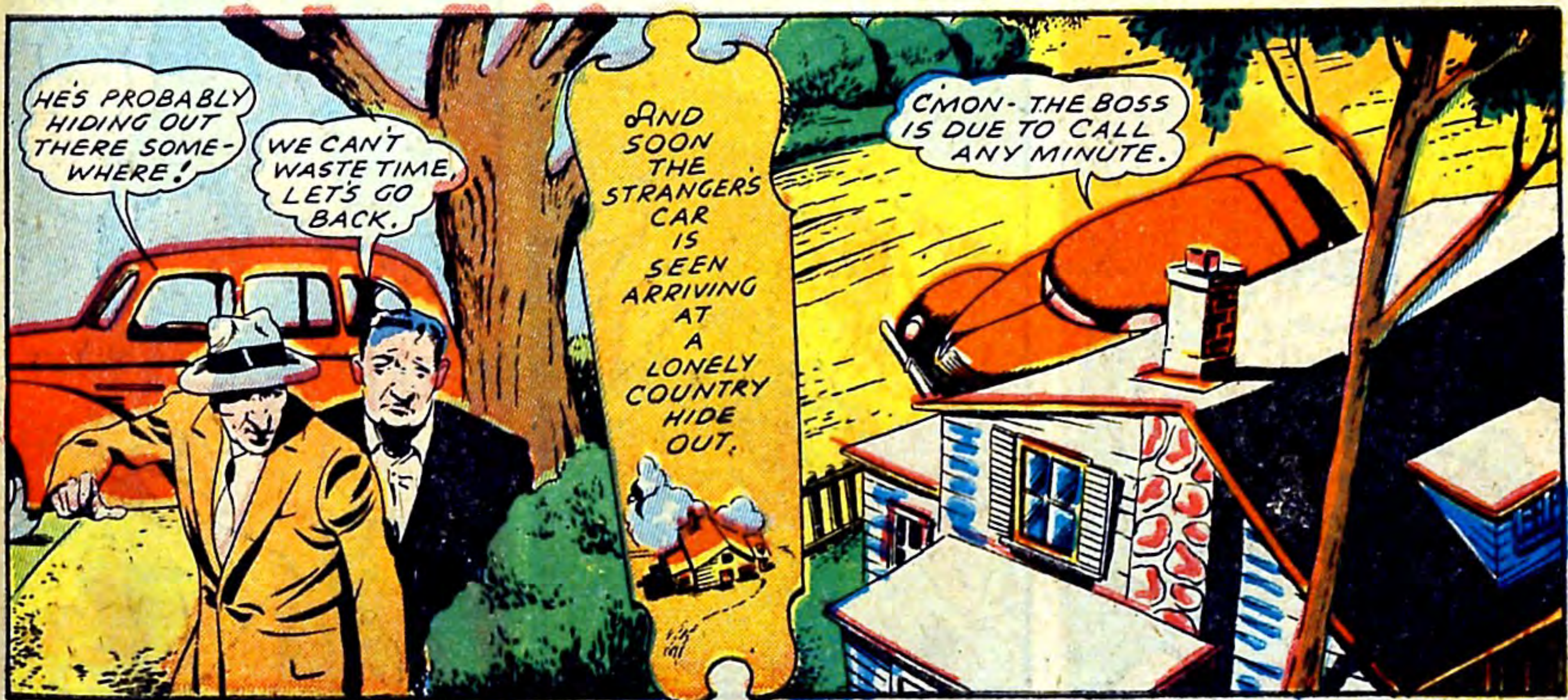
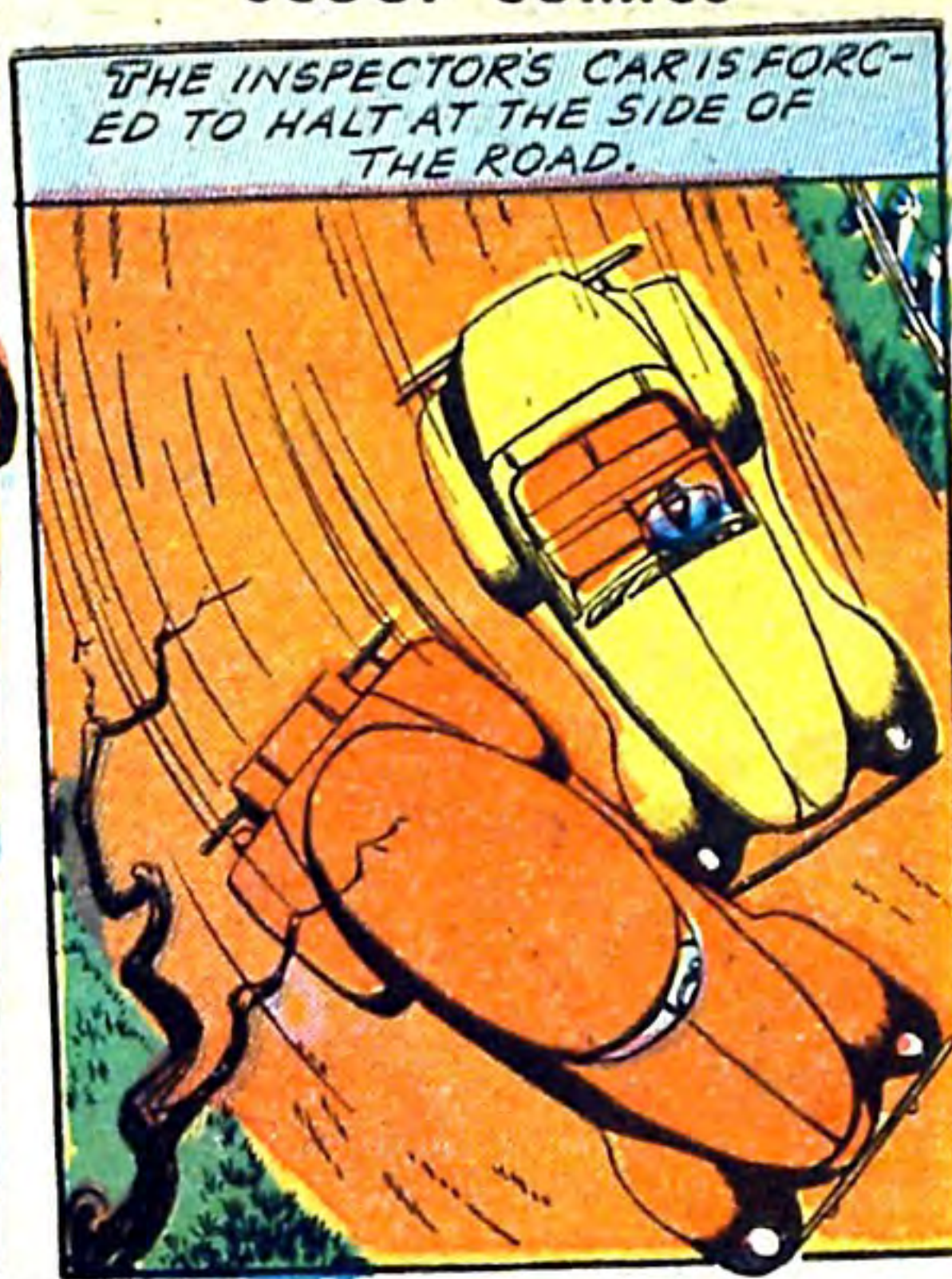












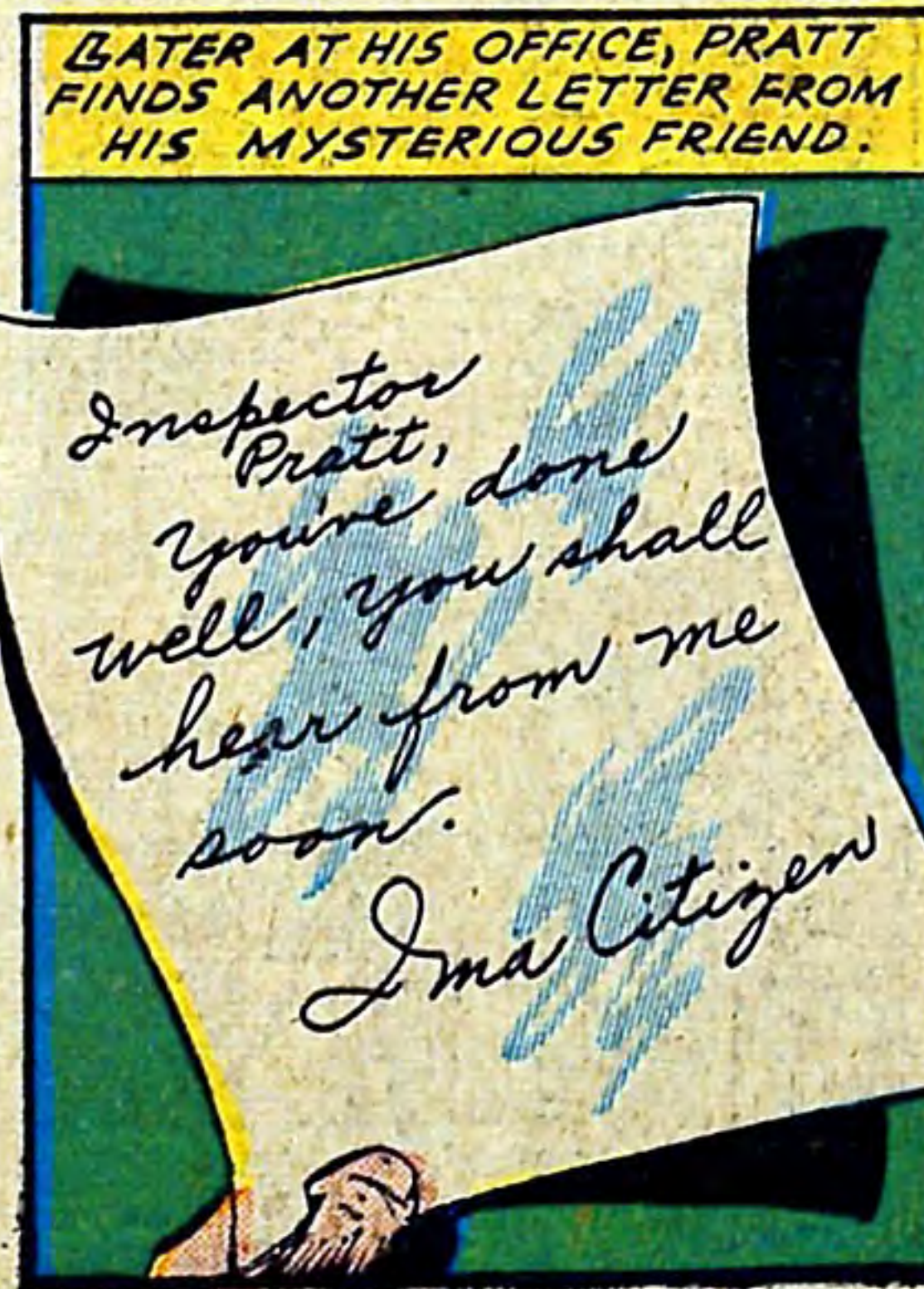
















"Do we have to watch the knife throwing act?" Gale asked, as she gripped the hand of her escort, Ray Cardell, better known as the Master Key. "I'm always afraid that they'll miss."

Ray settled back in his chair. "Don't worry, Gale," he said, "Luigi is the most famous in the business. Besides he's going to marry the girl he throws the knives at, so you can bet he will be careful."

They sat back in their seats as Nick Banton, the manager of the night club, stepped into the spotlight and raised his hand, "I take great pleasure in introducing Luigi, the greatest knife thrower of this day!"

Luigi stepped out, smiled, bowed and then bowed toward his partner. He nodded and the girl skipped across the room. She spread her arms and smiled towards her partner.

Luigi took his station and fingered the long line of knives on the table before him. With a sudden lunge, he flipped his wrist and one of the knives thudded in the board, a fraction of an inch from the girl's outstretched arm.

"Ahhh," Gale sighed, as she clutched Ray's arm, "that was too close for comfort."

In split second rapidity, Luigi flipped knife after knife towards the

girl. One by one they buried themselves in the backboard.

Suddenly, a blood curdling scream filled the room and the girl fell to the floor, a gleaming knife buried in her chest.

Quick as a flash, Ray Cardell changed, from the cool placid figure, to the Master Key, cleverest of all crime fighters. Leaping from his seat, he raced up to the stage and knelt beside the fallen girl. Death stared from her rapidly glazing eyes.

The curtain dropped, closing out the startled audience. Banton, the manager, rushed from the wings and wailed, "Get a doctor! Call the police!"

Luigi was on his hands and knees, beside the fallen girl. Tears streamed from his eyes as he sobbed, "Mabel, speak to me. I didn't mean to do it. I don't know how it happened."

In a few minutes police arrived and took charge. A burly sergeant walked over and snapped a pair of handcuffs on Luigi's wrists. Banton broke into the scene. "It was murder," he shouted, "he did it on purpose. I heard him argue with her in their dressing room this afternoon. He threatened to kill her."

The bent form of Luigi shook as he sobbed, "It was only a petty quarrel. I wouldn't hurt her for the world. Why, tomorrow we were to be married."

The Master Key watched the

drama before him. He sensed the sincerity of Luigi's words. Carefully he focused his radio active eye on the group. Immediately, the ray revealed gleaming steel concealed under cloth. He stepped forward and with a grip of iron seized Banton's arm,

"Sergeant," he said curtly, "this is the man you want. Open his shirt and you'll find a knife."

Banton tried to pull away but in so doing his shirt ripped open revealing a knife strapped to his waist.

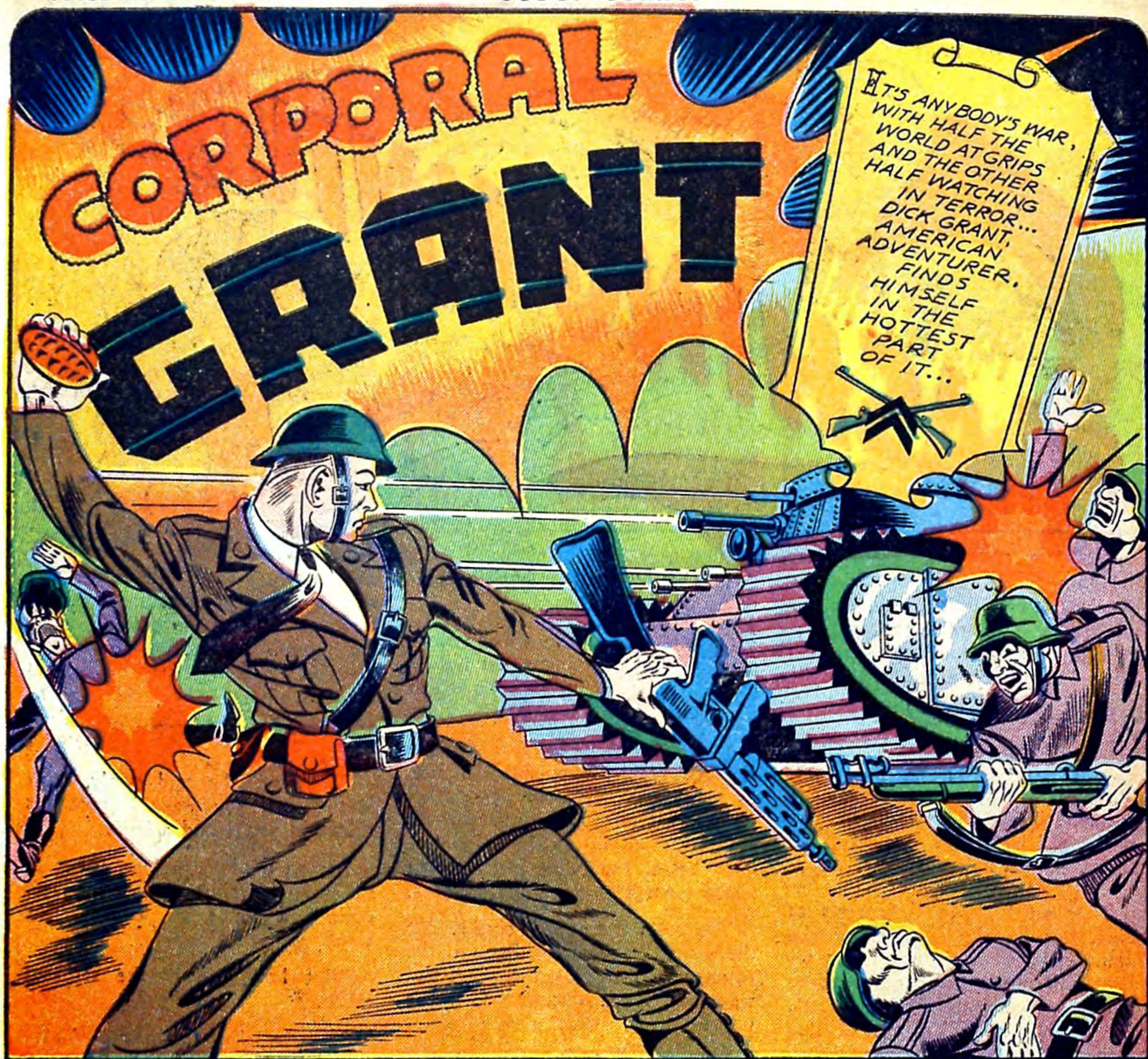
"But how, why?" the sergeant asked.

"Simple," Ray responded. "Banton knew Mabel was going to marry Luigi. He tried to stop her and she refused. In a fit of jealousy, Banton bought a knife like those used by Luigi. He hurled it from the wings and in the excitement picked up one of Luigi's knives and hid it in his shirt. Luigi started with twenty knives and a count now will show twenty. The one in Banton's shirt is the odd one."

When the police removed Banton, the sergeant turned to Ray and said, "You kept an innocent man from going to jail. But how did you know of the knife concealed by Banton?"

Ray said nothing as he turned to find Gale. The answer to that question was what made Ray Cardell, the Master Key to all crime—his radio active eye.





THE LAST REFUGEE BOAT TO LEAVE ENGLAND FOR AMERICA... DICK GRANT GIVES UP HIS PASSAGE SO THAT AN ELDERLY LADY CAN RETURN TO HER FAMILY.

SORRY MA'M... YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A TICKET OR YOU CAN'T LEAVE ON THIS BOAT.

HERE MA'M... COMPLIMENTS OF DICK GRANT... WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF I DON'T GET BACK.

I HEAR IT IS TO-NIGHT... AT THE HAWK TROOPS TRAINING GROUND.

THAT'S MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS TALK... THINK I'LL TRAIL THE BOYS.

STRANGE CONVERSATION GREET'S THE AMERICAN'S EARS AS HE LEAVES THE DOCK.

IF THEY'RE SPIES... I'LL LEARN THEIR HIDE-OUT AND ROUND THEM UP. MAYBE I'LL GET A SOFT JOB IN THE KING'S ARMY.

HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



THE STRANGERS TURN INTO A SMALL NARROW ALLEYWAY.

I BETTER GET CLOSER OR I'LL LOSE THEM.



QUICK... GET HIM. I KNEW HE WAS FOLLOWING US!

SO, THE BOYS ARE TRYING TO OUTSMART ME?

GRANT ENTERS THE PASSAGEWAY, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF LED INTO A TRAP.



KILL THE STUPID MEDDLER!

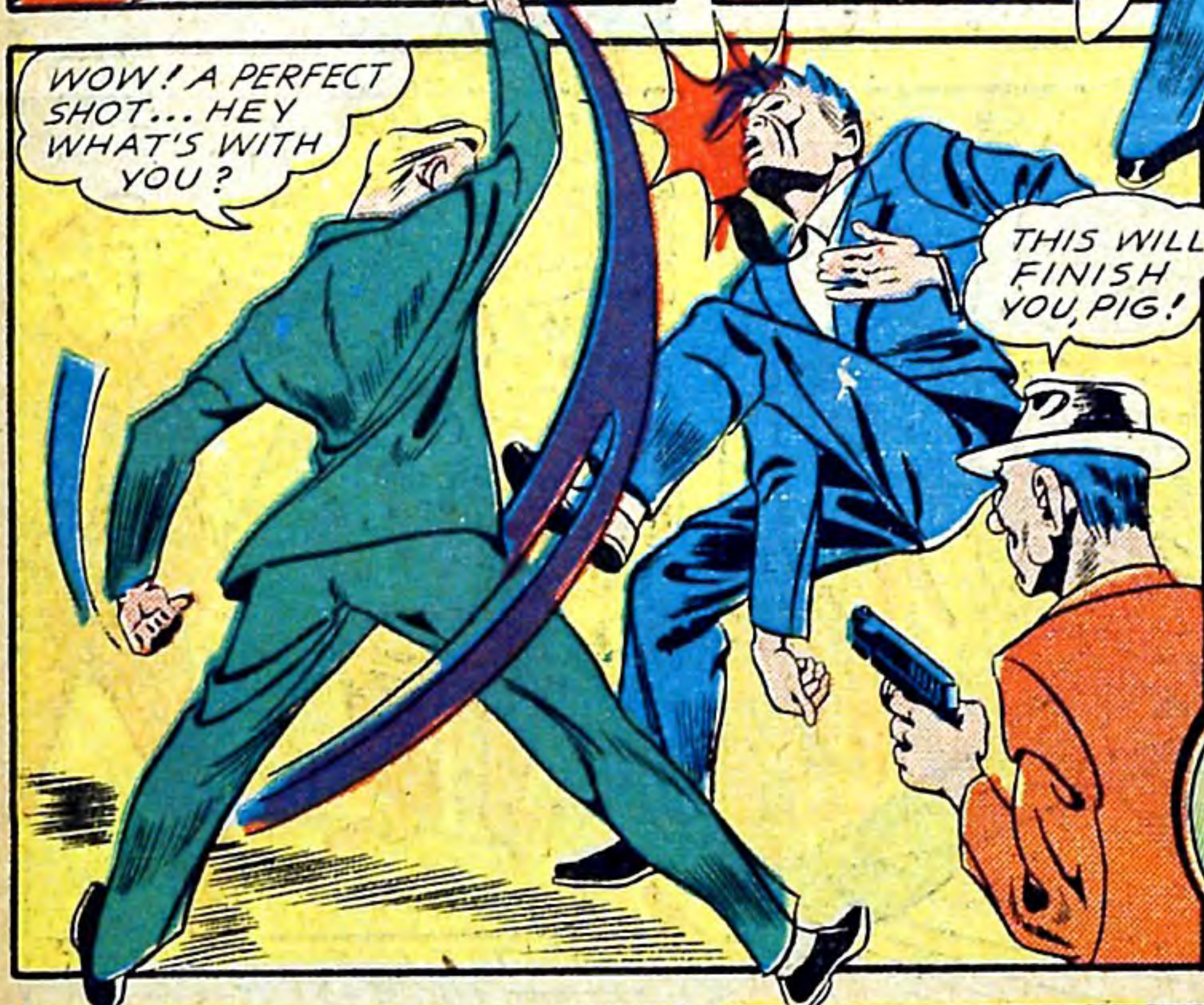
THAT'S POWERFUL BIG TALK... BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN TALK.

BUT THE TWO-FISTED — AMERICAN IS NO EASY MATCH FOR THE STRANGERS.



WOW! A PERFECT SHOT... HEY WHAT'S WITH YOU?

THIS WILL FINISH YOU, PIG!



THAT'S A DANGEROUS TOY FOR A LITTLE BOY.

IN A SPLIT SECOND, GRANT HAS THE OTHER STRANGER UNDER CONTROL.



WRENCHING THE GUN FROM THE MAN'S HAND, GRANT FORCES HIM TO TALK.

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE TRAINING GROUNDS... TALK FAST... OR BE SILENT FOR EVER.

I'LL TALK... BUT DON'T SHOOT.



WE EXPECT A BIG TRANSPORT OF TROOPS...

QUICK... OUT OF HERE. WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

OWWWW!



GRANT FAILS TO SEE THE OTHER STRANGER SNEAKING UPON HIM.





A SHORT WHILE LATER... THE YOUNG AMERICAN COMES TO.

OWW, MY HEAD... I'VE GOT TO WARN THE WAR OFFICE... SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN AROUND HERE.



THOUGH NOT YET FULLY REVIVED, HE STAGGERS TO HEAD-QUARTERS.

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING IN THAT CONDITION?

I'VE GOT TO SEE THE COMMANDER... IT'S URGENT.



...AND I'M SURE THE NAZI'S ARE PLANNING AN ATTACK ON THE TRAINING HEAD-QUARTERS.

WE'LL GIVE THE MATTER OUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION... YOU MAY GO NOW.



POOR FELLOW... GOT A BAD BLOW ON THE HEAD AND THINKS THE GERMANS ARE GOING TO ATTACK TO-DAY.



SO THEY THINK I'M NUTS, EH? I'M GOING TO THE TRAINING GROUNDS AND GET THE MEN THERE TO LISTEN TO ME.

LOSING NO TIME, GRANT HURRIES TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF ENGLAND'S TRAINING CORPS.

THERE IT IS... THE HAWK SQUAD'S TRAINING GROUND.



YOU CAN'T OVER LOOK THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING PREPARED... IN CASE THE NAZIS ATTEMPT A PARACHUTE LANDING.

SOUNDS A BIT FANTASTIC.



AGAIN THE AMERICAN PLEADS HIS CASE.

I KNOW, BUT THAT'S THE NAZI WAY. SACRIFICE OF MEN MEAN NOTHING... WHAT'S THAT?

PLANES... BY HEAVENS, YOU MAY BE RIGHT! OUTSIDE QUICK!



SUDDENLY, THE HEAVY DRONE OF MOTORS FILLS THE AIR...



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE PLANES. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE BRINGING ALL BERLIN OVER ON THIS TRIP.

THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY OF TROUBLE HERE... YOU'D BETTER LEAVE FOR THE INTERIOR, NOW!



WHAT! DICK GRANT RUN FROM TROUBLE... WHAT I WANT IS A UNIFORM AND A GUN!

BULLY... GRANT, TOO LATE FOR A UNIFORM BUT THE GUN'S YOURS.

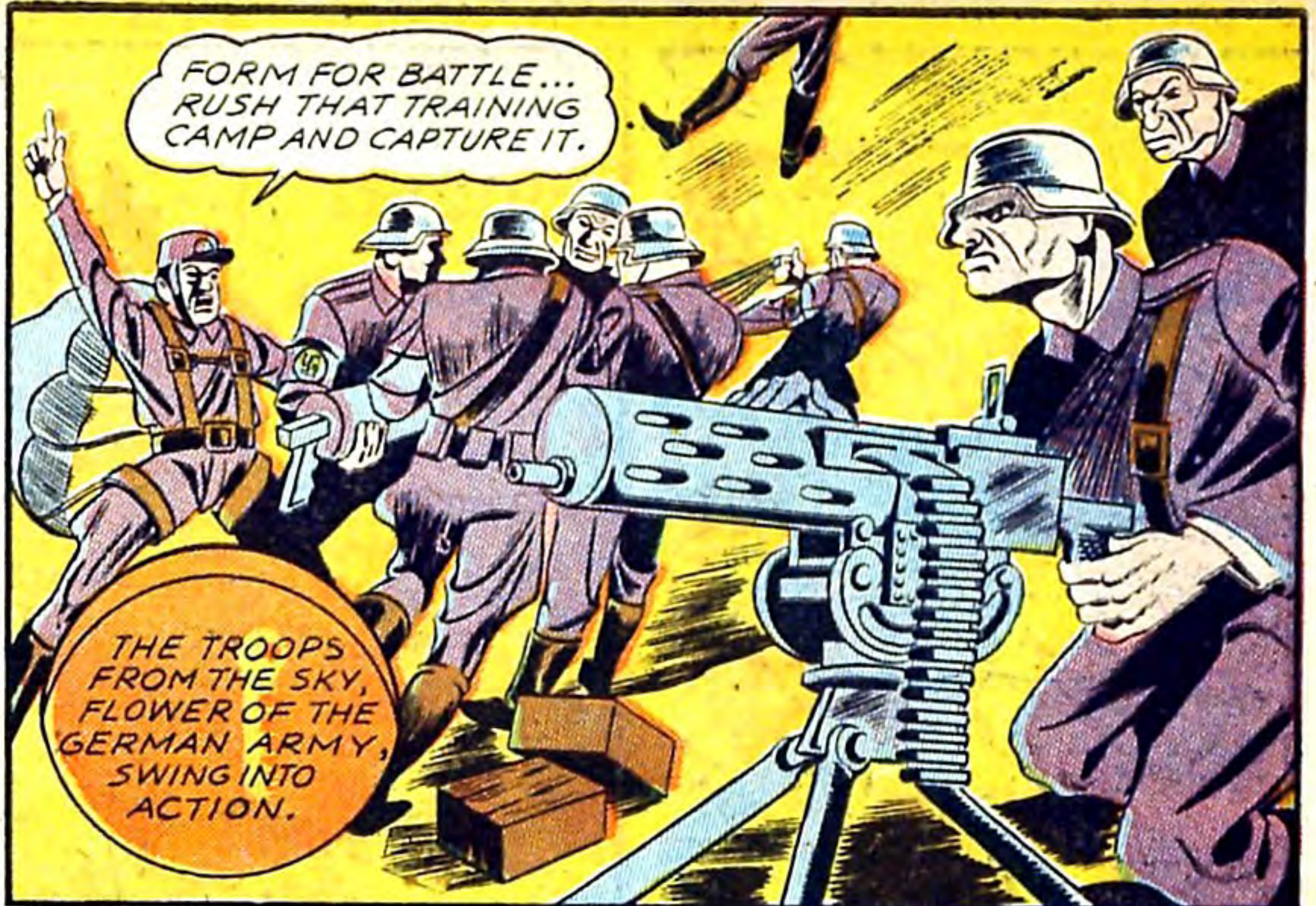




AS THE BRITISHERS MUSTER THEIR DEFENSE, THE HUGE GERMAN TRANSPORTS UNLOAD THEIR PARACHUTE BATTALION.



FORM FOR BATTLE... RUSH THAT TRAINING CAMP AND CAPTURE IT.



THE TROOPS FROM THE SKY, FLOWER OF THE GERMAN ARMY, SWING INTO ACTION.

HERE THEY COME... DEPLOY AS SKIRMISHES!

SHUCKS... IF I ONLY HAD A UNIFORM... I FEEL OUT OF PLACE DRESSED LIKE THIS.



THE BRITISH PREPARE TO MEET THE INVADERS!

CUT THEM DOWN SO THE REST OF THE FORCE CAN LAND.



THE NAZIS BEGIN THEIR DEVASTATING ATTACK!

UP AND AT 'EM, MEN... I SAY, WHO ARE YOU AND WHY AREN'T YOU PROPERLY DRESSED?

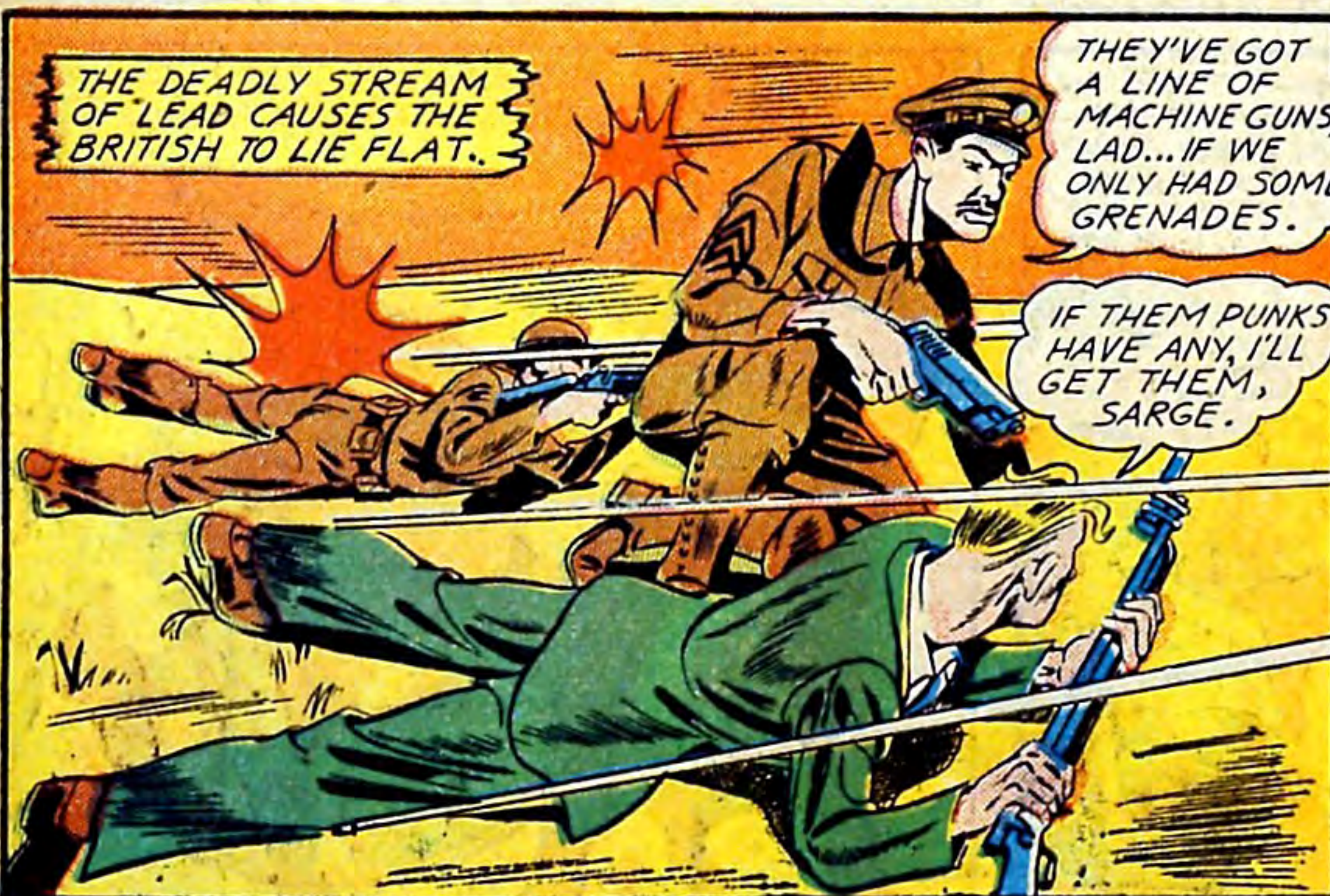
DICK GRANT'S THE NAME... I GOT IN THIS WAR ON A FREE PASS.



THE DEADLY STREAM OF LEAD CAUSES THE BRITISH TO LIE FLAT.

THEY'VE GOT A LINE OF MACHINE GUNS, LAD... IF WE ONLY HAD SOME GRENADES.

IF THEM PUNKS HAVE ANY, I'LL GET THEM, SARGE.

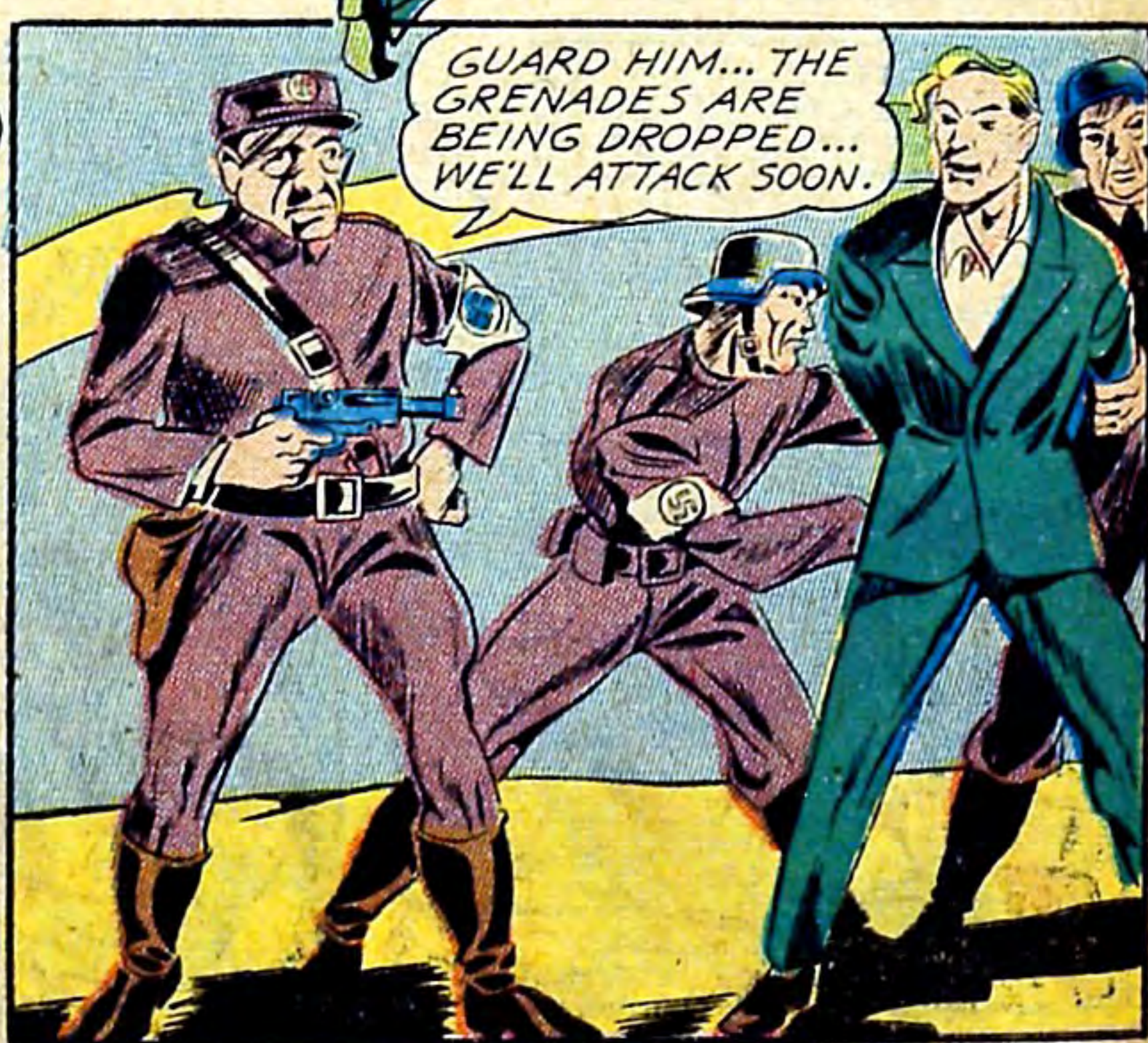
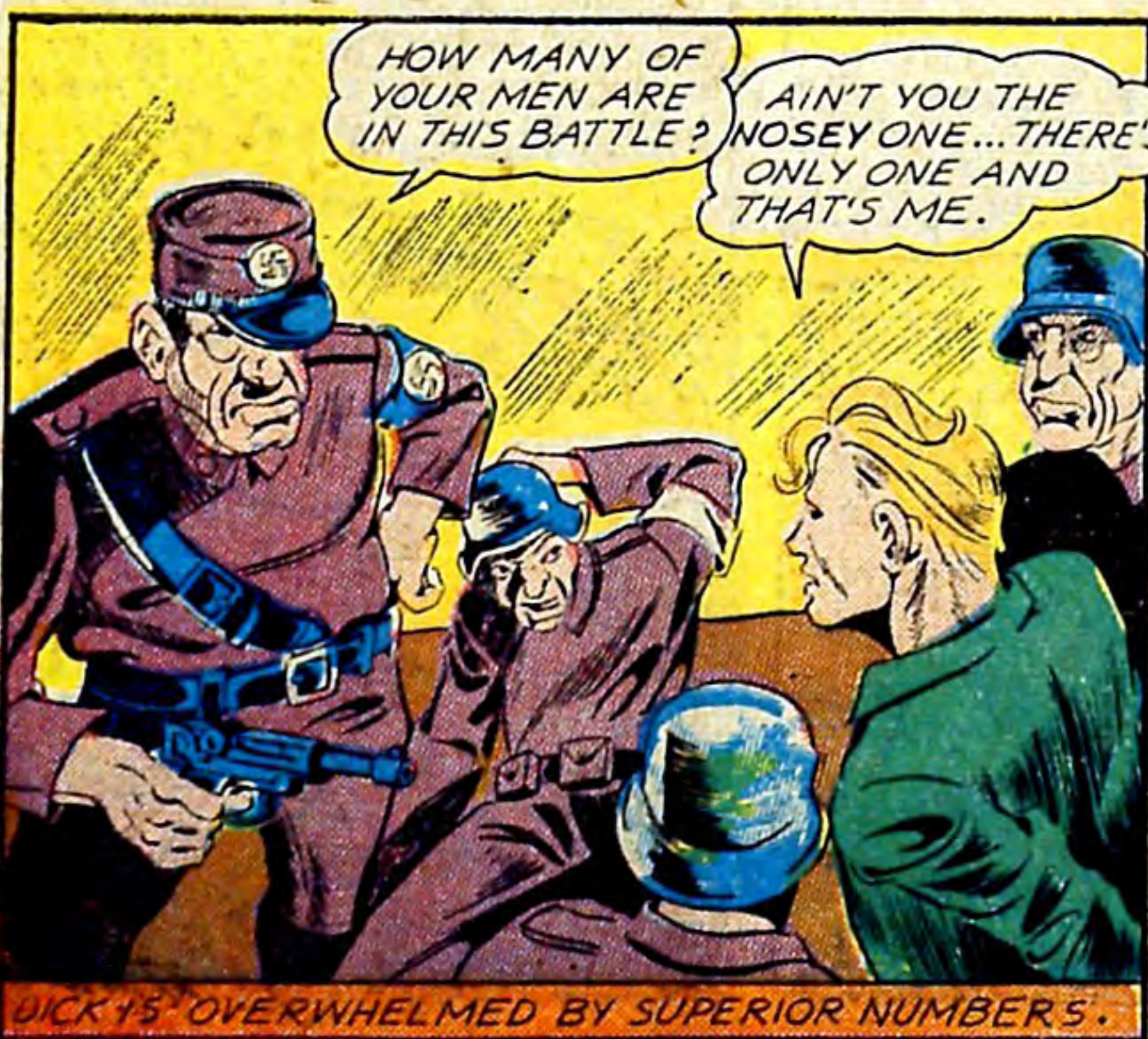
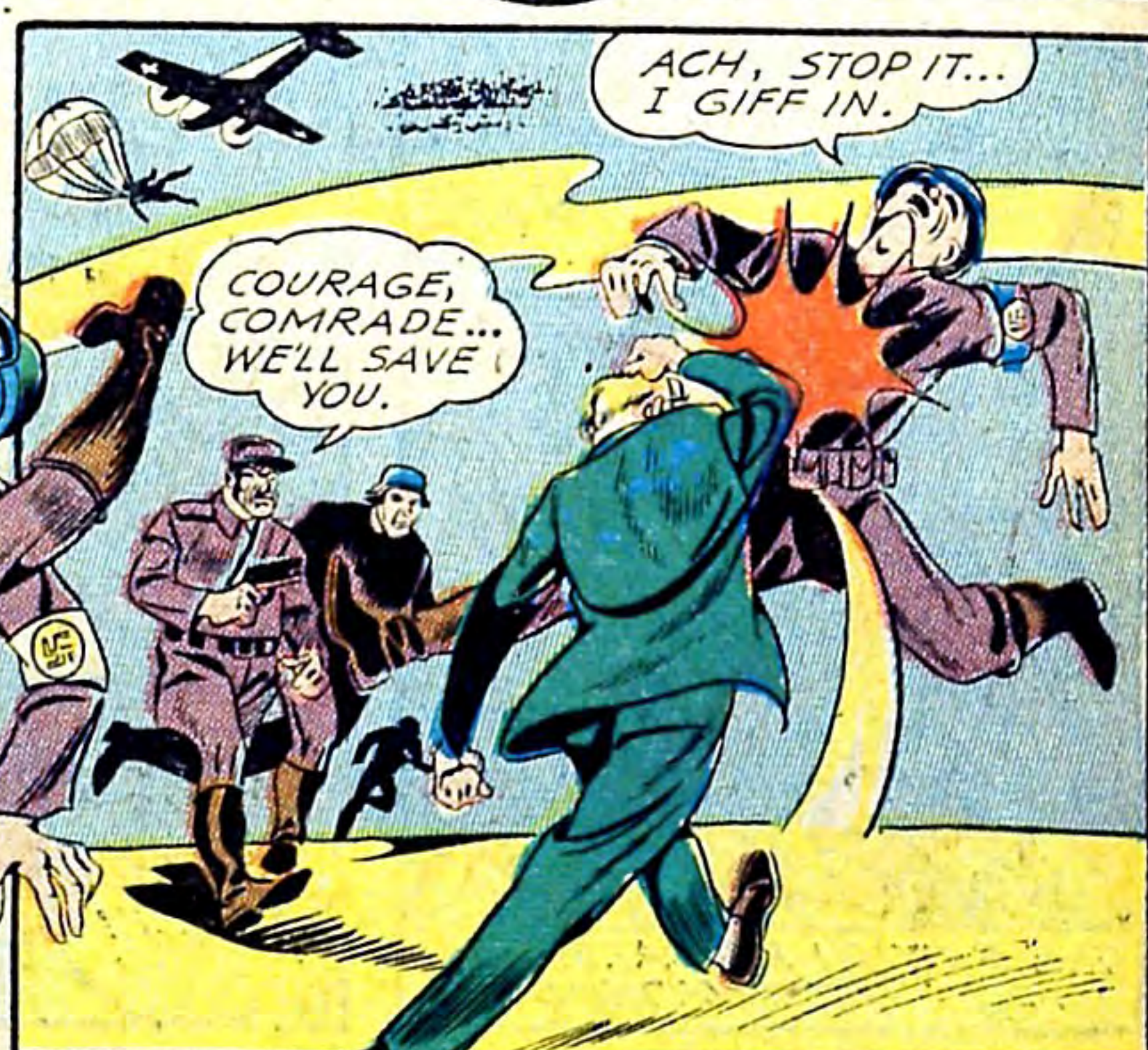
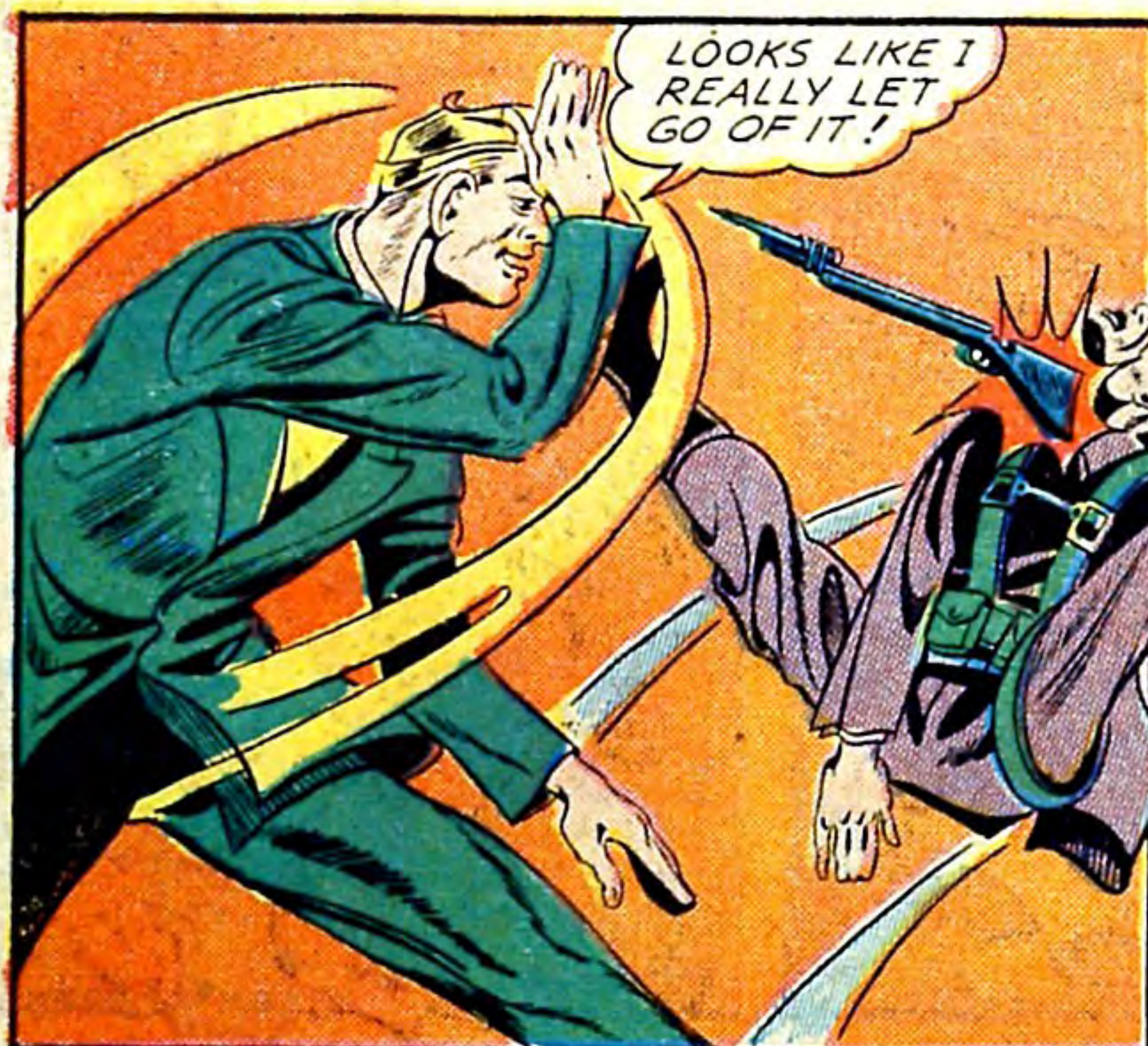


TAINT MUCH CHANCE, GRANT... WHEN THEY'D GET YOU EASY ENOUGH!

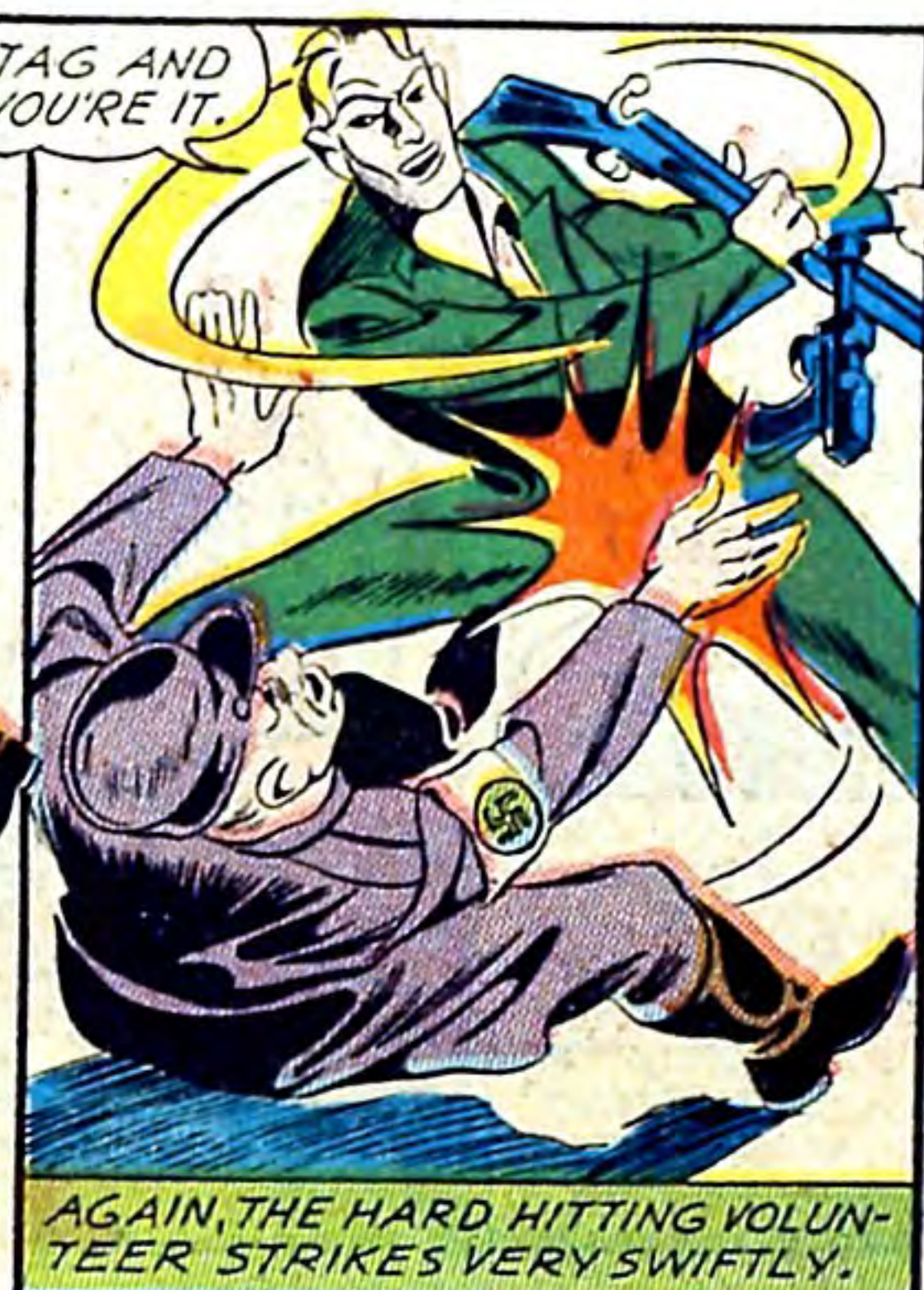
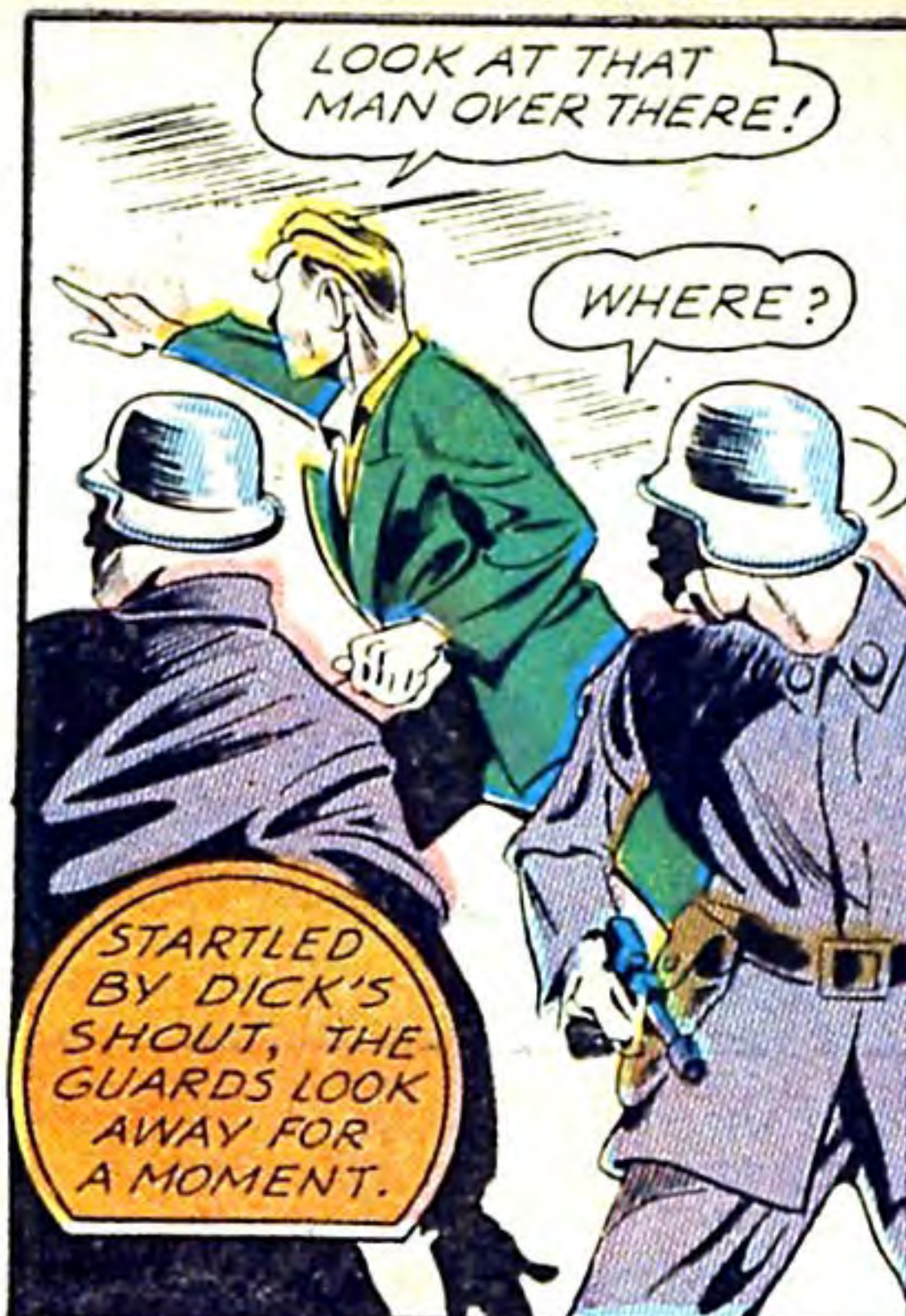
OH, NO THEY WON'T! WHEN I GET BACK WITH THE GRENADES, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ME A UNIFORM OR I QUIT THIS JOB.



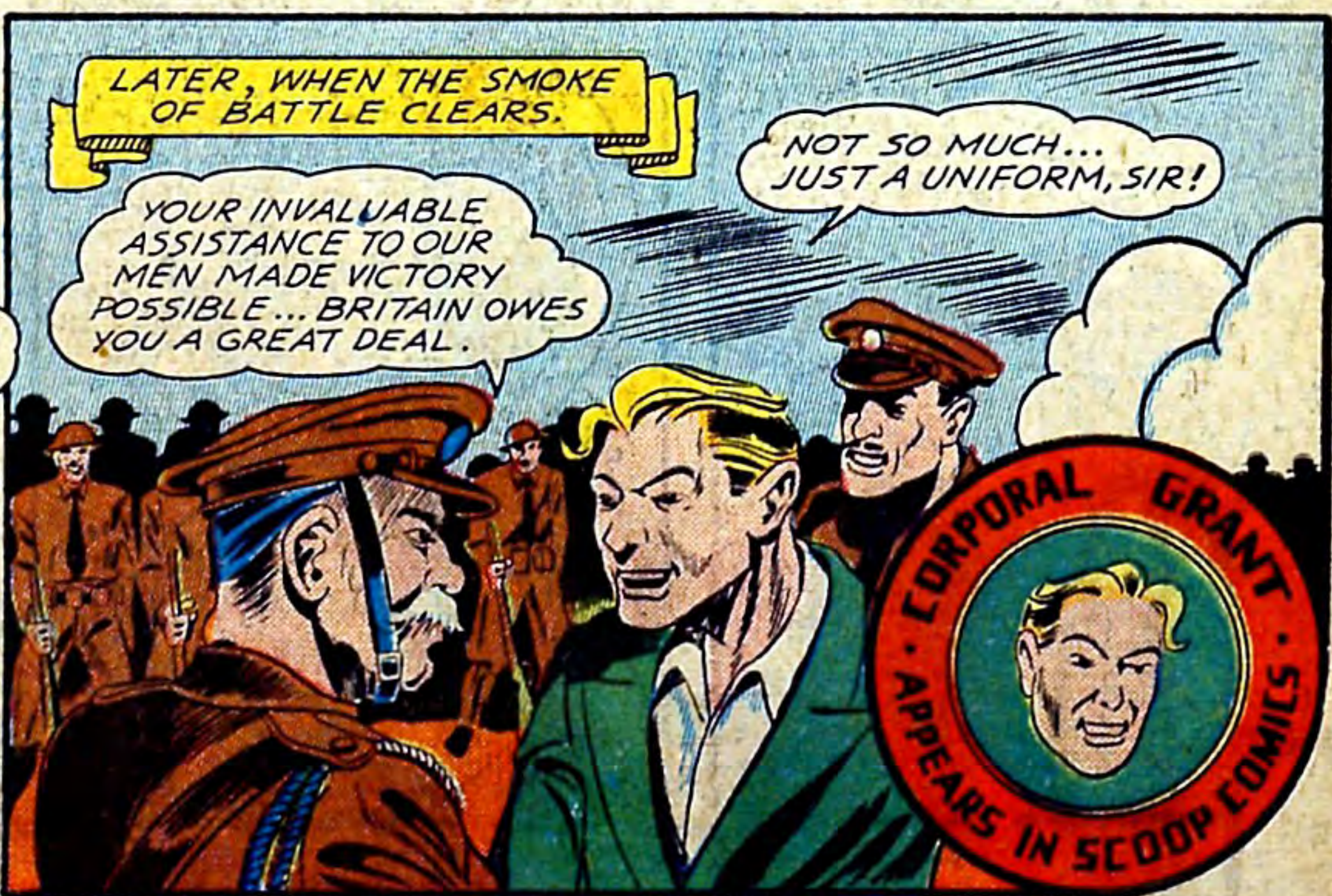














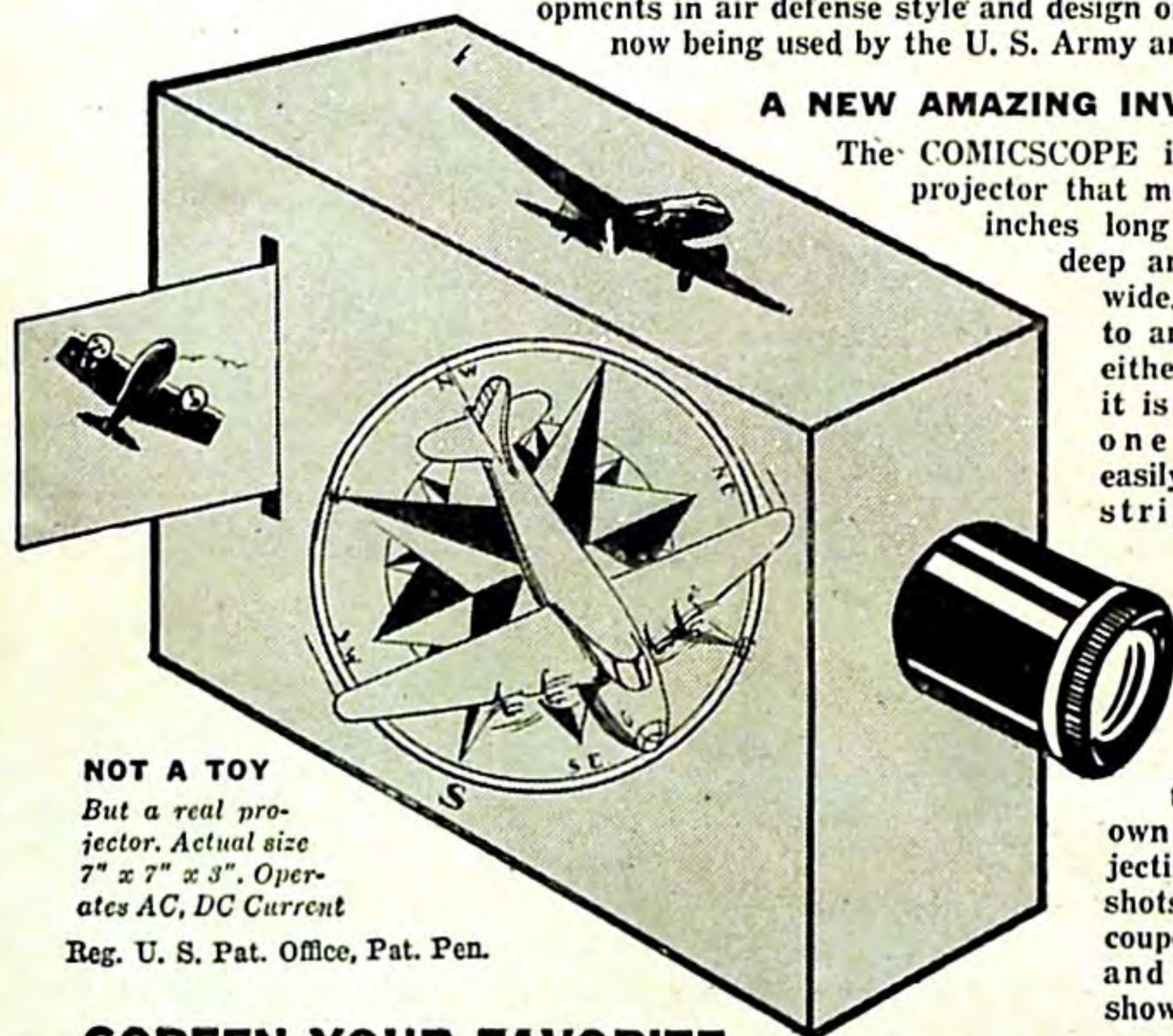
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**8**  
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